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THE CENTENARY EDITION OF  
LORD BEACONSFIELD'S EARLIER  
NOVELS, EDITED, WITH BIO-  
GRAPHICAL INTRODUCTIONS,  
BY LUCIEN WOLF

VIVIAN GREY





VIVIAN GREY



# VIVIAN GREY BY THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

VOLUME II

LONDON: ALEXANDER MORING,  
LIMITED, THE DE LA MORE  
PRESS, 32 GEORGE STREET,  
• HANOVER SQUARE, W., MCMIV



*BOOK THE SIXTH*



## CHAPTER I

THE green and bowery Summer had passed away. It was midnight when two horsemen pulled up their steeds beneath a wide oak ; which, with other lofty trees, skirted the side of a winding road in an extensive forest in the south of Germany.

‘By heavens !’ said one, who apparently was the master — ‘we must even lay our cloaks I think under this oak ; for the road winds again, and assuredly cannot lead now to our village.’

‘A starlit sky in Autumn, can scarcely be the fittest curtain for one so weak as your Highness. I should recommend travelling on, if we keep on our horses’ backs till dawn.’

‘But if we are travelling in a directly contrary way to our voiturier—honest as we may suppose him to be, if he find in the morning no paymaster for his job, he may with justice make free with our baggage. And I shall be unusually mistaken if the road we are now pursuing does not lead back to the city.’

‘City, town, or village, your Highness must sleep under no forest tree. Let us ride on. It will be hard if we do not find some huntsman’s or ranger’s cottage ; and for aught we know a neat snug village—or some comfortable old manor-house, which has been in the family for two centuries ; and where, with God’s blessing, they may chance to have wine as old as the bricks. I



know not how your Highness may feel, but a ten hours' ride when I was only prepared for half the time, and that too in an Autumn night, makes me somewhat desirous of renewing my acquaintance with the kitchen-fire.'

'I could join you in a glass of hock and a slice of venison, I confess, my good fellow; but in a nocturnal ride I am no longer your match. However, if you think it best, we'll prick on our steeds for another hour. If it be only for them, I'm sure we must soon stop.'

'Ay! do, Sir; and put your cloak well round you—all is for the best. Your Highness, I guess, is no Sabbath-born child?'

'That am I not—but how would that make our plight worse than it is? Should we be farther off supper?'

'Nearer—nearer, perhaps, than you imagine; for we should then have a chance of sharing the spoils of the Spirit Hunter.'

'Ah! Essper, is it so?'

'Truly, yes, Sir; and were either of us a Sabbath-born child, by holy cross! I would not give much for our chance of a down bed this night.'

Here a great horned owl flew across the road.

'Were I in the north,' said Essper, 'I would sing an Ave Mary against the STUT OZEL.'

'What call you that?' asked Vivian.

'Tis the great bird, Sir; the great horned owl, that always flies before the Wild Hunter. And truly, Sir, I have passed through many forests in my time, but never yet saw I one where I should sooner expect to hear a midnight bugle. If you'll allow me, Sir, I'll ride by your side. Thank God, at least, it's not the Walpurgis night!'

'I wish to Heaven it were!' said Vivian, 'and that we were on the Brocken. It must be highly amusing!'

'Hush! hush! hush! it's lucky we're not in the Hartz—but we know not where we are, nor who at this moment may be behind us.'

And here Essper began pouring forth a liturgy of his own—half Catholic, and half Calvinistic, quite in character

with the creed of the country through which they were travelling.

‘My horse has stumbled,’ continued Essper, ‘and your’s, Sir, is he not shying? There’s a confounded cloud over the moon—but I’ve no sight in the dark if that mass before you be not a devil’s-stone. The Lord have mercy upon our sinful souls!’

‘Peace! peace! Essper,’ said Vivian, who was surprised to find him really alarmed; ‘peace! peace! I see nothing but a block of granite, no uncommon sight in a German forest.’

‘It is a devil-stone, I tell you, Sir—there has been some church here, which he has knocked down in the night. Look! look! is it the moss-people that I see! As sure as I’m a hungry sinner, the Wild One is out a-hunting to-night.’

‘More luck for us, if we meet him. His dogs, as you say, may gain us a supper. I think our wisest course will be to join the cry.’

‘Hush! hush! hush! your Highness would not talk so if you knew what your share of the spoils might be. Ay! if your Highness did, your cheek would be paler, and your very teeth would chatter. I knew one man who was travelling in a forest, just as we are now, it was about this time, and he believed in the Wild Huntsman about as much as your Highness does—that is, he liked to talk of the Spirit, merely to have the opportunity of denying that he believed in him; which showed, as I used to say, that his mind was often thinking of it. He was a merry knave, and as firm a hand for a boar-spear, as ever I met with, and I’ve met with many. We used to call him, before the accident, *Left-handed Hans*, but they call him now, your Highness, *the Child-Hunter*. Oh! it’s a very awful tale, your Highness, and I’d sooner tell it in blazing hall than in free forest. Your Highness didn’t hear any sound to the left, did you?’

‘Nothing but the wind, Essper; on with your tale, my man.’

‘It’s a very awful tale, Sir, but I’ll make short work of it. You see, your Highness, it was a night just like this ; the moon was generally hid, but the stars prevented it from ever being pitch dark. And so, Sir, he was travelling alone ; he’d been up to the castle of the baron, his master—you see, Sir, he was head-ranger to his lordship—and he always returned home through the forest. What he was thinking of, I cannot say, but most likely of no good ; when all on a sudden he heard the baying of hounds in the distance. Now, your Highness, directly he heard it—I’ve heard him tell the story a thousand times—directly he heard it, it struck him that it must be the Spirit Huntsman ; and though there were many ways to account for the hounds, still he never for a moment doubted that they were the hell-dogs. The sounds came nearer and nearer. Now your Highness, I tell you this, because if ever,—which the Holy Virgin forbid !—if ever you meet the Wild Huntsman, you’ll know how to act :—conduct yourself always with propriety, make no noise, but behave like a gentleman, and don’t put the dogs off the scent ; stand aside, and let him pass. Don’t talk, he has no time to lose, for if he hunt after daybreak, a night’s sport is forfeited for every star left in the morning sky. So, Sir, you see nothing puts him in a greater passion than to lose his time in answering impertinent questions. Well, your Highness, ~~Left-handed~~ Hans stood by the roadside. The baying of the dogs was so distinct, that he felt that in a moment the Wild One would be up : his horse shivered like a sallow in a storm. He heard the tramp of the Spirit-steed : they came in sight. As the tall figure of the Huntsman passed—I cannot tell your Highness what it was—it might have been, Lord forgive me for thinking what it might have been ! but a voice from behind Hans, a voice so like his own, that for a moment he fancied that he had himself spoken, although he was conscious that his lips had been firmly closed the whole time, a voice from the road side,—just behind poor Hans, mind,

—said “Good sport, Sir Huntsman, ’tis an odd light to track a stag !” The poor man, Sir, was all of an ague ; but how much greater, your Highness, was his horror, when the tall Huntsman stopped ! He thought that he was going to be eaten up on the spot, at least : not at all, your Highness—“My friend !” said the Wild One, in the kindest voice imaginable ; “my friend, would you like to give your horse a breathing with us ?” Poor Hans, your Highness, was so alarmed, that it never entered into his head for a single moment to refuse the invitation, and instantly he was galloping by the side of the Wild Huntsman. Away they flew ! away ! away ! away ! over bog, and over mere ; over ditch, and over hedge ; away ! away ! away !—and the Ranger’s horse never failed, but kept by the side of the Wild Spirit without the least distress ; and yet, your Highness, it’s very singular that Hans was about to sell this very beast only a day before, for a matter of five crowns :—you see, your Highness, he only kept it just to pick his way at night from the castle to his own cottage. Well ! your Highness, it’s very odd, but Hans soon lost all fear, for the sport was so fine and he had such a keen relish for the work, that far from being alarmed, he thought himself one of the luckiest knaves alive. But the oddest thing all this time was, that Hans never caught sight for one moment of either buck or boar ; although he saw by the dogs’ noses that there was something keen in the wind ; and although he felt that if the hunted beast were like any that he had himself ever followed before, it must have been run down with such dogs, quicker than a priest could say a pater-noster. At last, Sir, for he had grown quite bold, says Hans to the Wild Huntsman, “The beasts run quick o’ nights, Sir, I think ; it’s been a long time I ween, e’er I scampered so far, and saw so little !” Do you know, your Highness, that the old gentleman was not the least affronted, but said, in the pleasantest voice imaginable, “A true huntsman should be patient, Hans, you’ll see the game quick enough ; look forward,

man ! what see you ? ” and sure enough, your Highness, he did look forward. It was near the skirts of the forest, there was a green glade before them, and very few trees, and therefore he could see far a-head. The moon was shining very bright, and sure enough, what did he see ? Running as fleet over the turf as a rabbit, was a child. The little figure was quite black in the moonlight, and Hans could not catch its face :—in a moment the hell-dogs were on it. Hans quivered like a windy reed, your Highness, and the Wild One laughed till the very woods echoed. “ How like you hunting mossmen ? ” asked the Spirit. Now when Hans, your Highness, found it was only a mossman, he took heart again, and said in a shaking voice, that “ It is rare good sport in good company ” ; and then the Spirit jumped off his horse, and said “ Now, Hans, you must watch me well, for I’m little used to bag game.” He said this with a proudish air, your Highness, as much as to hint, that hadn’t he expected Hans, he wouldn’t have rode out this evening without his groom. So the Wild One jumped on his horse again, and put the bag before him. It was nearly morning, your Highness, when Hans found himself at the door of his own cottage ; and bowing very respectfully to the Spirit Hunter, he thanked him for the sport, and begged his share of the night’s spoil. This was all in joke, your Highness, but Hans had heard that “ talk to the devil, and fear the last word ” ; and so he was determined, now that they were about to part, not to appear to tremble, but to carry it off with a jest. “ Truly Hans,” said the Huntsman, “ thou art a bold lad, and to encourage thee to speak to wild huntsmen again, I have a mind to give thee for thy pains, the whole spoil. Take the bag, knave, a mossman is good eating, had I time I would give thee a receipt for sauce ” ; and so saying, the Spirit rode off, laughing very heartily. Well, your Highness, Hans was so anxious to examine the contents of the bag, and see what kind of thing a mossman really was,—for he had only caught a glimpse of him in the

chase,—that instead of going to bed immediately and saying his prayers, as he should have done, he lighted a lamp and undid the string ; and what think you he took out of the bag, your Highness ? As sure as I'm a born sinner—his own child !'

'Tis a wonderful tale,' said Vivian ; 'and did the unfortunate man tell you this himself ?'

'Often and often, Sir.—I knew Left-handed Hans well. He was ranger, as I said, to a great lord ; and was quite a favourite, you see. For some reason or other he got out of favour. Some said that the Baron had found him out a-poaching ; and that he used to ride his master's horses a-night. Whether this be true or not, who can say ? But, howsoever, Hans went to ruin ; and instead of being a flourishing active lad, he was turned out, and went a-begging all through Saxony ; and he always told this story as the real history of his misfortunes. Some say, he's not as strong in his head as he used to be. However, why should we say it's not a true tale ?—What's that ?' almost shrieked Essper.

Vivian listened, and heard distinctly the distant baying of hounds.

'Tis he ! 'tis he !' said Essper ; 'now don't speak, Sir, don't speak ; and if the devil make me join him, as may be the case, for I'm but a cock-brained thing, particularly at midnight ; don't be running after me from any foolish feeling, but take care of yourself, and don't be chattering. To think you should come to this, my precious young master !'

'Cease your blubbing, for heaven's sake ! Do you think that I'm to be frightened by the idiot tales of a parcel of old women, and the lies of a gang of detected poachers ? Come Sir, ride on. We are, most probably, near some huntsman's cottage. That distant baying is the sweetest music I've heard a great while.'

'Don't be rash, Sir—don't be rash—don't be rash. If you were to give me fifty crowns now, I couldn't remember a single line of a single prayer. Ave Maria !

—it always is so when I most want it. Pater noster!—and whenever I've need to remember a song, sure enough I'm always thinking of a prayer.—Unser vater, der du bist im himmel—sanctificado se el tu nombra; il tuo regno venga.' Here Essper George was proceeding with a scrap of modern Greek, when the horsemen suddenly came upon one of those broad green vistas which we often see in forests, and which are generally cut, either for the convenience of hunting, or carting wood. It opened on the left side of the road; and at the bottom of it, though apparently at a great distance, a light was visible.

'So much for your Wild Huntsman, my friend Essper! I shall be much disappointed if here are not quarters for the night. And see! the moon comes out—a good omen!'

After about ten minutes' sharp trot over the noiseless turf, the travellers found themselves before a large and many-windowed mansion. The building formed the farthest side of a quadrangle, which you entered through an ancient and massy gate; on each side of which was a small building—of course the lodges. Essper soon found that the gate was closely fastened; and though he knocked often and loudly, it was with no effect. That the inhabitants of the mansion had not yet retired was certain, for lights were moving in the great house; and one of the lodges was not only very brilliantly illuminated, but full, as Vivian was soon convinced, of clamorous, if not jovial guests.

'Now, by the soul of my unknown father?' said the enraged Essper, 'I'll make these saucy porters learn their duty. What ho! there—what ho! within! within!' But the only answer he received, was the loud reiteration of a rude and roaring chorus; which, as it was now more distinctly and audibly enunciated, evidently for the purpose of enraging the travellers—they detected to be something to the following effect:—

'Then a prayer to St. Peter, a prayer to St. Paul,  
A prayer to St. Jerome—a prayer to them all—  
A prayer to each one of the saintly stock,      '  
But devotion alone, devotion to Hock!'

‘A right good burden!’ said Essper. The very words had made him recover his temper, and ten thousand times more desirous of gaining admittance. He was off his horse in a moment, and scrambling up the wall with the aid of the iron stanchions, he clambered up to the window. The sudden appearance of his figure startled the inmates of the lodge;—and one of them soon staggered to the gate.

‘What want you, ye noisy and disturbing varlets? what want you, ye most unhallowed rogues at such a place, and at such an hour? If you be thieves—look at our bars—(here a hiccup). If you be poachers—our master is engaged, and ye may slay all the game in the forest—(another hiccup)—but if ye be good men and true—’

‘We are, we are!’ hallooed Essper eagerly.

‘You are, you are!’ said the porter, in a tone of great surprise; ‘then you ought to be ashamed of yourselves for disturbing holy men at their devotions!’

‘Is this the way,’ said Essper, to behave, ye shameless rascals, to a noble and mighty Prince, who happens to have lost his way in one of your cursed forests; but who, though he has parted with his suite, has still in his pocket a purse full of ducats? Would ye have him robbed by any others but yourselves? Is this the way you behave to a prince of the Holy Roman Empire—a knight of every order under the sun, and a most particular friend of your own master? Is this the way to behave to his secretary, who is one of the merriest fellows living; can sing a jolly song with any of you, and so bedevil a bottle of Geisenheim with lemons and brandy, that for the soul of ye, you wouldn’t know it from the greenest Tokay. Out, out on ye! you know not what you have lost!’

Ere Essper had finished more than one stout bolt had been drawn, and the great key had already entered the stouter lock.

‘Most honourable Sirs!’ hiccuped the porter; ‘in Our Lady’s name enter. I had forgot myself; for in these autumn nights it is necessary to anticipate the cold



with a glass of cheering liquor ; and God forgive me ! if I didn't mistake your most mighty Highnesses for a couple of forest rovers, or small poachers at least. Thin entertainment here, kind Sir—(here the last bolt was withdrawn)—a glass of indifferent liquor, and a prayer-book. I pass the time chiefly these cold nights with a few holy-minded friends, at our devotions. You heard us at our prayers, honourable lords !

'A prayer to St. Peter, a prayer to St. Paul !  
A prayer to St. Jerome, a prayer to them all !'

Here the devout porter most reverently crossed himself.

'A prayer to each one of the saintly stock,  
But devotion alone, devotion to Hock !'

bellowed Essper George—'You forget the best part of the burden, my honest friend.'

'Oh !' said the porter, with an arch smile, as he opened the lodge door ; 'I'm glad to find that your honourable Excellencies have a taste for hymns !'

The porter led them into a room, at a round table in which, about half a dozen individuals were busily engaged in discussing the merits of various agreeable liquors. There was an attempt to get up a show of polite hospitality to Vivian as he entered ; but the man who offered him his chair fell to the ground in an unsuccessful struggle to be courteous ; and another one, who had filled a large glass for the guest on his entrance, offered him, after a preliminary speech of incoherent compliments, the empty bottle by mistake. The porter and his friends, although they were all drunk, had sense enough to feel that the presence of a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, a Chevalier of every order under the sun, and the particular friend of their master, was not exactly a fit companion for themselves, and was rather a check on the gay freedom of equal companionship ; and so, although the exertion was not a little troublesome, the guardian of the gate reeled out of the room to inform his honoured Lord of

the sudden arrival of a stranger of distinction. Essper George immediately took his place, and ere the master of the lodge had returned, the noble secretary had not only given a choice toast, sung a choice song, and been hailed by the grateful plaudits of all present; but had proceeded in his attempt to fulfil the pledge which he had given at the gate to the very letter, by calling out lustily for a bottle of Geisenheim, lemons, brandy, and a bowl.

‘Fairly and softly, my little son of Bacchus,’ said the porter as he re-entered—‘fairly and softly, and then thou shall want nothing; but remember I have to perform my duties unto the noble Lord my master, and also to the noble Prince your master. If thou wilt follow me,’ continued the porter, reeling as he bowed with the greatest consideration to Vivian; ‘if thou wilt follow me, most high and mighty Sir, my master will be right glad to have the honour of drinking your health. And as for you, my friends; fairly and softly, fairly and softly say I again. We’ll talk of the Geisenheim anon. Am I to be absent from the first brewing? No, no! fairly and softly, fairly and softly; you can drink my health when I’m absent in cold liquor, and say those things which you could not well say before my face. But mind, my most righteous and well-beloved, I’ll have no flattery—no flattery. Flattery is the destruction of all good-fellowship; it’s like a qualmish liqueur in the midst of a bottle of wine. No flattery, no flattery; speak your minds, say any little thing that comes first, as thus—“well, for Hunsdrich the porter, I must declare that I never heard evil word against him”; or thus, “a very good leg has Hunsdrich the porter, and a tight made lad altogether; no enemy with the girls, I warrant me”; or thus, “well, for a good-hearted, good-looking, stout-drinking, virtuous, honourable, handsome, generous, sharp-witted knave, commend me to Hunsdrich the porter”; but not a word more my friends, not a word more, no flattery, no flattery. Now, Sir, I beg you’ pardon.’

The porter led the way through a cloistered walk, until they arrived at the door of the great mansion, to which they ascended by a lofty flight of steps; it opened into a very large octagonal hall, the sides of which were covered with fowling-pieces, stags'-heads, couteaux de chasse, boar-spears, and huge fishing-nets. Passing through this hall they ascended a very noble staircase, on the first landing-place of which was a door, which Vivian's conductor opened, and ushering him into a large and well-lighted chamber, immediately withdrew. From the centre of this room descended a magnificently cut chandelier, which threw a graceful light upon a sumptuous banquet-table, at which were seated eight very singular-looking personages. All of them wore hunting-dresses of various shades of straw-coloured cloth, with the exception of one, who sat on the left hand of the master of the feast, and the colour of whose costume was a rich crimson-purple. From the top to the bottom of the table extended a double file of wine-glasses and goblets, of all sizes and all colours. There you might see brilliant felixes of that ancient ruby-glass, the vivid tints of which seem lost to us for ever. Next to these were marshalled, goblets of Venetian manufacture, of a clouded, creamy white; then came the huge hock-glass of some ancient Primate of Mentz, nearly a yard high; towering above its companions, as the church, its former master, predominated over the simple laymen of the middle ages. Why should I forget a set of most curious and antique drinking-cups of painted glass, on whose rare surfaces were emblazoned the Kaiser and ten Electors of the old Empire?

Vivian bowed to the party, and stood in silence, while they stared a most scrutinising examination. At length the master of the feast spoke. He was a very stout man, with a prodigious paunch, which his tightened dress set off to great advantage. His face, and particularly his forehead, were of great breadth. His eyes were set far apart. His long ears hung down almost to his shoulders;

yet singular as he was, not only in these, but in many other respects, everything was forgotten when your eyes lighted on his nose. It was the most prodigious nose that Vivian ever remembered—not only seeing, but hearing, or even reading of. In fact, it was too monstrous for the crude conception of a dream. This mighty nose hung down almost to its owner's chest.

'Be seated,' said this personage, in no unpleasing voice, and he pointed to the chair opposite to him. Vivian took the vacated seat of the Vice President, who moved himself to the right. 'Be seated, and whoever you may be—welcome! If our words be few, think not that our welcome be scant. We are not much given to speech, holding it for a principle that if a man's mouth be open, it should be for the purpose of receiving that which cheers a man's spirit; not of giving vent to idle words, which, as far as we have observed, produce no other effect save filling the world with crude and unprofitable fantasies, and distracting our attention when we are on the point of catching those flavours which alone make the world endurable. Therefore, briefly but heartily welcome! Welcome, Sir Stranger from us and from all; and first from us, the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger.' Here his Highness rose, and pulled out a large ruby tumbler from the file. Each of those present did the same, without however rising, and the late Vice President, who sat next to Vivian, invited him to follow their example.

The Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger brought forward, from beneath the table, an ancient and exquisite bottle of that choice liquor from which he took his exhilarating title. The cork was drawn, and the bottle circulated with rapidity; and in three minutes the ruby glasses were filled and emptied, and the Grand Duke's health quaffed by all present.

'Again, Sir Stranger,' continued the Grand Duke, 'briefly but heartily welcome!—welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Archduke of Hockheimer!'

The Archduke of Hockheimer was a thin, sinewy man, with long, carrotty hair—eyelashes of the same colour, but of a remarkable length—and mustachios, which, though very thin, were so long that they met under his chin. Vivian could not refrain from noticing the extreme length, whiteness, and apparent sharpness of his teeth. The Archduke did not speak, but leaning under the table, soon produced a bottle of Hockheimer. He then took from the file one of the Venetian glasses of clouded white. All followed his example—the bottle was sent round, his health was pledged—and the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger again spoke :—

‘Again, Sir Stranger, briefly but heartily welcome ! welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Elector of Steinberg !’

The Elector of Steinberg was a short, but very broad-backed, strong-built man. Though his head was large, his features were small, and appeared smaller from the miraculous quantity of coarse, shaggy, brown hair, which grew over almost every part of his face, and fell down upon his shoulders. The Elector was as silent as his predecessor, and quickly produced a bottle of Steinberg. The curious drinking cups of painted glass were immediately withdrawn from the file, the bottle was sent round, the Elector’s health was pledged, and the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger again spoke :—

‘Again, Sir Stranger, briefly but heartily welcome !—welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Margrave of Rüdeshheimer !’

The Margrave of Rüdeshheimer was a slender man, of elegant appearance. As Vivian watched the glance of his speaking eye, and the half-satirical and half-jovial smile which played upon his features, he hardly expected that his Highness would be as silent as his predecessors. But the Margrave spoke no word. He gave a kind of shout of savage exultation as he smacked his lips after dashing off his glass of Rüdeshheimer ; and scarcely noticing the salutations of those who drank his health, he threw

himself back in his chair, and listened seemingly with a smile of derision, while the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger again spoke :—

‘Again, Sir Stranger, briefly but heartily welcome !—welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Landgrave of Grafenberg !’

The Landgrave of Grafenberg was a rude, awkward-looking person, who, when he rose from his seat, stared like an idiot, and seemed utterly ignorant of what he ought to do. But his quick companion, the Margrave of Rüdesheimer, soon thrust a bottle of Grafenberg into the Landgrave’s hand, and with some trouble and bustle the Landgrave extracted the cork ; and then helping himself, sat down, forgetting either to salute, or to return the salutations of those present.

‘Again, Sir Stranger, briefly but heartily welcome !—welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Palsgrave of Geisenheim !’

The Palsgrave of Geisenheim was a dwarf in spectacles. He drew the cork from his bottle like lightning, and mouthed at his companions, even while he bowed to them.

‘Again, Sir Stranger, briefly but heartily welcome !—welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Count of Markbrunnen !’

The Count of Markbrunnen was a sullen-looking personage, with lips protruding nearly three inches beyond his nose. From each side of his upper jaw projected a large tooth.

‘Thanks to Heaven !’ said Vivian, as the Grand Duke again spoke—‘thanks to Heaven, here is our last man !’

‘Again, Sir Stranger, briefly but heartily welcome !—welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Baron of Asmannshauser !’

The Baron of Asmannshauser sat on the left-hand of the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger, and was dressed, as we have before said, in an unique costume of crimson purple. The Baron stood, without his boots, about six feet eight. He was a sleek man, with a head

not bigger than a child's, and a pair of small, black, beady eyes, of singular brilliancy. The Baron introduced a bottle of the only red wine that the Rhine boasts ; but which, for its fragrant and fruity flavour, and its brilliant tint, is perhaps even superior to the sunset glow of Burgundy.

'And now,' continued the Grand Duke, 'having introduced you to all present, Sir, we will begin drinking.'

Vivian had submitted to the introductory ceremonies with the good grace which becomes a man of the world ; but the coolness of his Highness's last observation recalled our hero's wandering senses ; and, at the same time, alarmed at discovering that eight bottles of wine had been discussed by the party, merely as a preliminary, and emboldened by the contents of one bottle which had fallen to his own share, he had the courage to confront the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger in his own castle.

'Your wine, most noble Lord, stands in no need of my commendation ; but as I must mention it, let it not be said that I ever mentioned it without praise. After a ten hours' ride, its flavour is as grateful to the palate as its strength is refreshing to the heart ; but though old Hock, in homely phrase, is styled meat and drink, I confess to you that, at this moment, I stand in need of even more solid sustenance than the juice of the sunny hill.'

'A traitor !' shrieked all present, each with his right arm stretched out, glass in hand ; 'A traitor !'

'No traitor,' answered Vivian ; 'no traitor, my noble and right thirsty lords ; but one of the most hungry mortals that ever yet famished.'

The only answer that he received for some time, was a loud and ill-boding murmur. The long whisker of the Archduke of Hockheimer curled with renewed rage : audible, though suppressed, was the growl of the hairy Elector of Steinberg ; fearful the corporeal involutions of the tall Baron of Asmannshauser ; and savagely sounded

the wild laugh of the bright-eyed Margrave of Rütde-sheimer.

‘Silence, my lords!’ said the Grand Duke. ‘Forget we that ignorance is the stranger’s portion, and that no treason can exist among those who are not our sworn subjects? Pity we rather the degeneracy of this bold spoken youth; and in the plenitude of our mercy, let us pardon his demand! Know ye, unknown knight, that you are in the presence of an august society, who are here met at one of their accustomed convocations; whereof the purport is the frequent quaffing of those most glorious liquors, of which the sacred Rhine is the great father. We profess to find a perfect commentary on the Pindaric laud of the strongest element, in the circumstance of the banks of a river being the locality where the juice of the grape is most delicious—and holding, therefore, that water is strongest, because, in a manner, it giveth birth to wine; we also hold it as a sacred element, and consequently, most religiously refrain from refreshing our bodies with that sanctified and most undrinkable fluid. Know ye, that we are the children of the Rhine—the conservators of his flavours—profound in the learning of his exquisite aroma, and deep students in the mysteries of his inexplicable nare. Professing not to be immortal, we find in the exercise of the chase a noble means to preserve that health which is necessary for the performance of the ceremonies to which we are pledged. At to-morrow’s dawn our bugle sounds, and thou, stranger, mayst engage the wild boar at our side; at to-morrow’s noon the castle bell will toll, and thou, stranger, mayst eat of the beast which thou hast conquered:—but to feed after midnight, to destroy the power of catching the delicate flavour, to annihilate the faculty of detecting the undefinable nare, is heresy—most rank and damnable heresy!—Therefore, at this hour soundeth no plate nor platter—jingleth no knife nor culinary instrument in the PALACE OF THE WINES. Yet, in consideration of thy youth, and that on the whole thou hast tasted



thy liquor like a proper man, from which we augur the best expectations of the manner in which thou wilt drink it,—we feel confident that our brothers of the goblet will permit us to grant thee the substantial solace of a single shoeing horn.'

'Let it be a Dutch herring then,' said Vivian; 'and as you have souls to be saved, grant me one slice of bread.'

'It cannot be,' said the Grand Duke; 'but as we are willing to be indulgent to bold hearts, verily, we will wink at the profanation of a single toast; but you must order an anchovy one, and give secret instructions to the waiting-man to forget the fish. It must be counted as a second shoeing horn; and you will forfeit for the last a bottle of Markbrunnen.'

'And now, illustrious brothers,' continued the Grand Duke, 'let us drink 1726!'

All present gave a single cheer, in which Vivian was obliged to join; and they honoured with a glass of the very year, the memory of a celebrated vintage.

'1748!' said the Grand Duke.

Two cheers, and the same ceremony.

1766 and 1779 were honoured in the same manner; but when the next toast was drank, Vivian almost observed in the countenances of the Grand Duke and his friends, the signs of incipient insanity.

'1783!' hallooed the Grand Duke, in a tone of the most triumphant exultation; and his mighty proboscis, as it snuffed the air, almost caused a whirlwind round the room—Hockheimer gave a roar—Steinberg a growl—Rüdesheimer a wild laugh—Markbrunnen a loud grunt—Grafenberg a bray—Asmannshauser's long body moved to and fro with wonderful agitation;—and little Geisenheim's bright eyes glistened through their glasses, as if they were on fire. How ludicrous is the incipient inebriety of a man who wears spectacles!

Thanks to an excellent constitution, which recent misery however had somewhat shattered, Vivian bore up against all these attacks; and when they had got down

to 1802, from the excellency of his digestion, and the inimitable skill with which he emptied many of the latter glasses under the table, he was, perhaps, in better condition than any one in the room.

And now rose the idiot Grafenberg ; Rüdesheimer all the time, with a malicious smile, faintly pulling him down by the skirt of his coat ; as if he were desirous of preventing an exposure which his own advice had brought about. He had been persuading Grafenberg the whole evening to make a speech.

‘My Lord Duke,’ brayed the jackass ; and then he stopped dead, and looked round the room with an unmeaning stare.

‘Hear, hear, hear !’ was the general cry ; but Grafenberg seemed astounded at any one being desirous of hearing his voice, or for a moment seriously entertaining the idea that he could have anything to say ; and so he stared again, and again, and again ; till at last, Rüdesheimer, by dint of kicking his shins under the table,—the Margrave the whole time seeming perfectly motionless—at length extracted a sentence from the asinine Landgrave.

‘My Lord Duke !’ again commenced Grafenberg ; and again he stopped.

‘Go on !’ shouted all.

‘My Lord Duke ! Rüdesheimer is treading on my toes !’

Here little Geisenheim gave a loud laugh of derision ; in which all joined, except surly Markbrunnen whose lips protruded an extra inch beyond their usual length, when he found that all were laughing at his friend. The Grand Duke at last procured silence.

‘Shame ! shame ! most mighty Princes ! Shame ! shame ! most noble lords. Is it with this irreverent glee, these scurvy flouts, and indecorous mockery, that you would have this stranger believe that we celebrate the ceremonies of our father Rhine ? Shame, I say—and silence ! It is time that we should prove to him, that

we are not merely a boisterous and unruly party of swilling varlets, who leave their brains in their cups. It is time that we should do something to prove that we are capable of better and worthier things. What ho! my Lord of Geisenheim! shall I speak twice to the guardian of the horn of the Fairy King?'

The little dwarf instantly jumped from his seat, and proceeded to the end of the room; where, after having bowed three times with great reverence before a small black cabinet made of vine wood, he opened it with a golden key, and then with great pomp and ceremony bore its contents to the Grand Duke. His Royal Highness took from the little dwarf the horn of a gigantic and antediluvian elk. The cunning hand of an ancient German artificer had formed this curious relic into a drinking cup. It was exquisitely polished, and cased in the interior with silver. On the outside the only ornaments were three richly chased silver rings, which were placed nearly at equal distances. When the Grand Duke had carefully examined this most precious horn, he held it up with great reverence to all present, and a party of devout catholics could not have paid greater homage to the elevated Host, than did the various guests to the horn of the Fairy King. Even the satanic smile on Rüdeshheimer's countenance was for a moment subdued; and all bowed. The Grand Duke then delivered the mighty cup to his neighbour, the Archduke of Hockheimer, who held it with both hands until his Royal Highness had emptied into it, with great care, three bottles of Johannisberger. All rose: the Grand Duke took the goblet in one hand, and with the other he dexterously put aside his most inconvenient and enormous nose. Dead silence prevailed, save the roar of the liquor as it rushed down the Grand Duke's throat, and resounded through the chamber like the distant dash of a waterfall. In three minutes his Royal Highness had completed his task, the horn had quitted his mouth, his nose had again resumed its usual situation, and as he handed the cup to the Archduke, Vivian thought

that a material change had taken place in his countenance since he had quaffed his last draught. His eyes seemed more apart ; his ears seemed broader and longer ; and his nose was most visibly lengthened. The Archduke, before he commenced his draught, ascertained with great scrupulosity that his predecessor had taken his fair share by draining the horn as far as the first ring ; and then he poured off with great rapidity his own portion. But though, in performing the same task, he was quicker than the master of the party, the draught not only apparently, but audibly, produced upon him a much more decided effect than it had on the Grand Duke ; for when the second ring was drained, the Archduke gave a loud roar of exultation, and stood up for some time from his seat, with his hands resting on the table, over which he leant as if he were about to spring upon his opposite neighbour. The cup was now handed across the table to the Baron of Asmannshausen. His lordship performed his task with ease ; but as he withdrew the horn from his mouth, all present, except Vivian, gave a loud cry of 'Supernaculum !' The Baron smiled with great contempt as he tossed, with a careless hand, the great horn upside downwards, and was unable to shed upon his nail even the one excusable pearl. He handed the refilled horn to the Elector of Steinberg, who drank his portion with a growl ; but afterwards seemed so pleased with the facility of his execution, that instead of delivering it to the next bibber, the Palsgrave of Markbrunnen, he commenced some clumsy attempts at a dance of triumph, in which he certainly would have proceeded, had not the loud grunts of the surly and thick-lipped Markbrunnen occasioned the interference of the Grand Duke. Supernaculum now fell to the Margrave of Rüdeshimer, who gave a loud and long-continued laugh as the dwarf of Geisenheim filled the horn for the third time.

While this ceremony was going on a thousand plans had occurred to Vivian for his escape ; but all, on second thoughts, proved impracticable. With agony he had

observed that supernaculum was his miserable lot. Could he but have foisted it on the idiot Grafenberg, he might, by his own impudence and the other's stupidity, have escaped. But he could not flatter himself that he should be successful in bringing about this end, for he observed with sorrow that the malicious Rüdeshaimer had not for a moment ceased watching him with a keen and exulting glance. Geisenheim performed his task; and ere Vivian could ask for the goblet, Rüdeshaimer, with a fell laugh, had handed it to Grafenberg. The greedy ass drank his portion with ease, and indeed drank far beyond his limit. The cup was in Vivian's hand, Rüdeshaimer was roaring (supernaculum) louder than all—Vivian saw that the covetous Grafenberg had providentially rendered his task comparatively light; but even as it was, he trembled at the idea of drinking at a single draught, more than a pint of most vigorous and powerful wine.

'My Lord Duke,' said Vivian, 'you and your companions forget that I am little used to these ceremonies; that I am yet uninitiated in the mysteries of the nare. I have endeavoured to prove myself no chicken-hearted water-drinking craven, and I have more wine within me at this moment than any man yet bore without dinner. I think, therefore, that I have some grounds for requesting indulgence; and I have no doubt that the good sense of yourself and your friends——'

Ere Vivian could finish, he almost fancied that a well-stocked ménagerie had been suddenly emptied in the room. Such roaring, and such growling, and such hissing, could only have been exceeded on some grand feast-day in the recesses of a Brazilian forest. Asmannshauser looked as fierce as a boa constrictor before dinner. The proboscis of the Grand Duke heaved to and fro like the trunk of an enraged elephant. Hockheimer glared like a Bengal tiger, about to spring upon its prey. Steinberg growled like a Baltic bear. In Markbrunnen Vivian recognised the wild-boar he had himself often hunted. Grafenberg brayed like a jackass; and Geisenheim

chattered like an ape. But all was forgotten and unnoticed when Vivian heard the fell and frantic shouts of the laughing hyæna, the Margrave of Rüdeshimer ! Vivian, in despair, dashed the horn of Oberon to his mouth. One pull—a gasp—another desperate draught—it was done ! and followed by a supernaculum almost superior to the exulting Asmannshauser's.

A loud shout hailed the exploit, and when the shout had subsided into silence, the voice of the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger was again heard :—

‘Noble Lords and Princes ! I congratulate you on the acquisition of a congenial comate, and the accession to our society of one, who I now venture to say, will never disgrace the glorious foundation ; but who, on the contrary, with heaven's blessing and the aid of his own good palate, will, it is hoped, add to our present knowledge of flavours by the detection of new ones, and by illustrations drawn from frequent study and constant observation of the mysterious nare. In consideration of his long journey and his noble achievement, I do propose that we drink but very lightly to-night, and meet by two hours after to-morrow's dawn, under the mossman's oak. Nevertheless, before we part, for the refreshment of our own good bodies, and by way of reward and act of courtesy unto this noble and accomplished stranger, let us pledge him in some foreign grape of fame, to which he may perhaps be more accustomed than unto the ever preferable juices of our Father Rhine.’—Here the Grand Duke nodded to little Geisenheim, who in a moment was at his elbow. •

It was in vain that Vivian remonstrated, excused himself from joining, or assured his Royal Highness that his conduct had already been so peculiarly courteous, that any further attention was at present unnecessary. A curiously cut glass, which on a moderate calculation Vivian reckoned would hold at least three pints, was placed before each guest ; and a basket, containing nine bottles of sparkling champagne, première qualité, was set before his Highness.

'We are no bigots, noble stranger,' said the Grand Duke, as he took one of the bottles, and scrutinised the cork with a very keen eye ;—'We are no bigots, and there are moments when we drink Champagne, nor is Burgundy forgotten, nor the soft Bourdeaux, nor the glowing grape of the sunny Rhône.' His Highness held the bottle at an oblique angle with the chandelier. The wire is loosened,—whirr !—The exploded cork whizzed through the air, extinguished one of the burners of the chandelier, and brought the cut drop which was suspended under it rattling down among the glasses on the table. The Grand Duke poured the foaming fluid into his great goblet, and bowing to all around, fastened on its contents with as much eagerness as a half-insane dog rushes to a puddle in July.

The same operation was performed as regularly and as skilfully by all, except Vivian. Eight burners were extinguished ; eight diamond drops had fallen clattering on the table ; eight human beings had finished a miraculous carouse, by each drinking off a bottle of sparkling champagne. It was Vivian's turn. All eyes were fixed on him with the most perfect attention. He was now, indeed, quite desperate, for had he been able to execute a trick which long practice alone could have enabled any man to perform, he felt conscious that it was quite out of his power to taste a single drop of the contents of his bottle. However, he loosened his wire and held the bottle at an angle with the chandelier ; but the cork flew quite wild, and struck with great force the mighty nose of the Grand Duke.

'A forfeit !' cried all.

'Treason, and a forfeit !' cried the Margrave of Rudesheimer.

'A forfeit is sufficient punishment,' said the Grand Duke ; who, however, still felt the smarting effect of the assault on his proboscis. 'You must drink Oberon's Horn full of champagne,' continued his Highness.

'Never !' said Vivian. 'Enough of this ; I have

already conformed in a degree which may injuriously affect my health, with your barbarous humours,—but there is moderation even in excess,—and so if you please my lord your servant may show me to my apartment, or I shall again mount my horse.’

‘You shall not leave this room,’ said the Grand Duke, with great firmness.

‘Who shall prevent me?’ asked Vivian.

‘I will—all will!’ said the Grand Duke.

‘Now, by heavens! a more insolent and inhospitable old ruffian did I never meet. By the wine you worship, if one of you dare touch me, you shall rue it all your born days; and as for you, Sir, if you advance one step towards me, I’ll take that sausage of a nose of your’s and hurl you half round your own castle!’

‘Treason!’ shouted all, and looked to the Grand Duke.

‘Treason!’ said enraged majesty. The allusion to the nose had done away with all the constitutional doubts which his Highness had sported so moderately at the commencement of the evening.

‘Treason!’ howled the Grand Duke: ‘instant punishment!’

‘What punishment?’ asked Asmannshauser.

‘Drown him in the new butt of Moselle,’ recommended Rüdeshheimer. The suggestion was immediately adopted. Every one rose: the little Geisenheim already had hold of Vivian’s shoulder; and Grafenberg, instigated by the cowardly but malicious Rüdeshheimer, was about to seize him by the neck. Vivian took the dwarf and hurled him at the chandelier, in whose brazen chains the little being got entangled, and there remained. An unexpected cross-buttocker floored the incautious and unscientific Grafenberg; and following up these advantages, Vivian laid open the skull of his prime enemy, the retreating Margrave of Rüdeshheimer, with the assistance of the horn of Oberon; which flew from his hand to the other end of the room, from the force with which it



rebounded from the cranium of the enemy. All the rest were now on the advance ; but giving a vigorous and unexpected push to the table, the Grand Duke and Asmannshauser were thrown over, and the nose of the former got entangled with the awkward windings of the fairy king's horn. Taking advantage of this move, Vivian rushed to the door. He escaped, but had not time to secure the lock against the enemy, for the stout Elector of Steinberg was too quick for him. He dashed down the stairs with extraordinary agility ; but just as he had gained the large octagonal hall, the whole of his late boon companions, with the exception of the dwarf of Geisenheim who was left in the chandelier, were visible in full chase. Escape was impossible, and so Vivian, followed by the seven nobles who were headed by the Grand Duke, described with all possible rapidity a circle round the hall. He, of course, gave himself up for lost ; but luckily for him, it never occurred to one of his pursuers to do anything but follow their leader ; and as, therefore, they never dodged Vivian, and as also he was a much fleeter runner than the fat Grand Duke, whose pace, of course, regulated the progress of his followers, the party might have gone on at this rate until all of them had dropped from fatigue, had not the occurrence of a still more ludicrous incident prevented this consummation.

The hall-door was suddenly dashed open, and Essper George rushed in, followed in full chase by Hunsdrich and the guests of the lodge, who were the servants of Vivian's pursuers. Essper darted in between Rudesheimer and Markbrunnen, and Hunsdrich and his friends following the same tactics as their lords and masters, without making any attempt to surround and hem in the object of their pursuit, merely followed him in order ; describing, but in a contrary direction, a lesser circle within the eternal round of the first party. It was only proper for the servants to give their masters the wall. In spite of their very disagreeable and dangerous situation, it was with

difficulty that Vivian refrained from laughter as he met Essper regularly every half minute at the foot of the great staircase. Suddenly, as Essper passed, he took Vivian by the waist, and with a single jerk placed him on the stairs; and then, with a dexterous dodge, he brought Hunsdrich the porter and the Grand Duke in full contact.

‘I have got you at last,’ said Hunsdrich, seizing hold of his Grace of Schoss Johannisberger by the ears, and mistaking him for Essper.

‘I have got you at last,’ said his Royal Highness, grappling with his porter, whom he supposed to be Vivian. Both struggled: their followers pushed on with impetuous force; the battle was general; the overthrow universal. In a moment all were on the ground; and if any less inebriated, or more active individual attempted to rise, Essper immediately brought him down with a boar-spear.

‘Give me that large fishing-net,’ said Essper to Vivian; ‘Quick, quick, your Highness!’

Vivian pulled down an immense coarse net, which covered nearly five sides of the room. It was immediately unfolded, and spread over the fallen crew. To fasten it down with half a dozen boar-spears, which they drove into the floor, was the work of a moment. Essper had one pull at the proboscis of the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger before he hurried Vivian away; and in ten minutes they were again on their horses’ backs, and galloping through the star-lit wood.

## CHAPTER II

**I**T is the hour before the labouring bee has left his golden hive; not yet the blooming day buds in the blushing East; not yet has the victorious Lucifer chased from the early sky the fainting splendour of the

stars of night. All is silent, save the light breath of Morn waking the slumbering leaves. Even now a golden streak breaks over the grey mountains. Hark to shrill chanticleer ! As the cock crows, the owl ceases. Hark to shrill chanticleer's feathered rival ! the mounting lark springs from the sullen earth, and welcomes with his hymn the coming day. The golden streak has expanded into a crimson crescent, and rays of living fire flame over the rose-enamelled East. Man rises sooner than the sun ; and already sound the whistle of the ploughman, the song of the mower, and the forge of the smith,—and hark to the bugle of the hunter, and the baying of his deep-mouthed hound. The sun is up—the generating sun ! and temple, and tower, and tree ; the massy wood, and the broad field, and the distant hill, burst into sudden light—quickly upcurled is the dusky mist from the shining river—quickly is the cold dew drunk from the raised heads of the drooping flowers !

These observations are not by our hero ; for although, like all other British youth, he had been accustomed from an early age to scribble, and generally devoted his powers to the celebration of sunrise, sunset, the moon, the evening star, and the other principal planets ; nevertheless, at the present moment, he was far from being in a disposition to woo the muse. A quick canter, by a somewhat clearer light than the one which had so unfortunately guided himself and his companion to the castle of the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger, soon carried them again to the skirts of the forest, and at this minute they are emerging on the plain from yonder dark wood.

‘By heavens ! Essper, I cannot reach the town this morning. Was ever anything more terribly unfortunate ! A curse on those drunken fools ! What with no rest, and no solid refreshment, and the whole rivers of hock that are flowing within me, and the infernal exertion of running round that vile hall, I feel fairly exhausted, and could at this moment fall from my saddle. See you no habitation, my good fellow, where there might be a chance

of a breakfast and a few hours' rest? We are now well out of the forest—Oh! surely there is smoke from behind those pines! Some good wife, I trust, is by her chimney-corner.'

'If my sense be not destroyed by the fumes of that mulled Geisenheim, which still haunts me, I could swear that the smoke is the soul of a burning weed.'

'A truce to your jokes, good Essper, I really am very ill. A year ago I could have laughed at our misfortunes, but now it is very different; and by heavens, I must have breakfast! So stir—exert yourself, and although I die for it, let us canter up to the smoke.'

'No, my dear master, I will ride on before. Do you follow gently, and if there be a pigeon in the pot in all Germany, I swear by the patron saint of every village for fifty miles round, provided they be not heretics, that you shall taste of its breast-bone this morning.'

The smoke did issue from a chimney, but the door of the cottage was shut.

'Hilloa! hilloa! within, within!' shouted Essper; who shuts the sun out on a September morning?'

The door was at length slowly opened, and a most ill-favoured and inhospitable-looking dame demanded in a sullen voice, 'What's your will?'

'Oh! you pretty creature!' said Essper, who was still a little tipsy.

The door would have been shut in his face, had not he darted into the house before the woman was aware.

'Truly, a very neat and pleasant dwelling! and you would have no objection, I guess, to give a handsome young gentleman some little sop of something, just to remind him you know that it isn't dinner-time.'

'We give no sops here; what do you take us for? and so, my handsome young gentleman, be off, or I shall call the good man.'

'Oh! you beauty: why, I'm not the handsome young gentleman, that's my master! who, if he were not half-starved to death, would fall in love with you at first sight.'

'Oh ! your master—is he in the carriage ?'

'Carriage ! no—on horseback.'

'Travellers ?'

'To be sure, my dearest dame ; travellers true.'

'Travellers true, without luggage, and at this time of morn ! Methinks, by your looks, queer fellow, that you're travellers whom it may be wise for an honest woman not to meet.'

'What ! some people have an objection, then, to a forty-kreuzer piece on a sunny morning ?'

So saying Essper, in a careless manner, tossed a broad piece in the air, and made it ring on a fellow coin, as he caught it in the palm of his hand when it descended.

'Is that your master ?' asked the woman.

'Ay ! is it ; and the prettiest piece of flesh I've seen this month, except yourself.'

'Well ! if the gentleman likes bread, he can sit down here,' said the woman, pointing to a dirty bench, and throwing a sour black loaf upon the table.

'Now, Sir !' said Essper, wiping the bench with great care, 'lie you here and rest yourself. I've known a marshal sleep upon a harder sofa. Breakfast will be ready immediately, won't it, ma'am ?'

'Haven't I given you the bread ? if you cannot eat that, you may ride where you can find better cheer.'

'Yes ! you beauty—yes ! you angel—yes ! you sweet creature—but what's bread for a traveller's breakfast ? But I daresay his Highness will be contented—young men are so easily pleased when there's a pretty girl in the case—you know that, you wench ! you do, you little hussy, you're taking advantage of it.'

Something like a smile lit up the face of the sullen woman when she said—'There may be an egg in the house, but I don't know.'

'But you will soon, you dear creature ! you see his Highness is in no hurry for his breakfast. He hasn't touched the bread yet, he's thinking of you. I've no doubt of it ; now go and get the eggs, that's a beauty !

Oh ! what a pretty foot !' bawled Essper after her, as she left the room. 'Now confound this old hag, if there's not meat about this house, may I keep my mouth shut at our next dinner. I wonder what's in that closet !—fastened !' Here the knave began sniffing and smelling in all the crevices. 'Oh ! here's our breakfast ! my good lady, is it so ? What's that in the corner ? a boar's tusk ! Ay ! ay ! a huntsman's cottage—and when lived a huntsman on black bread before ! Good cheer ! good cheer, Sir ! we shall have such a breakfast to-day, that, by the gods of all nations, we shall never forget it !—Oh ! bless your bright eyes for these eggs, and that basin of new milk.'

So saying, Essper took them out of her hand, and placed them before Vivian.

'I was saying to myself, my pretty girl, when you were out of the room—"Essper George, Essper George—good cheer, Essper George—say thy prayers, and never despair—come what, come may, you'll fall among friends at last ; and how do you know that your dream mayn't come true after all ?" "Dream !" said I to myself, "what dream ?"—"Dream !" said myself to I, "didn't you dream that you breakfasted in the month of September with a genteel young woman with gold ear-rings ; and isn't she standing before you now ? and didn't she do everything in the world to make you comfortable ? Didn't she give you milk and eggs, and when you complained that you and meat had been but slack friends of late, didn't she open her own closet, and give you as fine a piece of hunting beef as was ever set before a Jagd Junker ?—Oh ! you beauty !"'

'I think you'll turn me into an inn-keeper's wife at last,' said the dame, her stern features relaxing into a smile ; and while she spoke she advanced to the great closet, Essper George following her, walking on his toes, lolling out his enormous tongue, and stroking his mock paunch. As she opened it he jumped upon a chair, and had examined every shelf in less time than a pistol could flash.

'White bread! Oh! you beauty, fit for a countess. Salt! Oh! you angel, worthy of Poland. Boar's head!! Oh! you sweet creature, no better at Troyes! and hunting beef!!! my dream is true!' and he bore in triumph to Vivian, who was nearly asleep, the ample round of salt and pickled beef, well stuffed with all kinds of savoury herbs.

'Now, Sir!' said he, putting before his master a plate and necessary implements; 'let your heart gladden—No, Sir! no, Sir! cut the other side—cut the other side—there's the silver edge. Now, Sir, some fat—drink your milk—drink your milk—such beef as this will soon settle all your Rhenish.—Why, your eyes are brighter already.—Have you breakfasted, ma'am? You have, eh!—Oh! breakfast again—never too much of a good thing. I always breakfast myself till dinner-time; and when dinner's finished, I begin my supper. Pray, where the devil are we?—Is this Reisenberg?'

'So we call it.'

'And a *very* good name, too!—Let me give you a little stuffing, Sir.—And are the Grand Duke's gentlemen out a-hunting?'

'No, it's the Prince.'

'The Prince—ah! I daresay you've a little more milk.—What a nice cottage this is! How I should like to live here—with you, though—with you—thank you for the milk—quite fresh—beautiful! I'm my own man again! How do you feel, Sir?'

'Thanks to this good woman, much better; and with her kind permission, I will now rest myself on this bench for a couple of hours. This, good lady,' said Vivian, giving her some florins, 'I do not offer as a remuneration for your kindness, but as a slight token of——'

Here Vivian began to snore. Essper George, who always slept with his eyes open, and who never sat still for a second, save when eating, immediately left the table; and in five minutes was as completely domesticated in the huntsman's cottage, as if he had lived there all his life.

The woman was quite delighted with a guest, who, in the course of half-an-hour had cleaned her house from top to bottom, dug up half her garden, mended her furniture, and milked her cow.

It was nearly an hour before noon ere the travellers had remounted. Their road again entered the enormous forest which they had been skirting for the last two days. The huntsmen were abroad ; and the fine weather, his good meal, and seasonable rest, and the inspiring sounds of the bugle, made Vivian feel quite recovered from his late fatigues.

‘That must be a true-hearted huntsman, Essper, by the sound of his bugle. I never heard one played with more spirit. Hark ! how fine it dies away in the wood—fainter and fainter, yet how clear ! It must be now half a mile distant.’

‘I hear nothing so wonderful,’ said Essper, putting the two middle fingers of his righthand before his mouth, and sounding a note so clear and beautiful, so exactly imitative of the fall which Vivian had noticed and admired, that for a moment he imagined that the huntsman was at his elbow.

‘Thou art a cunning knave !—do it again.’ This time Essper made the very wood echo. In a few minutes a horseman galloped up. He was as spruce a cavalier as ever pricked gay steed on the pliant grass. He was dressed in a green military uniform, and a small gilt bugle hung down his side. His spear told them that he was hunting the wild boar. When he saw Vivian and Essper he suddenly pulled up his horse, and seemed very much astonished.

‘I thought that his Highness had been here,’ said the huntsman.

‘No one has passed us, Sir,’ said Vivian.

‘I could have sworn that his bugle sounded from this very spot,’ said the huntsman. ‘My ear seldom deceives me.’

‘We heard a bugle to the right, Sir,’ said Essper.



'Thanks, thanks, thanks my friend,'—and the huntsman was about to gallop off.

'May I ask the name of his Highness,' said Vivian. 'We are strangers in this country.'

'That may certainly account for your ignorance,' said the huntsman; 'but no one who lives in this land can be unacquainted with his Serene Highness the Prince of Little Lilliput, my illustrious master. I have the honour,' continued the huntsman, 'of being Jagd Junker, or Gentilhomme de la Chasse to his Serene Highness.'

'Tis an office of great dignity,' said Vivian, 'and one that I have no doubt you most admirably perform—I will not stop you, Sir, to admire your horse.'

The huntsman bowed very courteously, and galloped off.

'You see, Sir,' said Essper George, 'that my bugle has deceived even the Jagd Junker, or Gentilhomme de la Chasse of his Serene Highness the Prince of Little Lilliput himself'; so saying, Essper again sounded his instrument. •

'A joke may be carried too far, my good fellow,' said Vivian. 'A true huntsman, like myself, must not spoil a brother's sport. So silence your bugle.'

Now again galloped up the Jagd Junker, or Gentilhomme de la Chasse of his Serene Highness the Prince of Little Lilliput. He pulled up his horse again, apparently as much astounded as ever.

'I thought that his Highness had been here,' said the huntsman.

'No one has passed us,' said Vivian.

'We heard a bugle to the right,' said Essper George.

'I am afraid his Serene Highness must be in distress. The whole suite are off the scent. It must have been his bugle, for the regulations of this forest are so strict, that no one dare sound a blast but his Serene Highness.' Away galloped the huntsman.

'Next time I must give you up, Essper,' said Vivian.

'One more blast, my good master!' begged Essper,

in a very supplicating voice. 'This time to the left—the confusion will be then complete.'

'On your life not—I command you not,' and so they rode on in silence. But it was one of those days when Essper could neither be silent nor subdued. Greatly annoyed at not being permitted to play his bugle, he amused himself for some time by making the most hideous grimaces; but as there were none either to admire or to be alarmed by the contortions of his countenance, this diversion soon palled. He then endeavoured to find some entertainment in riding his horse in every mode except the right one; but again, who was to be astounded by his standing on one foot on the saddle, or by his imitations of the ludicrous shifts of a female equestrian, perfectly ignorant of the manège? At length he rode with his back to his horse's head, and imitated the peculiar sound of every animal that he met. A young fawn, and various kinds of birds already followed him; and even a squirrel had perched on his horse's neck. And now they came to a small farm-house which was situated in the forest. The yard here offered great amusement to Essper. He neighed, and half-a-dozen horses' heads immediately appeared over the hedge; another neigh, and they were following him in the road. The dog rushed out to seize the dangerous stranger, and recover his charge; but Essper gave an amicable bark, and in a second the dog was jumping by his side, and engaged in the most earnest and friendly conversation. A loud and continued grunt soon brought out the pigs; and meeting three or four cows returning home, a few lowing sounds soon seduced them from keeping their appointment with the dairy-maid. A stupid jackass, who stared with astonishment at the procession, was saluted with a lusty bray, which immediately induced him to swell the ranks; and as Essper passed the poultry-yard, he so deceitfully informed its inhabitants that they were about to be fed, that twenty broods of ducks and chickens were immediately after him. The careful hens were terribly alarmed at the danger which their offspring

incurred from the heels and hoofs of the quadrupeds ; but while they were in doubt and despair, a whole flock of stately geese issued in solemn pomp from another gate of the farm-yard, and commenced a cackling conversation with the delighted Essper. So contagious is the force of example, and so great was the confidence which the hens placed in these pompous geese ; who were not the first fools whose solemn air has deceived a few old females ; that as soon as they perceived them in the train of the horseman, they also trotted up to pay their respects at his levée. And here Vivian Grey stopped his horse, and burst into a fit of laughter.

But it was not a moment for mirth ; for rushing down the road with awful strides appeared two sturdy and enraged husbandmen, one armed with a pike, and the other with a pitchfork, and accompanied by a frantic female, who never for a moment ceased hallooing, ‘Murder, rape, and fire !’ everything but ‘theft.’

‘Now, Essper, here’s a pretty scrape !’

‘Stop, you rascals !’ hallooed Adolph the herdsman.

‘Stop, you gang of thieves !’ hallooed Wilhelm the ploughman.

‘Stop, you bloody murderers !’ shrieked Phillippa, the indignant mistress of the dairy and the poultry-yard.

‘Stop, you villains !’ hallooed all three. The villains certainly made no attempt to escape, and in half a second the enraged household of the forest farmer would have seized on ‘Essper George ; but just at this crisis he uttered loud sounds in the respective language of every bird and beast about him ; and suddenly they all turned round, and countermarched. Away rushed the terrified Adolph the herdsman, while one of his own cows was on his back. Still quicker scampered off the scared Wilhelm the ploughman, while one of his own steeds kicked him in his rear. Quicker than all these, shouting, screaming, shrieking, dashed back the unhappy mistress of the hen-roost, with all her subjects crowding about her ; some on her elbow, some on her head, her lace cap destroyed, her

whole dress disorganised. Another loud cry from Essper George, and the retreating birds cackled with redoubled vigour. Still louder were the neighs of the horses, the bray of the jackass, the barking of the dog, the squeaking of the swine, and the lowing of the cows! Essper enjoyed the scene at his ease, leaning his back in a careless manner against his horse's neck. The movements of the crowd were so quick that they were soon out of sight.

'A trophy!' called out Essper, as he jumped off his horse, and picked up the pike of Adolph, the herdsman.

'A boar-spear, or I am no huntsman,' said Vivian—'give it me a moment!' He threw it up into the air, caught it with ease, poised it on his finger with the practised skill of one well used to handle the weapon, and with the same delight imprinted on his countenance as greets the sight of an old friend.

'This forest, Essper, and this spear, make me remember days when I was vain enough to think that I had been sufficiently visited with sorrow. Ah! little did I then know of human misery, although I imagined I had suffered so much!—But not my will be done!' muttered Vivian to himself.

As he spoke, the sounds of a man in distress were heard from the right side of the road.

'Who calls, who calls?' cried Essper; a shout was the only answer. There was no path, but the underwood was low, and Vivian took his horse, an old forester, across it with ease. Essper's jibbed. Vivian found himself in a small green glade of about thirty feet square. It was thickly surrounded with lofty trees, save at the point where he had entered; and at the farthest corner of it, near some grey rocks, a huntsman was engaged in a desperate contest with a wild-boar.

The huntsman was on his right knee, and held his spear with both hands at the furious beast. It was an animal of extraordinary size and power. Its eyes glittered like fire. On the turf to its right a small grey mastiff,

of powerful make, lay on its back, bleeding profusely, with its body ripped open. Another dog, a fawn-coloured bitch, had seized on the left ear of the beast; but the under-tusk of the boar, which was nearly a foot long, had penetrated the courageous dog, and the poor creature writhed in agony, even while it attempted to wreak its revenge upon its enemy. The huntsman was nearly exhausted. Had it not been for the courage of the fawn-coloured dog, which, clinging to the boar, prevented it making a full dash at the man, he must have been instantly gored. Vivian was off his horse in a minute, which, frightened at the sight of the wild boar, dashed again over the hedge.

‘Keep firm, keep firm, Sir!’ said he, ‘do not move. I’ll amuse him behind, and make him turn.’

A graze of Vivian’s spear on its back, though it did not materially injure the beast, for there the boar is nearly invulnerable, annoyed it; and dashing off the fawn-coloured dog with great force, it turned on its new assailant. Now there are only two places in which the wild-boar can be assailed with any effect; and these are just between the eyes, and between the shoulders. Great caution, however, is necessary in aiming these blows, for the boar is very adroit in transfixing the weapon on his snout, or his tusks; and if once you miss, particularly if you are not assisted by your dogs, which Vivian was not, ’tis all over with you; for the enraged animal rushes in like lightning, and gored you must be.

„But Vivian was quite fresh, and quite cool. The animal suddenly stood still, and eyed its new enemy. Vivian was quiet, for he had no objection to give the beast an opportunity of retreating to its den. But retreat was not its object—it suddenly darted at the huntsman, who, however, was not off his guard, though unable from a slight wound in his knee to rise. Vivian again annoyed the boar at the rear, and the animal soon returned to him. He made a feint, as if he were about to strike his pike between its eyes. The boar not feeling a wound, which

had not been inflicted, and very irritated, rushed at him, and he buried his spear a foot deep between its shoulders. The beast made one fearful struggle, and then fell down quite dead. The fawn-coloured bitch, though terribly wounded, gave a loud bark ; and even the other dog, which Vivian thought had been long dead, testified its triumphant joy by an almost inarticulate groan.. As soon as he was convinced that the boar was really dead, Vivian hastened to the huntsman, and expressed his hope that he was not seriously hurt.

‘A trifle, a trifle, which our surgeon, who is used to these affairs, will quickly cure—Sir ! we owe you our life !’ said the huntsman, with great dignity, as Vivian assisted him in rising from the ground. He was a tall man, of imposing appearance ; but his dress, which was the usual hunting costume of a German nobleman, did not indicate his quality.

‘Sir, we owe you our life !’ repeated the stranger ; ‘five minutes more, and our son must have reigned in Little Lilliput.’

‘I have the honour then of addressing your Serene Highness. Far from being indebted to me, I feel that I ought to apologise for having so unceremoniously joined in your sport.’

‘Nonsense, man, nonsense ! We have killed in our time too many of these gentlemen to be ashamed of owning that, had it not been for you, one of them would at last have revenged the species. But many, as are the boars that we have killed or eaten, we never saw a more furious or powerful animal than the present. Why, Sir, you must be one of the best hands at the spear in all Christendom !’

‘Indifferently good, your Highness : your Highness forgets that the animal was already exhausted by your assault.’

‘Why there’s something in that ; but it was neatly done, man—it was neatly done.—You’re fond of the sport, we think ?’

‘I have had some practice, but illness has so weakened me that I have given up the forest.’

‘Indeed! pity, pity, pity!’ and on a second examination, we observe that you are no hunter. This coat is not for the free forest; but how came you by the pike?’

‘I am travelling to the next post town, to which I have sent on my luggage. I am getting fast to the south; and as for this pike, my servant got it this morning from some peasant in a brawl, and was showing it to me when I heard your Highness call. I really think now that Providence must have sent it. I certainly could not have done you much service with my riding whip—Hilloa! Essper, Essper, where are you?’

‘Here, noble Sir! here, here—why what have you got there? The horses have jibbed, and will not stir—I can stay no longer—they may go to the devil!’ so saying, Vivian’s valet dashed over the underwood, and leapt at the foot of the Prince.

‘In God’s name, is this thy servant?’ asked his Highness.

‘In good faith am I,’ said Essper; ‘his valet, his cook, and his secretary, all in one; and also his Jagd Junker, or Gentilhomme de la Chasse—as a puppy with a bugle horn told me this morning.’

‘A very merry knave!’ said the Prince; ‘and talking of a puppy with a bugle horn, reminds us how unaccountably we have been deserted to-day by a suite that never yet were wanting. We are indeed astonished. Our bugle, we fear, has turned traitor.’ So saying, the Prince executed a blast with great skill, which Vivian immediately recognised as the one which Essper George had so admirably imitated.

‘And now, my good friend,’ said the Prince, ‘we cannot hear of your passing through our land, without visiting our good castle. We would that we could better testify the obligation which we feel under to you, in any other way than by the offer of an hospitality which all gentlemen, by right, can command. But your

presence would, indeed, give us sincere pleasure. You must not refuse us. Your looks, as well as your prowess, prove your blood; and we are quite sure no cloth-merchant's order will suffer by your not hurrying to your proposed point of destination. We are not wrong, we think,—though your accent is good,—in supposing that we are conversing with an English gentleman. But here they come.'

As he spoke, three or four horsemen, at the head of whom was the young huntsman whom the travellers had met in the morning, sprang into the glade.

'Why, Arnelm!' said the Prince, 'when before was the Jagd Junker's ear so bad that he could not discover his master's bugle, even though the wind were against him?'

'In truth, your Highness, we have heard bugles enough this morning. Who is violating the forest laws, we know not; but that another bugle is sounding, and played,—St. Hubert forgive me for saying so,—with as great skill as your Highness's, is certain. Myself, von Neuwied, and Lintz, have been galloping over the whole forest. The rest, I doubt not, will be up directly.' The Jagd Junker blew his own bugle.

In the course of five minutes about twenty other horsemen, all dressed in the same uniform, had arrived; all complaining of their wild chases after the Prince in every other part of the forest.

'It must be the Wild Huntsman himself!' swore an old hand. This solution of the mystery satisfied all.

'Well, well!' said the Prince; 'whoever it may be, had it not been for the timely presence of this gentleman, you must have changed your green jackets for mourning coats, and our bugle would have sounded no more in the forest of our fathers. Here, Arnelm!—cut up the beast,—and remember that the left shoulder is the quarter of honour, and belongs to this stranger;—not less honoured because unknown.'

All present took off their caps and bowed to Vivian;



who took this opportunity of informing the Prince who he was.

‘And now,’ continued his Highness, ‘Mr. Grey will accompany us to our Castle ;—nay, Sir, we can take no refusal. We will send on to the town for your luggage. Arnelm, do you look to this !—And, honest friend !’ said the Prince, turning to Essper George,—‘we commend you to the special care of our friend von Neuwied,—and so, gentlemen, with stout hearts and spurs to your steeds—to the Castle !’

### CHAPTER III

THE cavalcade proceeded for some time at a very brisk but irregular pace, until they arrived at a less wild and wooded part of the forest. The Prince of Little Likiput reined in his steed as he entered a very broad avenue of purple beeches, at the end of which, though at a considerable distance, Vivian perceived the towers and turrets of a Gothic edifice glittering in the sunshine.

‘Welcome to Turriparva !’ said his Highness.

‘I assure your Highness,’ said Vivian, ‘that I view with no unpleasant feeling the prospect of a reception in any civilised mansion ; for to say the truth, for the last eight-and-forty hours, Fortune has not favoured me either in my researches after a bed, or that which some think still more important than nightly repose.’

‘Is it so ?’ said the Prince. ‘Why, we should have thought by your home-thrust this morning, that you were as fresh as the early lark. In good faith, it was a pretty stroke ! And whence came you then, good Sir ?’

‘Know you a most insane and drunken idiot, who styles himself the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger ?’

‘No, no !’ said the Prince, staring in Vivian’s face

very earnestly, and then bursting into a loud fit of laughter; 'no, no, it cannot be! hah! hah! hah! but it is though; and you have actually fallen among that mad crew. Hah! hah! hah! a most excellent adventure! Arnelm! why, man, where art thou? ride up, ride up! Behold in the person of this gentleman a new victim to the overwhelming hospitality of our uncle of the Wines. And did they confer a title on you on the spot? Say, art thou Elector, or Palsgrave, or Baron; or, failing in thy devoirs, as once did our good cousin Arnelm, confess that thou wert ordained with becoming reverence, the Arch-primate of Puddledrink. Eh! Arnelm, is not that the style thou bearest at the Palace of the Wines?'

'So it would seem, your Highness. I think the title was conferred on me the same night that your Highness mistook the Grand Duke's proboscis for Oberon's Horn, and committed treason not yet pardoned.'

'Hah! hah! hah! good! good! good! thou hast us there. Truly a good memory is often as ready a friend as a sharp wit. Wit is not thy strong point, friend Arnelm; and yet it is strange, that in the sharp encounter of ready tongues and idle logomachies, thou hast sometimes the advantage. But, nevertheless, rest assured, good cousin Arnelm, that wit is not thy strong point.'

'It is well for me that all are not of the same opinion as your Serene Highness,' said the young Jagd Junker, somewhat nettled; for he prided himself peculiarly on his repartees.

The Prince was exceedingly diverted with Vivian's account of his last night's adventure; and our hero learnt from his Highness that his late host was no less a personage than the cousin of the Prince of Little Lilliput, an old German Baron, who passed his time with some neighbours of congenial temperament, in hunting the wild boar in the morning, and speculating on the flavours of the fine Rhenish wines during the rest of the day. 'He and his companions,' continued the Prince, 'will enable you to form a tolerably accurate idea of the character of the

German nobility half a century ago. The debauch of last night was the usual carouse which crowned the exploits of each day when we were a boy. The revolution has rendered all these customs obsolete. Would that it had not sent some other things equally out of fashion !’

At this moment the Prince sounded his bugle, and the gates of the castle, which were not more than twenty yards distant, were immediately thrown open. The whole cavalcade set spurs to their steeds, and dashed at a full gallop over the hollow-sounding drawbridge, into the court-yard of the castle. A crowd of serving-men, in green liveries, instantly appeared ; and Arnelm and von Neuwied, jumping from their saddles, respectively held the stirrup and the bridle of the Prince as he dismounted.

‘Where is Master Rodolph?’ asked his Highness, with a loud voice.

‘So please your Serene Highness, I am here!’ answered a very thin treble ; and bustling through the surrounding crowd, came forward the owner of the voice. Master Rodolph was not above five feet high, but he was nearly as broad as he was long. Though more than middle-aged, an almost infantine smile played upon his broad fair face ; to which his small turn-up nose, large green goggle eyes, and unmeaning mouth, gave no expression. His long hair hung over his shoulders, the flaxen locks in some places maturing into grey. In compliance with the taste of his master, this most unsportsmanlike-looking steward was clad in a green jerkin, on the right arm of which was embroidered a giant’s head—the crest of the Little Lilliputs.

‘Truly, Rodolph, we have received some scratch in the chase to-day, and need your assistance. The best of surgeons we assure you, Mr. Grey, if you require one :—and look you that the blue chamber be prepared for this gentleman ; and we shall have need of our Cabinet this evening. See that all this be done, and inform Prince Maximilian that we would speak with him. And look you, Master Rodolph, there is one in this company,—

what call you your servant's name, Sir?—Essper George! 'tis well: look you, Rodolph, see that our friend Essper George be well provided for. We know that we can trust him to your good care. And now, gentlemen, at sunset we meet in the Giants' Hall.' So saying, his Highness bowed to the party; and taking Vivian by the arm, and followed by Arnelm and von Neuwied, he ascended a staircase which opened into the court, and then mounted into a covered gallery which ran round the whole building. The interior wall of the gallery was alternately ornamented with stags' heads, or other trophies of the chase; and coats of arms blazoned in stucco. The Prince did the honours of the castle to Vivian with great courtesy. The armoury, and the hall, the knight's chamber, and even the donjon-keep were all examined; and when Vivian had sufficiently admired the antiquity of the structure, and the beauty of the situation, the Prince, having proceeded down a long corridor, opened the door into a small chamber which he introduced to Vivian as his Cabinet. The furniture of this room was rather quaint, and not unpleasing. The wainscot and ceiling were painted alike, of a very light green colour, and were richly carved and gilt. The walls were hung with dark green velvet, of which costly material were also the chairs, and a sofa, which was placed under a large and curiously cut looking-glass. The lower panes of the windows of this room were of stained glass, of the most vivid tints; but the upper panes were untinged, in order that the light should not be disturbed which fell through them upon two magnificent pictures; one a hunting-piece by Schneiders, and the other a portrait of an armed chieftain on horseback, by Lucas Cranach.

And now the door opened, and Master Rodolph entered, carrying in his hand a white wand, and bowing very reverently as he ushered in two servants bearing a cold collation. As he entered, it was with difficulty that he could settle his countenance into the due and requisite degree of gravity; and so often was the fat steward on

the point of bursting into laughter, as he arranged the setting out of the refreshments on the table, that the Prince, with whom he was, at the same time, both a favourite and a butt, at last noticed his unusual and unmanageable risibility.

‘Why, Rodolph, what ails thee? hast thou just discovered the point of some good saying of yesterday?’

The Steward could now contain his laughter no longer, and he gave vent to his emotion in a most treble ‘He! he! he!’

‘Speak, man, in the name of St. Hubert, and on the word of as stout a huntsman as ever yet crossed horse. Speak, we say, what ails thee?’

‘He! he! he! in truth, a most comical knave! I beg your Serene Highness ten thousand most humble pardons, but in truth a more comical knave did I never see. How call you him? Essper George, I think, he! he! he! In truth, your Highness was right when you styled him a merry knave—in truth a most comical knave—he! he! he! a very funny knave! he! he! he! He says, your Highness, that I’m like a snake in a consumption!—he! he! he!—in truth a most comical knave!’

‘Well, Rodolph, as long as you do not quarrel with his jokes, they shall pass as true wit. But why comes not our son?—Have you bidden the Prince Maximilian to our presence?’

‘In truth have I, your Highness; but he was engaged at the moment with Mr. Sievers, and therefore he could not immediately attend my bidding; nevertheless, he bade me deliver to your Serene Highness his dutiful affection; saying, that he would soon have the honour of bending his knee unto your Serene Highness.’

‘He never said any such nonsense. At least, if he did, he must be much changed since last we hunted.’

‘In truth, your Highness, I cannot aver upon my conscience as a faithful steward, that such were the precise words and exact phraseology of his Highness, the Prince Maximilian. But in the time of the good Prince, your

father, whose memory be ever blessed, such were the words and style of message, which I was schooled and instructed by Mr. von Lexicon, your Serene Highness's most honoured tutor, to bear unto the good Prince, your father, whose memory be ever blessed; when I had the great fortune of being your Serene Highness's most particular page, and it fell to my lot to have the pleasant duty of informing the good Prince, your father, whose memory be ever blessed——'

'Enough! enough! but Sievers is not von Lexicon, and Maximilian, we trust, is——'

'Papa! papa!—dearest papa!' shouted a young lad, as he dashed open the door; and rushing into the room, threw his arms round the Prince's neck.

'My darling!' said the father, forgetting at this moment of genuine feeling, the pompous plural in which he had hitherto spoken of himself. The Prince fondly kissed his child. The boy was about ten years of age, exquisitely handsome. Courage, not audacity, was imprinted on his noble features.

'Papa! may I hunt with you to-morrow?'

'What says Mr. Sievers?'

'Oh! Mr. Sievers says I am an excellent fellow; I assure you upon my honour he does. I heard you come home; but though I was dying to see you, I would not run out till I had finished my Roman History. I say, Papa! what a grand fellow Brutus was—what a grand thing it is to be a patriot! I intend to be a patriot myself, and to kill the Grand Duke of Reisenberg. Papa, who's that?'

'My friend, Max, Mr. Grey. Speak to him.'

'I am very happy to see you at Turriparva, Sir,' said the boy, bowing to Vivian with great dignity. 'Have you been hunting with his Highness this morning?'

'I can hardly say I have.'

'Max, I have received a slight wound to-day. Don't look alarmed—it is very slight. I only mention it, because had it not been for this gentleman, it is very probable you

would never have seen your father again. He has saved my life !'

'Saved your life ! saved my papa's life !' said the young Prince, seizing Vivian's hand—'Oh ! Sir, what can I do for you ? Mr. Sievers !' said the boy, with great eagerness, to a gentleman who entered the room—'Mr. Sievers ! here is a young lord who has saved papa's life !'

Mr. Sievers was a very tall, thin man, perhaps about forty, with a clear sallow complexion, a high forehead, on which a few wrinkles were visible, very bright keen eyes, narrow arched brows, and a quantity of grey curling hair, which was combed back off his forehead, and fell down over his shoulders. He was instantly introduced to Vivian as the Prince's most particular friend ; and then he listened, apparently with great interest, to his Highness' narrative of the morning's adventure ; his danger, and his rescue. Young Maximilian never took his large, dark-blue eyes off his father while he was speaking ; and when he had finished, the boy rushed to Vivian, and threw his arms round his neck. Vivian was delighted with the affection of the child, who whispered to him in a low voice—'I know what you are !'

'What, my young friend ?'

'Ah ! I know.'

'But tell me !'

'You thought I shouldn't find out :—you're a—patriot !'

'I hope I am,' said Vivian ; 'but travelling in a foreign country is hardly a proof of it. Perhaps you do not know that I am an Englishman.'

'An Englishman !' said the child, with an air of great disappointment—'I thought you were a patriot ! I am one. Do you know I'll tell you a secret. You must promise not to tell though. Promise—upon your word ! Well then,' said the urchin, whispering with great energy in Vivian's ear, through his hollow fist :—'I hate the Grand Duke of Reisenberg, and I mean to stab him to

the heart'; so saying, the little Prince grated his teeth with an expression of the most bitter detestation.

'What the devil is the matter with the child!' thought Vivian; but at this moment his conversation with him was interrupted.

'Am I to believe this young gentleman, my dear Sievers,' asked the Prince, 'when he tells me that his conduct has met your approbation?'

'Your son, Prince,' answered Mr. Sievers, 'can only speak truth. His excellence is proved by my praising him to his face.'

The young Maximilian, when Mr. Sievers had ceased speaking, stood blushing, with his eyes fixed on the ground; and the delighted parent catching his child up in his arms, embraced him with unaffected fondness.

'And now, all this time Master Rodolph is waiting for his patient. By St. Hubert, you can none of you think me very ill! Your pardon, Mr. Grey, for leaving you. My friend Sievers will, I am sure, be delighted to make you feel at ease at Turriparva. Max, come with me!'

Vivian found in Mr. Sievers a very interesting companion; nothing of the pedant, and much of the philosopher. Their conversation was of course chiefly on topics of local interest, anecdotes of the castle and the country, of Vivian's friends the drunken Johannisberger and his crew, and such matters; but there was a keenness of satire in some of Mr. Sievers's observations which was highly amusing, and enough passed to make Vivian desire opportunities of conversing with him at greater length, and on subjects of greater interest. They were at present disturbed by Essper George entering the room to inform Vivian that his luggage had arrived from the village; and that the blue-chamber was now prepared for his presence.

'We shall meet, I suppose, in the Hall, Mr. Sievers?'

'No, I shall not dine there. If you remain at Turriparva, which I trust you will, I shall be happy to see



you in my room. If it have no other inducement to gain it the honour of your visit, it has here, at least, the recommendation of singularity ; there is, at any rate, no other chamber like it in this good castle.'

The business of the toilet is sooner performed for a hunting party in a German forest, than for a state dinner at Château Désir ; and Vivian was ready long before he was summoned.

'His Serene Highness has commenced his progress towards the Hall,' announced Essper George to Vivian, in a very treble voice, and bowing with great ceremony as he offered to lead the way, with a long white wand waving in his right hand.

'I shall attend his Highness,' said his master ; 'but before I do, if that white wand be not immediately laid aside, it will be broken about your back.'

'Broken about my back ! what, the wand of office of your Highness' steward ! Master Rodolph says that, in truth, a steward is but half himself who hath not his wand. Methinks when his rod of office is wanting, his Highness of Lilliput's steward is but unequally divided. In truth he is stout enough to be Aaron's wand that swallowed up all the rest. But has your Nobleness really any serious objection to my carrying a wand ? It gives such an air ! I really thought your Highness could have no serious objection. It cost me a good hour's talking with Master Rodolph to gain his permission. I was obliged to swear that he was a foot taller than myself, ere he would consent ; and then only on the condition that my wand should be full twelve inches shorter than his own. The more's the pity,' continued Essper : 'it spoils the sport, and makes me seem but half a steward after all. By the honour of my mother ! it shall go hard with me if I do not pick the pith of his rush this night ! Twelve inches shorter ! you must have a conscience, Master Rodolph !'

'Come, come, silence ! and no more of this frippery.'

'No, your Highness, not a word, not a word:—but

twelve inches, your Highness—twelve inches shorter, what do you think of that? Twelve inches shorter than Master Rodolph's—Master Rodolph, forsooth!—Master Treble-Paunch! If he had as much brains in his head, as he has something else in his body, why then, your Highness——'

'No more, no more!'

'Not a word, not a word, your Highness! Not a word should your Highness ever have heard, but for the confounded folly of this goggle-eyed gander of a steward:—twelve inches, in good truth!—Why, twelve inches, your Highness—twelve inches is no trifle—twelve inches is a size—twelve inches is only six shorter than the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger's nose.'

'It matters little, Essper, for I shall tolerate no such absurdities.'

'Your Highness is the best judge—it isn't for me to differ with your Highness. I am not arguing for the wand; I am only saying, your Highness, that if that overgrown anchovy, whom they call Master Rodolph, had shown a little more sense upon the occasion, why then I should have had a better opinion of his judgment; as it is, the day he can tell me the morrow of Easter eve, I'll make a house-steward of a Michaelmas goose.'

The Giant's Hall was a Gothic chamber of imposing appearance. The oaken rafters of the curiously carved roof rested on the grim heads of gigantic figures of the same material. These statues extended the length of the hall on each side; they were elaborately sculptured and highly polished, and each one held in its outstretched arm a blazing and aromatic torch. Above them, small windows of painted glass admitted a light which was no longer necessary at the banquet to which I am now about to introduce the reader. Over the great entrance doors was a gallery, from which a band of trumpeters, arrayed in ample robes of flowing scarlet, sent forth many a festive and martial strain. More than fifty individuals, all wearing hunting-dresses of green cloth on which the giant's

head was carefully emblazoned, were already seated in the Hall when Vivian entered. He was conducted to the upper part of the chamber, and a seat was allotted him on the left hand of the Prince. His Highness had not arrived, but a chair of state, placed under a crimson canopy, denoted the style of its absent owner; and a stool, covered with velvet of the same regal colour and glistening with gold lace, announced that the presence of Prince Maximilian was expected. While Vivian was musing in astonishment at the evident affectation of royal pomp which pervaded the whole establishment of the Prince of Little Lilliput, the trumpeters in the gallery suddenly commenced a triumphant flourish. All rose as the princely procession entered the Hall. First came Master Rodolph, twirling his white wand with the practised pride of a drum-major, and looking as pompous as a turkey-cock in a storm. Six footmen in splendid liveries, two by two, immediately followed him. A page heralded the Prince Maximilian, and then came the Serene father; the Jagd Junker, and four or five other gentlemen of the court formed the suite.

His Highness ascended the throne, Prince Maximilian was on his right, and Vivian had the high honour of the left hand; the Jagd Junker seated himself next to our hero. The table was profusely covered, chiefly with the sports of the forest, and the celebrated wild boar was not forgotten. Few minutes had elapsed ere Vivian perceived that his Highness was always served on bended knee. Surprised at this custom, which even the mightiest and most despotic monarchs seldom exact, and still more surprised at the contrast which all this state afforded to the natural ease and affable amiability of the Prince, Vivian ventured to ask his neighbour Arnelm whether the banquet of to-day was in celebration of any particular event of general or individual interest.

‘By no means,’ said the Jagd Junker; ‘this is the usual style of the Prince’s daily meal, except that to-day there is perhaps rather less state and fewer guests than

usual ; in consequence of many of our fellow-subjects having left us with the purpose of attending a great hunting party, which is now being held in the dominions of his Highness's cousin, the Duke of Micromegas.'

When the more necessary, but, as most hold, the less-delightful part of banquetting was over, and the numerous serving-men had removed the more numerous dishes of wild boar, red deer, kid, and winged game ; a stiff Calvinistic-looking personage rose, and delivered a long, and most grateful grace, to which the sturdy huntsmen listened with a due mixture of piety and impatience. When his starch Reverence, who in his black coat looked among the huntsmen very like, as Essper George observed, a black-bird among a set of moulting canaries, had finished, —an old man, with long snow-white hair, and a beard of the same colour, rose from his seat ; and with a glass in his hand, bowing first to his Highness with great respect, and then to his companions with an air of condescension, gave in a stout voice, 'The Prince !' A loud shout was immediately raised, and all quaffed with rapture the health of a ruler whom evidently they adored. Master Rodolph now brought forward an immense silver goblet, full of some crafty compound, from its odour doubtless delicious. The Prince held the goblet by its two massy handles, and then said in a loud voice :—

'My friends ! the Giant's Head ! and he who sneers at its frown, may he rue its bristles !'

The toast was welcomed with a loud cry of triumph. When the noise had subsided, the Jagd Junker rose ; and prefacing the intended pledge by a few observations, as remarkable for the delicacy of their sentiments as the elegance of their expression, he gave, pointing to Vivian, 'The Guest ! and may the Prince never want a stout arm at a strong push !' The sentiment was again echoed by the lusty voices of all present, and particularly by his Highness. As Vivian shortly returned thanks and modestly apologised for the German of a foreigner, he could not refrain from remembering the last time when he was

placed in the same situation. It was when the treacherous Earl of Courtown had drank success to Mr. Vivian Grey's maiden speech in a bumper of claret, at the political orgies of Château Désir. Could he really, in very fact, be the same individual as the bold, dashing, fearless youth, who then organised the crazy councils of those ambitious, imbecile greybeards? What was he then? What had happened since? What was he now? He turned from the comparison with feelings of sickening disgust, and it was with difficulty that his countenance could assume the due degree of hilarity which befitted the present occasion.

'Truly, Mr. Grey,' said the Prince; 'your German would pass current at Weimar. Arnelm, good cousin Arnelm, we must trouble thy affectionate duty to marshal and regulate the drinking devoirs of our kind subjects to-night; for by the advice of our trusty surgeon, Master Rodolph, of much fame, we shall refrain this night from our accustomed potations, and betake ourselves to the solitude of our Cabinet—a solitude in good sooth, unless we can persuade you to accompany us, kind Sir,' said the Prince, turning to Mr. Grey. 'Methinks eight-and-forty hours without rest, and a good part spent in the mad walls of our cousin of Johannisberger, are hardly the best preparatives for a drinking bout. Unless, after Oberon's horn, ye may fairly be considered to be in practice. Nevertheless, I advise the Cabinet and a cup of Rodolph's coffee. What sayest thou?' Vivian acceded to the Prince's proposition with eager pleasure; and accompanied by Prince Maximilian, and preceded by the little Steward, who, surrounded by his serving-men, very much resembled a planet eclipsed by his satellites, they left the Hall.

'Tis almost a pity to shut out the moon on such a night,' said the Prince, as he drew a large green velvet curtain from the windows of the Cabinet.

'Tis certainly a magnificent night!' said Vivian. 'How fine the effect of the light is upon the picture of

the warrior. I declare the horse seems quite living, and its fierce rider actually frowns upon us.'

'He may well frown,' said the Prince of Little Lilliput, in a voice of deep melancholy ; and he hastily redrew the curtain. In a moment he started from the chair on which he had just seated himself, and again admitted the moonlight. 'Am I really afraid of an old picture ? No, no, it has not yet come to that.'

This was uttered in a very distinct voice, and of course excited the astonishment of Vivian who, however, had too much discretion to evince his surprise, or to take any measure by which his curiosity might be satisfied.

His companion seemed instantly conscious of the seeming singularity of his expression.

'You are surprised at my words, good Sir,' said his Highness, as he paced very rapidly up and down the small chamber ; 'you are surprised at my words ; but, Sir, my ancestor's brow was guarded by a diadem !'

'Which was then well won, Prince, and is now worthily worn.'

'By whom ? where ? how ?' asked the Prince, in a very rapid voice. 'Maximilian,' continued his Highness, in a more subdued tone ; 'Maximilian, my own love, leave us—go to Mr. Sievers—God bless you, my only boy—good-night !'

'Good night, dearest Papa, and down with the Grand Duke of Reisenberg !'

'He echoes the foolish zeal of my fond followers,' said the Prince, as his son left the room. 'The idle parade to which their illegal loyalty still clings—my own manners, the relics of former days—habits will not change like stations—all these have deceived you, Sir. You have mistaken me for a monarch ; I should be one. A curse light on me the hour I can mention it without a burning blush. Oh, shame !—shame on the blood of my father's son ! Can my mouth own that I once was one ? Yes, Sir ! you see before you the most injured, the least enviable of human beings—I am a MEDIATISED PRINCE !'

Vivian had resided too long in Germany to be ignorant of the meaning of this title; with which, as most probably few of my readers are acquainted, I may be allowed for a moment to disturb the tête-à-tête in the Cabinet—merely, as a wordy and windy orator preliminarily protests, when he is about to bore the house with an harangue of five hours—merely to say, ‘just one single word.’ A mediatised Prince is an unhappy victim of those Congresses, which, among other good and evil, purged with great effect the ancient German political system. By the regulations then determined on, that country was freed at one fell swoop from the vexatious and harassing dominion of the various petty Princes who exercised absolute sovereignties over little nations of fifty thousand souls. These independent sovereigns became subjects; and either swelled, by their mediatisation, the territories of some already powerful potentate, or transmuted into a state of importance some more fortunate petty ruler than themselves; whose independence, through the exertions of political intrigue or family influence, had been preserved inviolate. In most instances, the concurrence of these little rulers in their worldly degradation was obtained by a lavish grant of official emoluments or increase of territorial possessions,—and the mediatised prince, instead of being an impoverished and uninfluential sovereign, became a wealthy and powerful subject. But so dominant in the heart of man is the love of independent dominion, that even with these temptations, few of the petty princes could have been induced to have parted with their cherished sceptres, had they not been conscious, that in case of contumacy, the resolutions of a Diet would have been enforced by the armies of an Emperor. As it is, few of them have yet given up the outward and visible signs of regal sway. The throne is still preserved, and the tiara still revered. They seldom frequent the Courts of their sovereigns, and scarcely condescend to notice the attentions of their fellow-nobility. Most of them expend their increased revenues in maintaining the

splendour of their little courts at their ancient capitals ; or in swelling the ranks of their retainers at their solitary forest castles.

The prince of Little Lilliput was the first mediatised sovereign that Vivian had ever met. At another time, and under other circumstances, he might have smiled at the idle parade and useless pomp which he had this day witnessed ; or moralised on that weakness of human nature which seemed to consider the inconvenient appendages of a throne, as the great end for which power was to be coveted : but at the present moment he only saw a kind, and, as he believed, estimable individual disquieted and distressed. It was painful to witness the agitation of the Prince ; and Vivian felt it necessary to make some observations, which from his manner expressed much, though in fact they meant nothing.

‘Sir,’ said his Highness ; ‘your sympathy consoles me. Do not imagine that I can misunderstand it—it does you honour. You add, by this, to the many favours you have already conferred on me, by saving my life and accepting my hospitality. I trust, I sincerely hope, that your departure hence will be postponed to the last possible moment. Your conversation and your company, have made me pass a more cheerful day than I am accustomed to. All here love me ; but with the exception of Sievers, I have no companion ; and although I esteem his principles and his talents, there is no congeniality in our tastes, or in our tempers. As for the rest, a more devoted band cannot be conceived ; but they think only of one thing—the lost dignity of their ruler ; and although this concentration of their thoughts on one subject may gratify my pride, it does not elevate my spirits. But this is a subject on which in future we will not converse. One of the curses of my unhappy lot is, that a thousand circumstances daily occur which prevent me forgetting it.’

The Prince rose from the table, and pressing with his right hand on part of the wall, the door of a small closet sprung open. The interior was lined with crimson velvet.



He took out of it a cushion of the same regal material, on which reposed, in solitary magnificence, a golden coronet of antique workmanship.

‘The crown of my fathers!’ said his Highness, as he placed the treasure, with great reverence, on the table; ‘won by fifty battles and lost without a blow! Yet, in my youth I was deemed no dastard: and I have shed more blood for my country in one day, than he who claims to be my suzerain, in the whole of his long career of undeserved prosperity. Ay! this, this is the curse—the ancestor of my present sovereign was that warrior’s serf!’ The Prince pointed to the grim chieftain, whose stout helmet Vivian now perceived was encircled by a crown, exactly similar to the one which was now lying before him. ‘Had I been the subject—had I been obliged to acknowledge the sway of a Cæsar, I might have endured it with resignation:—had I been forced to yield to the legions of an Emperor, a noble resistance might have consoled me for the clanking of my chains; but to sink without a struggle, the victim of political intrigue—to become the bondsman of one who was my father’s slave; for such was Reisenberg—even in my own remembrance, our unsuccessful rival. This, this was too bad; it rankles in my heart; and unless I can be revenged, I shall sink under it. To have lost my dominions would have been nothing. But revenge I will have! It is yet in my power to gain for an enslaved people, the liberty I have myself lost. Yes! the enlightened spirit of the age shall yet shake the quivering councils of the Reisenberg cabal. I will, in truth I *have* already seconded the just, the unanswerable, demands of an oppressed and insulted people; and ere six months are over, I trust to see the convocation of a free and representative council, in the capital of the petty monarch to whom I have been betrayed. The chief of Reisenberg has, in his eagerness to gain his grand ducal crown, somewhat overstepped the mark.

‘Besides myself, there are no less than three other

powerful princes, whose dominions have been devoted to the formation of his servile Duchy. We were all animated by the same spirit,—all intent upon the same end. We have all used, and are using, our influence as powerful nobles, to gain for our fellow-subjects their withheld rights,—rights which belong to them as men, not merely as Germans. Within this week I have forwarded to the Residence a memorial subscribed by myself, my relatives, the other princes, and a powerful body of discontented nobles; requesting the immediate grant of a constitution similar to those of Würtemberg and Bavaria. My companions in misfortune are inspirited by my joining them. Had I been wise, I should have joined them sooner; but until this moment, I have been the dupe of the artful conduct of an unprincipled Minister. My eyes, however, are now open. The Grand Duke and his crafty counsellor, whose name shall not profane my lips, already tremble. Part of the people, emboldened by our representations, have already refused to answer an unconstitutional taxation. I have no doubt that he must yield. Whatever may be the inclination of the Courts of Vienna or St. Petersburg, rest assured that the liberty of Germany will meet with no opponent except political intrigue; and that Metternich is too well acquainted with the spirit which is now only slumbering in the bosom of the German nation, to run the slightest risk of exciting it by the presence of foreign legions. No, no! that mode of treatment may do very well for Naples, or Poland, or Spain; but the moment that a Croat or a Cossack shall encamp upon the Rhine or the Elbe, for the purpose of supporting the unadulterated tyranny of their new-fangled Grand Dukes, that moment Germany becomes a great and united nation. The greatest enemy of the prosperity of Germany is the natural disposition of her sons; but that disposition, while it does now, and may for ever, hinder us from being a great people, will at the same time infallibly prevent us from ever becoming a degraded one.'

At this moment, this moment of pleasing anticipation

of public virtue and private revenge, Master Rodolph entered, and prevented Vivian from gaining any details of the history of his host. The little round steward informed his master that a horseman had just arrived, bearing for his Highness a dispatch of importance, which he insisted upon delivering into the Prince's own hands.

'Whence comes he?' asked his Highness.

'In truth, your Serene Highness, that were hard to say,—inasmuch as the messenger refuses to inform us.'

'Admit him.'

A man whose jaded looks proved that he had travelled far that day, was soon ushered into the room; and bowing to the Prince, delivered to him, in silence, a letter.

'From whom comes this?' asked the Prince.

'It will itself inform your Highness,' was the only answer.

'My friend, you are a trusty messenger, and have been well trained. Rodolph, look that this gentleman be well lodged and attended.'

'I thank your Highness,' said the messenger, 'but I do not tarry here. I wait no answer, and my only purpose in seeing you was to perform my commission to the letter, by delivering this paper into your own hands.'

'As you please, Sir; you must be the best judge of your own time; but we like not strangers to leave our gates while our drawbridge is yet echoing with their entrance steps.'

The Prince and Vivian were again alone. Astonishment and agitation were very visible on his Highness's countenance as he dashed his eye over the letter. At length he folded it up, put it into his breast-pocket, and tried to resume conversation; but the effort was both evident and unsuccessful. In another moment the letter was again taken out, and again read with not less emotion than accompanied its first perusal.

'I fear I have wearied you, Mr. Grey,' said his Highness; 'it was inconsiderate in me not to remember that you require repose.'

Vivian was not sorry to have an opportunity of retiring, so he quickly took the hint, and wished his Highness agreeable dreams.

## CHAPTER IV

NO one but an adventurous traveller can know the luxury of sleep. There is not a greater fallacy in the world than the common creed that 'sweet sleep is labour's guerdon.' Mere regular, corporeal labour certainly procures us a good, sound, refreshing slumber, disturbed often by the consciousness of the monotonous duties of the morrow:—but how sleep the other great labourers of this laborious world? Where is the sweet sleep of the politician? After hours of fatigue in his office, and hours of exhaustion in the House, he gains his pillow; and a brief, feverish night, disturbed by the triumph of a cheer and the horrors of a reply. Where is the sweet sleep of the poet, or the novelist? We all know how harassing are the common dreams which are made up of incoherent images of our daily life, in which the actors are individuals that we know, and whose conduct generally appears to be regulated by principles which we can comprehend. How much more enervating and destroying must be the slumber of that man who dreams of an imaginary world! waking, with a heated and excited spirit, to mourn over some impressive incident of the night, which is nevertheless forgotten; or to collect some inexplicable plot which has been revealed in sleep, and has fled from the memory as the eyelids have opened. Where is the sweet sleep of the artist?—of the lawyer? Where, indeed, of any human being to whom to-morrow brings its necessary duties? Sleep is the enemy of Care, and Care is the constant companion of regular labour, mental or bodily.

But your traveller, your adventurous traveller—careless of the future, reckless of the past—with a mind interested by the world, from the immense and various character which that world presents to him, and not by his own stake in any petty or particular contingency ; wearied by delightful fatigue, daily occasioned by varying means, and from varying causes ; with the consciousness that no prudence can regulate the fortunes of the morrow, and with no curiosity to discover what those fortunes may be, from a conviction that it is utterly impossible to ascertain them ; perfectly easy whether he lie in a mountain-hut or a royal palace ; and reckless alike of the terrors and chances of storm and bandits ; seeing that he has as fair a chance of meeting both with security and enjoyment—this is the fellow who, throwing his body upon a down couch or his mule's packsaddle, with equal eagerness and equal sang-froid, sinks into a repose, in which he is never reminded by the remembrance of an appointment or an engagement for the next day, a duel, a marriage, or a dinner, the three perils of man, that he has the misfortune of being mortal ; and wakes, not to combat care, but only to feel that he is fresher and more vigorous than he was the night before ; and that come what come may, he is, at any rate, sure this day of seeing different faces, and of improvising his unpremeditated part upon a different scene.

I have now both philosophically accounted, and politely apologised, for the loud and unfashionable snore which sounded in the blue chamber about five minutes after Vivian Grey had entered that most comfortable apartment. In about twelve hours' time he was scolding Essper George for having presumed to wake him so early, quite unconscious that he had enjoyed anything more than a twenty minutes' doze.

'I should not have come in, Sir, only they are all out. They were off by six o'clock this morning, Sir ; most part at least. The Prince has gone ; I don't know whether he went with them, but Master Rodolph has given me—I breakfasted with Master Rodolph.—Holy

Virgin ! your Highness, what quarters we have got into ; the finest venison pasties, corned beef, hare soup, cherry sauce——

‘To the point, to the point, my good Essper ; what of the Prince ?’

‘His Highness has left the Castle, and desired Master Rodolph—if your Grace had only seen Master Rodolph tipsy last night : hah ! hah ! hah ! he rolled about like a turbot in a tornado.’

‘What of the Prince, Essper ; what of the Prince ?’

‘His Highness, your Grace, has left the Castle ; and Master Rodolph, who, by-the-bye——’

‘No more of Master Rodolph, Sir ; what of the Prince ?’

‘Your Highness won’t hear me. The Prince desired Master Rodolph—if your Highness had only seen him last night—I beg pardon, I beg pardon—the Prince, God bless him for his breakfast ; the finest venison pasties, corned beef, hare soup, cherry sauce—I beg pardon, I beg pardon—the Prince desired this letter to be given to your Highness.’

Vivian read the note, which supposed that, of course, he would not wish to join the chase this morning, and regretted that the writer was obliged to ride out for a few hours to visit a neighbouring nobleman, but requested the pleasure of his guest’s company at a private dinner in the Cabinet, on his return.

After breakfast Vivian called on Mr. Sievers. He found that gentleman busied in his library.

‘These are companions, Mr. Grey,’ said he, pointing to his well-stored shelves, ‘that I ever find interesting. I hope, from the mysterious account of my retreat which I gave you yesterday, that you did not expect to be introduced to the sanctum of an old conjuror ; but the truth is, the cell of a magician could not excite more wonder at Turriparva than does the library of a scholar.’

‘I assure you, Sir,’ said Vivian, ‘that nothing in the world could give me greater pleasure than to pass a morning with you in this retreat. Though born and

bred in a library, my life, for the last two years, has been of so very adventurous a nature, that I have seldom had the opportunity of recurring to those studies which once alone occupied my thoughts : and your collection, too, is quite after my heart—Politics and Philosophy.’

Vivian was sincere in his declaration, and he had not for a long time passed a couple of hours with more delight than he did this morning with Mr. Sievers ; who, at the same time that he was a perfect master of principles, was also a due reverencer of facts : a philosophical antiquarian, in the widest and worthiest acceptation of the title ; one who extracted from his deep knowledge of the past, beneficial instruction for the present.

‘Come,’ said Mr. Sievers, ‘enough of the superstitions of the middle ages ; after all, *superstition* is a word that it hardly becomes a philosopher to use : nothing is more fatal in disquisition than terms which cannot be defined, and to which different meanings are attached, according to the different sentiments of different persons. A friend of mine once promised to give us a volume on *The Modes of Belief of the Middle Ages*. I always thought it a very delicate and happy title, a most philosophically-chosen phrase. I augured well of the volume ; but it has never appeared. Some men are great geniuses at a title-page ! And to give a good title to a book does, indeed, require genius. I remember when I was a student at Leipsic, there was an ingenious bookseller in that city who was a great hand at title-making. He published every year magnificent lists of works “in the press.” At first, these catalogues produced an immense sensation throughout Germany, since there was scarcely a subject that could possibly interest mankind, which was not to be discussed in a forthcoming volume. The list always regularly began with an epic poem : it as regularly contained some learned history, in ten volumes, quarto—a grand tragedy—a first-rate historical novel—works on criticism, natural philosophy, general literature, politics, and on every other subject that you can possibly

conceive, down to a new almanack for the coming year. Not one of these works ever appeared. Such treatment, after our appetites had been so keenly excited, was really worse than the Barmecide's conduct to the Barber's brother. It was like asking a party of men to dine with you at some Restaurateur's in the Palais Royal, and then presenting to each of them for dinner—a copy of the carte.'

'You never hunt, I suppose, Mr. Sievers?'

'Never, never. His Highness is, I imagine, out this morning; the beautiful weather continues; surely we never had such a season. As for myself, I almost have given up my in-door pursuits. The sun is not the light of study. Let us take our caps, and have a stroll.'

The gentlemen accordingly left the library, and proceeding through a different gate to that by which Vivian had entered the castle, they came upon a part of the forest in which the timber and brushwood had been in a great measure cleared away; large clumps of trees being left standing on an artificial lawn, and newly-made roads winding about in pleasing irregularity until they were all finally lost in the encircling woods.

'I think you told me,' said Mr. Sievers, 'that you had been long in Germany. What course do you think of taking from here?'

'Straight to Vienna.'

'Ah! a delightful place. If, as I suppose, to be the case, you are fond of dissipation and luxury, Vienna is to be preferred to any city with which I am acquainted. And intellectual companions are not wanting there, as some have said. There are one or two houses in which the literary soirées will yield to none in Europe; and I prefer them to any, because there is less pretension, and more ease. The Archduke John is really a man of considerable talents, and of more considerable acquirements. A most admirable geologist! Are you fond of geology?'

'I am not the least acquainted with the science.'

'Naturally so—at your age if, in fact, we study at all,



we are fond of fancying ourselves moral philosophers, and our study is mankind. Trust me, my dear Sir, it is a branch of research soon exhausted ; and in a few years you will be very glad, for want of something else to do, to meditate upon stones. See now,' said Mr. Sievers, picking up a stone, 'to what associations does this little piece of quartz give rise ! I am already an antediluvian, and instead of a stag bounding by that wood, I witness the moving mass of a mammoth. I live in other worlds which, at the same time, I have the advantage of comparing with the present. Geology is indeed a magnificent study ! What excites more the imagination ? What exercises more the mind ? Can you conceive anything sublimer than the gigantic shadows, and the grim wreck of an antediluvian world ? Can you devise any plan which will more brace our powers and develope our mental energies, than the formation of a perfect chain of inductive reasoning to account for these phenomena ? What is the boasted communion which the vain poet holds with 'Nature, compared with the conversation which the geologist perpetually carries on with the elemental world ? Gazing on the strata of the earth, he reads the fate of his species. In the undulations of the mountains is revealed to him the history of the past ; and in the strength of rivers, and the powers of the air, he discovers the fortunes of the future. To him, indeed, that future, as well as the past and the present, are alike matter for meditation : for the geologist is the most satisfactory of antiquarians, the most interesting of philosophers, and the most inspired of prophets ; demonstrating that which has passed by discovery, that which is occurring by observation, and that which is to come by induction. When you go to Vienna I will give you a letter to Frederic Schlegel ; we were fellow-students, and are friends, though for various reasons we do not at present meet ; nevertheless a letter from me will command proper respect. I should advise you, however, before you go on to Vienna to visit Reisenberg.'

‘Indeed! from the Prince’s account I should have thought that there was little to interest me there.’

‘His Highness is not an impartial judge. You are probably acquainted with the disagreeable manner in which he is connected with that Court. Far from his opinion being correct, or his advice in this particular to be followed, I should say there are few places in Germany more worthy of a visit than the little Court near us; and above all things in the world, my advice is that you should not pass it over.’

‘I am inclined to follow your advice. You are right in supposing that I am not ignorant that his Highness has the misfortune of being a mediatised Prince; but what is the exact story about him? I have heard some odd rumours, some vague expressions, some——’

‘Oh! don’t you know it all? It’s a curious story, but I’m afraid you’ll find it rather long. Nevertheless, if you really visit Reisenberg, it may be of use to you to know something of the singular characters you will meet there; and our present conversation, if it do not otherwise interest you will, at least on this score, give you all requisite information. In the first place, you say you know that Little Lilliput is a mediatised Prince; and, of course, are precisely aware what that title means. About fifty years ago, the rival of the illustrious family, in whose chief castle we are both of us now residing, was the Margrave of Reisenberg, another petty Prince, with territories not so extensive as those of our friend, and with a population more limited: perhaps fifty thousand souls, half of whom were drunken cousins. The old Margrave of Reisenberg who then reigned, was a perfect specimen of the old-fashioned, narrow-minded, brutal, bigoted, German Prince; he did nothing but hunt, and drink, and think of the ten thousand quarterings of his immaculate shield, all duly acquired from some Vandal ancestor as barbarous as himself. His little Margravinate was misgoverned enough for a great Empire. Half of his nation, who were his real people, were always starv-

ing, and were unable to find crown pieces to maintain the extravagant expenditure of the other moiety, the five-and-twenty thousand cousins ; who, out of gratitude to their fellow-subjects for their generous support, or as a punishment for their unreasonable unwillingness to starve, in order that the cousins might drink, harassed them with every species of brutal excess. Complaints were of course immediately made to the Margrave, and loud cries for justice resounded at the palace gates. This Prince was a most impartial chief magistrate ; he prided himself especially upon his "invariable" principles of justice, and he allowed nothing to influence or corrupt his decisions. His infallible plan for arranging all differences had the merit of being brief ; and if brevity be the soul of wit, it certainly was most unreasonable in his subjects to consider his judgments no joke. He always counted the quarterings in the shields of the respective parties, and decided accordingly. Imagine the speedy redress gained by a muddy-veined peasant against one of the cousins ; who, of course, had as many quarterings as the Margrave himself. The defendant was always regularly acquitted. At length, a man's house having been burkt down out of mere joke in the night, the owner had the temerity in the morning to accuse one of the five-and-twenty thousand ; and produced, at the same time, a shield with ten thousand and one quarterings, exactly one more than the reigning shield itself contained. The Margrave was astounded, the nation in raptures, and the five-and-twenty thousand cousins in despair. The complainant's shield was examined and counted, and not a flaw discovered. What a dilemma ! The chief magistrate consulted with the numerous branches of his family, and the next morning the complainant's head was struck off for high treason, for daring to have one more quartering than his monarch !

‘In this way they passed their time about fifty years since in Reisenberg : occasionally, for the sake of variety, declaring war against the inhabitants of Little Lilliput ;

who, to say the truth, in their habits and pursuits did not materially differ from their neighbours. The Margrave had one son, the present Grand Duke. A due reverence of the great family shield, and a full acquaintance with the "invariable principles" of justice were early instilled into him; and the royal stripling made such rapid progress under the tuition of his amiable parent, that he soon became highly popular with his five-and-twenty thousand cousins. At length his popularity became troublesome to his father; and so the old Margrave sent for his son one morning, and informed him that he had dreamed the preceding night that the air of Reisenberg was peculiarly unwholesome for young persons, and therefore he begged him to get out of his dominions as soon as possible. The young prince had no objection to see something of the world, and so with dutiful affection he immediately complied with the royal order, without putting his cousins' loyalty to the test. He flew to a relative whom he had never before visited. This nobleman was one of those individuals who anticipate their age, which, by-the-bye, Mr. Grey, none but noblemen should do; for he who anticipates his century, is generally persecuted when living, and is always pilfered when dead. Howbeit, this relation was a philosopher; all about him thought him mad; he, in return, thought all about him fools. He sent the Prince to an University, and gave him for a tutor, a young man about ten years older than his pupil. This person's name was Beckendorff.—You will hear more of him.

'About three years after the sudden departure of the young Prince, the old Margrave his father, and the then reigning Prince of Little Lilliput, shot each other through the head in a drunken brawl, after a dinner given in honour of a proclamation of peace between the two countries. The five-and-twenty thousand cousins were not much grieved, as they anticipated a fit successor in their former favourite. Splendid preparations were made for the reception of the inheritor of ten thousand quarter-

ings, and all Reisenberg was poured out to witness the triumphant entrance of their future monarch. At last two horsemen, in plain dresses, and on very indifferent steeds, rode up to the palace gates, dismounted, and without making any enquiry, ordered the attendance of some of the chief nobility in the presence-chamber. One of them, a young man, without any preparatory explanation introduced the Reisenberg chieftains to his companion as his Prime Minister ; and commanded them immediately to deliver up their porte-feuilles and golden keys to Mr. Beckendorff. The nobles were in dismay, and so astounded that they made no resistance ; though the next morning they started in their beds, when they remembered that they had delivered their insignia of office to a man without a *von* before his name. They were soon, however, roused from their sorrow and their stupor, by receiving a peremptory order to quit the palace ; and as they retired from the walls which they had long considered as their own, they had the mortification of meeting crowds of the common people, their slaves and their victims, hurrying with joyful countenances and triumphant looks to the palace of their Prince ; in consequence of an energetic proclamation for the redress of grievances, and an earnest promise to decide cases in future without examining the quarterings of the parties. In a week's time the five-and-twenty thousand cousins were all adrift. At length they conspired, but the conspiracy was tardy—they found their former servants armed, and they joined in a most unequal struggle ; for their opponents were alike animated with hopes of the future, and with revenge for the past. The cousins got well beat, and this was not the worst ; for Beckendorff took advantage of this unsuccessful treason, which he had himself fomented, and forfeited all their estates ; destroying in one hour the foul system which had palsied, for so many years, the energies of his master's subjects. In time, many of the chief nobility were restored to their honours and estates ; but the power with which they were again invested was greatly modified, and

the privileges of the Commons greatly increased. At this moment the French Revolution broke out—the French crossed the Rhine and carried all before them; and the Prince of Little Lilliput, among other true Germans, made a bold but fruitless resistance. The Margrave of Reisenberg, on the contrary, received the enemy with open arms—he raised a larger body of troops than his due contingent, and exerted himself in every manner to second the views of the Great Nation. In return for his services he was presented with the conquered principality of Little Lilliput, and some other adjoining lands; and the Margravinate of Reisenberg, with an increased territory and population, and governed with consummate wisdom, began to be considered the most flourishing of the petty states in the quarter of the empire to which it belonged. On the contrary, our princely and patriotic friend, mortified by the degenerate condition of his country and the prosperity of his rival house, quitted Little Lilliput, and became one of those emigrant princes who abounded during the first years of the Revolution in all the northern courts of Europe. Napoleon soon appeared upon the stage; and vanquished Austria, with the French dictating at the gates of her capital, was no longer in a condition to support the dignity of the Empire. The policy of the Margrave of Reisenberg was as little patriotic, and quite as consistent, as before. Beckendorff became the constant and favoured counsellor of the French Emperor. It was chiefly by his exertions that the celebrated Confederation of the Rhine was carried into effect. The institution of this body excited among many Germans, at the time, loud expressions of indignation; but I believe few impartial and judicious men now look upon that league as any other than one, in the formation of which the most consummate statesmanship was exhibited. In fact it prevented the subjugation of Germany to France, and by flattering the pride of Napoleon, it saved the decomposition of our Empire. But how this might be, it is not at present necessary for us to enquire. Certain,

however, it was, that the pupil of Beckendorff was amply repaid for the advice and exertions of his master and his Minister; and when Napoleon fell, the brows of the former Margrave were encircled with a grand-ducal crown; and his duchy, while it contained upwards of a million and a half of inhabitants, numbered in its limits some of the most celebrated cities in Germany, and many of Germany's most flourishing provinces. But Napoleon fell. The Prince of Little Lilliput and his companions in patriotism and misfortune returned from their exile, panting with hope and vengeance. A Congress was held to settle the affairs of agitated Germany. Where was the Grand Duke of Reisenberg? His hard-earned crown tottered on his head. Where was his crafty Minister, the supporter of revolutionary France, the friend of its Imperial enslaver, the constant enemy of the House of Austria? At the very Congress which, according to the expectations of the exiled Princes, was to restore them to their own dominions, and to reward their patriotic loyalty with the territories of their revolutionary brethren; yes! at this very congress was Beckendorff; not as a suppliant, not as a victim; but seated at the right hand of Metternich, and watching, with parental affection, the first interesting and infantine movements of that most prosperous of political bantlings—the Holy Alliance. You may well imagine that the military Grand Duke had a much better chance in political negotiation than the emigrant Prince. In addition to this, the Grand Duke of Reisenberg had married, during the war, a Princess of a powerful House; and the allied Sovereigns were eager to gain the future aid and constant co-operation of a mind like Beckendorff's. The Prince of Little Lilliput, the patriot, was rewarded for his conduct by being restored to his forfeited possessions; and the next day he became the subject of his former enemy, the Grand Duke of Reisenberg, the traitor. What think you of Monsieur Beckendorff? He must be a curious gentleman, I imagine?'

‘One of the most interesting characters I have long heard of. But his pupil appears to be a man of mind.’

‘You shall hear, you shall hear. I should however first mention, that while Beckendorff has not scrupled to resort to any measures, or adopt any opinions in order to further the interests of his monarch and his country, he has in every manner shown that personal aggrandisement has never been his object. He lives in the most perfect retirement, scarcely with an attendant, and his moderate official stipend amply supports his more moderate expenditure. The subjects of the Grand Duke may well be grateful that they have a Minister without relations, and without favourites. The Grand Duke is, unquestionably, a man of talents; but at the same time, perhaps, one of the most weak-minded men that ever breathed. He was fortunate in meeting with Beckendorff early in life; and as the influence of the Minister has not for a moment ceased over the mind of the Monarch, to the world, the Grand Duke of Reisenberg has always appeared to be an individual of a strong mind and consistent conduct. But when you have lived as much, and as intimately in his court as I have done, you will find how easily the world may be deceived. Since the close connection which now exists between Reisenberg and Austria took place, Beckendorff has, in a great degree, revived the ancient privileges of blood and birth. A Minister who has sprung from the people will always conciliate the aristocracy. Having no family influence of his own, he endeavours to gain the influence of others; and it often happens that merit is never less considered, than when merit has made the Minister. A curious instance of this occurs in a neighbouring state. There the Premier, decidedly a man of great talents, is of as low an origin as Beckendorff. With no family to uphold him, he supports himself by a lavish division of all the places and patronage of the state among the nobles. If the younger son or brother of a peer dare to sully his oratorical virginity by a chance observation in the Lower



Chamber, the Minister, himself a real orator, immediately rises to congratulate in pompous phrase, the House and the Country on the splendid display which has made this night memorable ; and on the decided advantages which must accrue both to their own resolutions and the national interests, from the future participation of his noble friend in their deliberations. All about him are young nobles, utterly unfit for the discharge of their respective duties. His private Secretary is unable to coin a sentence, almost to direct a letter, but he is noble !—The secondary officials cannot be trusted even in the least critical conjunctures, but they are noble !—And the Prime Minister of a powerful Empire is forced to rise early and be up late ; not to meditate on the present fortunes or future destinies of his country, but by his personal exertions, to compensate for the inefficiency and expiate the blunders of his underlings, whom his unfortunate want of blood has forced him to overwhelm with praises which they do not deserve, and duties which they cannot discharge. I do not wish you to infer that the policy of Beckendorff has been actuated by the feelings which influence the Minister whom I have noticed, from whose conduct in this very respect his own materially differs. On the contrary, his connection with Austria is in all probability the primary great cause. However this may be, certain it is, that all offices about the Court and connected with the army (and I need not remind you, that at a small German Court these situations are often the most important in the State), can only be filled by the nobility ; nor can any person who has the misfortune of not inheriting the magical monosyllable *von* before his name, which, as you know, like the French *de*, is the shibboleth of nobility, and the symbol of territorial pride, violate by their unhallowed presence the sanctity of Court dinners, or the as sacred ceremonies of a noble fête. But while a monopoly of those offices which for their due performance require only a showy exterior or a schooled address, is granted to the nobles, all those state charges which require the

exercise of intellect, are now chiefly filled by the bourgeoisie. At the same time, however, that both our Secretaries of State, many of our privy Councillors, war Councillors, forest Councillors, and finance Councillors, are to be reckoned among the second-class, still not one of these exalted individuals, who from their situations are necessarily in constant personal communication with the Sovereign, ever see that Sovereign except in his Cabinet and his Council-chamber. Beckendorff himself, the Premier, is the son of a peasant ; and of course not noble. Nobility, which has been proffered him, not only by his own monarch, but by most of the sovereigns of Europe, he has invariably refused ; and consequently never appears at Court. The truth is, that, from disposition, he is little inclined to mix with men ; and he has taken advantage of his want of an escutcheon, completely to exempt himself from all those duties of etiquette which his exalted situation would otherwise have imposed upon him. None can complain of the haughtiness of the nobles, when, ostensibly, the Minister himself is not exempted from their exclusive regulations. If you go to Reisenberg, you will not therefore see Beckendorff, who lives, as I have mentioned, in perfect solitude, about thirty miles from the capital ; communicating only with his Royal master, the foreign Ministers, and one or two official characters of his own country. I was myself an inmate of the Court for upwards of two years. During that time I never saw the Minister ; and, with the exception of some members of the royal family, and the characters I have mentioned, I never knew one person who had even caught a glimpse of the individual, who may indeed be said to be regulating their destinies.

‘It is at the Court, then,’ continued Mr. Sievers, ‘when he is no longer under the control of Beckendorff, and in those minor points which are not subjected to the management or influenced by the mind of the Minister, that the true character of the Grand Duke is to be detected. Indeed it may really be said, that the weakness

of his mind has been the origin of his fortune. In his early youth, his pliant temper adapted itself without a struggle to the barbarous customs and the brutal conduct of his father's Court: that same pliancy of temper prevented him opposing with bigoted obstinacy the exertions of his relation to educate and civilise him; that same pliancy of temper allowed him to become the ready and the enthusiastic disciple of Beckendorff. Had the pupil, when he ascended the throne, left his master behind him, it is very probable that his natural feelings would have led him to oppose the French; and at this moment, instead of being the first, of the second-rate powers of Germany, the Grand Duke of Reisenberg might himself have been a mediatised Prince. As it was, the same pliancy of temper which I have noticed, enabled him to receive Napoleon, when an Emperor, with outstretched arms; and at this moment does not prevent him from receiving, with equal rapture, the Imperial Archduchess, who will soon be on her road from Vienna to espouse her son—for, to crown his wonderful career, Beckendorff has successfully negotiated a marriage between a daughter of the house of Austria and the Crown Prince<sup>1</sup> of Reisenberg. It is generally believed that the next step of the Diet will be to transmute the father's Grand Ducal coronet into a Regal crown; and perhaps, my good Sir, before you reach Vienna, you may have the supreme honour of being presented to his Majesty the King of Reisenberg.

'Beckendorff's career, you may well style wonderful. But when you talk only of his pupil's pliancy of temper, am I to suppose, that in mentioning his talents you were speaking ironically?'

'By no means! The Grand Duke is a brilliant scholar; a man of refined taste; a real patron of the fine

<sup>1</sup> *Hereditary Prince* is, I believe, in all cases, the correct style of the eldest son of a German Grand Duke. I have not used a title which would not be understood by the English Reader.—*Crown Prince* is also a German title; but, in strictness, only assumed by the son of a King.

arts ; a lover of literature ; a promoter of science ; and what the world would call a philosopher.—His judgment is sound, and generally correct—his powers of discrimination singularly acute—and his knowledge of mankind greater than that of most sovereigns : but with all these advantages, he is cursed with such a wavering and indecisive temper, that when, which is usually the case, he has come to a right conclusion, he can never prevail upon himself to carry his theory into practice ; and with all his acuteness, his discernment, and his knowledge of the world, his mind is always ready to receive any impression from the person who last addresses him ; though he himself be fully aware of the inferiority of his adviser's intellect to his own, or the imperfection of that adviser's knowledge. Never for a moment out of the sight of Beckendorff, the royal pupil has made a most admirable political puppet ; since his own talents have always enabled him to understand the part which the Minister had forced him to perform. Thus the world has given the Grand Duke credit, not oily for the possession of great talents, but almost for as much firmness of mind and decision of character as his Minister. But since his long-agitated career has become calm and tranquil, and Beckendorff, like a guardian spirit, has ceased to be ever at his elbow, the character of the Grand Duke of Reisenberg begins to be understood. His Court has been, and still is, frequented by all the men of genius in Germany, who are admitted without scruple, even if they be not noble. But the astonishing thing is, that the Grand Duke is always surrounded by every species of political and philosophical quack that you can imagine.—Discussion on a free press, on the reformation of the criminal code, on the abolition of commercial duties, and suchlike interminable topics, are perpetually resounding within the palace of this arbitrary Prince ; and the people, fired by the representations of the literary and political journals with which Reisenberg abounds, and whose bold speculations on all subjects elude the vigilance of the

ensor, by being skilfully amalgamated with a lavish praise of the royal character, are perpetually flattered with the speedy hope of becoming freemen. Suddenly, when all are expecting the grant of a charter or the institution of Chambers, Mr. Beckendorff rides up from his retreat to the Residence, and the next day the whole crowd of philosophers are swept from the royal presence, and the censorship of the press becomes so severe, that for a moment you would fancy that Reisenberg instead of being, as it boasts itself, the modern Athens, had more right to the title of the modern Bœotia. The people, who enjoy an impartial administration of equal laws, who have flourished, and are flourishing, under the wise and moderate rule of their new monarch, have in fact no inclination to exert themselves for the attainment of constitutional liberty, in any other way than by their voices. Their barbarous apathy astounds the *philosophes*; who, in despair, when the people tell them that they are happy and contented, artfully remind them that their happiness depends on the will of a single man; and that, though the present character of the monarch may guarantee present felicity, still they should think of their children, and not less exert themselves for the insurance of the future. These representations, as constantly reiterated as the present system will allow, have at length, I assure you, produced an effect; and political causes of a peculiar nature, of which I shall soon speak, combining their influence with these philosophical exertions, have of late frequently frightened the Grand Duke; who, in despair, would perhaps grant a Constitution, if Beckendorff would allow him. But the Minister is conscious that the people would not be happier, and do not in fact require one: he looks with a jealous and an evil eye on the charlatanism of all kinds which is now so prevalent at Court: he knows, from the characters of many of these philosophers and patriots, that their private interest is generally the secret spring of their public virtue; that if the Grand Duke, moved by their entreaties or seduced by

their flattery, were to yield a little, he would soon be obliged to grant all, to their demands and their threats ; and finally, Beckendorff has, of late years, so completely interwoven the policy of Reisenberg with that of Austria, that he feels that the rock on which he has determined to found the greatness of his country must be quitted for ever, if he yield one jot to the caprice or the weakness of his monarch.'

'But Beckendorff,' said Vivian ; 'why can he not crush in the bud the noxious plant which he so much dreads ? Why does the press speak in the least to the people ? Why is the Grand Duke surrounded by any others except pompous Grand Marshals, and empty-headed Lord Chamberlains ? I am surprised at this indifference, this want of energy !'

'My dear Sir, there are reasons for all things. Rest assured that Beckendorff is not a man to act incautiously or weakly. The Grand Duchess, the mother of the Crown Prince, has been long dead. Beckendorff, who, as a man, has the greatest contempt for women—as a statesman, looks to them as the most precious of political instruments—it was his wish to have married the Grand Duke to the young Princess who is now destined for his son ; but for once in his life he failed in influencing his pupil. The truth was, and it is to this cause that we must trace the present disorganised state of the Court, and indeed of the kingdom, that the Grand Duke had secretly married a lady to whom he had long been attached. This lady was a Countess, and his subject ; and as it was impossible, by the laws of the kingdom, that any one but a member of a reigning family could be allowed to share the throne, his Royal Highness had recourse to a plan which is not uncommon in this country, and espoused the lady with his left hand. The ceremony, which we call here a *morganatic* marriage, you have probably heard of before. The favoured female is, to all intents and purposes, the wife of the monarch, and shares everything except his throne. She presides at

Court, but neither she nor her children assume the style of majesty ; although in some instances the latter have been created princes, and acknowledged as heirs apparent, when there has been a default in the lineal royal issue. The lady of whom we are speaking, according to the usual custom, has assumed a name derivative from that of her royal husband ; and as the Grand Duke's name is Charles, she is styled Madame Carolina.'

'And what kind of lady is Madame Carolina ?' asked Vivian.

'Philosophical ! piquante ! Parisian !—a genius, according to her friends ; who, as in fact she is a Queen, are of course the whole world. Though a German by family, she is a Frenchwoman by birth. Educated in the *salons spirituels* of the French metropolis, she has early imbibed superb ideas of the perfectibility of man, and of the "science" of conversation ; on both which subjects you will not be long at Court, ere you hear her descant ; demonstrating by the brilliancy of her ideas the possibility of the one, and by the fluency of her language her acquaintance with the other. She is much younger than her husband ; and though not exactly a model for Phidias, a most fascinating woman. Variety is the talisman by which she commands all hearts, and gained her Monarch's. She is only consistent in being delightful ; but, though changeable, she is not capricious. Each day displays a new accomplishment, as regularly as it does a new costume ; but as the acquirement seems only valued by its possessor as it may delight others, so the dress seems worn, not so much to gratify her own vanity, as to please her friends' tastes. Genius is her idol ; and with her, genius is found in everything. She speaks in equal raptures of an opera dancer, and an epic poet. Her ambition is to converse on all subjects ; and by a judicious management of a great mass of miscellaneous reading, and by indefatigable exertions to render herself mistress of the prominent points of the topics of the day, she appears to converse on all subjects with ability. She takes the

liveliest interest in the progress of mind, in all quarters of the globe ; and imagines that she should, at the same time, immortalise herself and benefit her species, could she only establish a Quarterly Review in Ashantee, and a scientific Gazette at Timbuctoo. Notwithstanding her sudden elevation, no one has ever accused her of arrogance, or pride, or ostentation. Her liberal principles, and her enlightened views, are acknowledged by all. She advocates equality in her circle of privileged nobles ; and is enthusiastic on the rights of man, in a country where justice is a favour. Her boast is to be surrounded by men of genius, and her delight to correspond with the most celebrated persons of all countries. She is herself a literary character of no mean celebrity. Few months have elapsed since enraptured Reisenberg hailed, from her glowing pen, two neat octavos, bearing the title of "MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF CHARLEMAGNE," which give an interesting and accurate picture of the age, and delight the modern public with vivid descriptions of the cookery, costume, and conversation of the eighth century. You smile, my friend, at Madame Carolina's production. Do not you agree with me, that it requires no mean talent to convey a picture of the bustle of a levée during the Middle Ages ? Conceive Sir Oliver looking in at his club ! and fancy the small talk of Roland during a morning visit ! Yet even the fame of this work is to be eclipsed by Madame's forthcoming quarto of "HAROUN AL RASCHID AND HIS TIMES." This, it is whispered, is to be a chef-d'œuvre, enriched by a chronological arrangement, by a celebrated oriental scholar, of all the anecdotes in the Arabian Nights relating to the Caliph. It is, of course, the sun of Madame's patronage that has hatched into noxious life the swarm of sciolists who now infest the Court, and who are sapping the husband's political power, while they are establishing the wife's literary reputation. So much for Madame Carolina ! I need hardly add, that during your short stay at Court, you will be delighted with her. If ever you know her as well as



I do, you will find her vain, superficial, heartless : her sentiment—a system : her enthusiasm—exaggeration ; and her genius—merely a clever adoption of the profundity of others.’

‘And Beckendorff and the lady are not friendly?’ asked Vivian, who was delighted with his communicative companion.

‘Beckendorff’s is a mind that such a woman cannot, of course, comprehend. He treats her with contempt, and, if possible, views her with hatred ; for he considers that she has degraded the character of his pupil : while she, on the contrary, wonders by what magic spell he exercises such influence over the conduct of her husband. At first, Beckendorff treated her and her circle of illuminati with contemptuous silence ; but, in politics, nothing is contemptible. The Minister, knowing that the people were prosperous and happy, cared little for projected constitutions, and less for metaphysical abstractions ; but some circumstances have lately occurred, which, I imagine, have convinced him that for once he has miscalculated. After the arrangement of the German States, when the Princes were first mediatised, an attempt was made, by means of a threatening league, to obtain for these political victims a very ample share of the power and patronage of the new State of Reisenberg. This plan failed, from the lukewarmness and indecision of our good friend of Little Lilliput ; who, between ourselves, was prevented from joining the alliance by the intrigues of Beckendorff. Beckendorff secretly took measures that the Prince should be promised, that in case of his keeping backward, he should obtain more than would fall to his lot by leading the van. The Prince of Little Lilliput and his peculiar friends accordingly were quiet, and the attempt of the other chieftains failed. It was then that his Highness found he had been duped. Beckendorff would not acknowledge the authority, and, of course, did not redeem the pledge of his agent. The effect that this affair produced upon the Prince’s mind you can conceive.

Since then, he has never frequented Reisenberg, but constantly resided either at his former Capital, now a provincial town of the Grand Duchy, or at this castle ; viewed, you may suppose, with no very cordial feeling by his companions in misfortune. But the thirst of revenge will inscribe the bitterest enemies in the same muster-roll, and the Princes, incited by the bold carriage of Madame Carolina's philosophical protégés, and induced to believe that Beckendorff's power is on the wane, have again made overtures to our friend, without whose powerful assistance they feel that they have but little chance of success. Observe how much more men's conduct is influenced by circumstances, than principles ! When these persons leagued together before, it was with the avowed intention of obtaining a share of the power and patronage of the State : the great body of the people, of course, did not sympathise in that, which, after all, to them, was a party quarrel ; and by the joint exertions of open force and secret intrigue, the Court triumphed. But now, these same individuals come forward, not as indignant Princes demanding a share of the envied tyranny, but as ardent patriots, advocating a people's rights. The public, though I believe that in fact they will make no bodily exertion to acquire a constitutional freedom, the absence of which they can only abstractedly feel, have no objection to attain that, which they are assured will not injure their situation, provided it be by the risk and exertions of others. As far, therefore, as clamour can support the Princes, they have the people on their side ; and as upwards of three hundred thousand of the Grand Ducal subjects are still living on their estates, and still consider themselves as their serfs, they trust that some excesses from this great body may incite the rest of the people to similar outrages. The natural disposition of mankind to imitation, particularly when the act to be imitated is popular, deserves attention. The Court is divided ; for the exertions of Madame, and the bewitching influence of Fashion, have turned the heads even of grey-

beards : and to give you only one instance, his Excellency the Grand Marshal, a protégé of the House of Austria, and a favourite of Metternich, the very person to whose interests, and as a reward for whose services, our princely friend was sacrificed by the Minister, has now himself become a pupil in the school of modern philosophy, and drivels out, with equal ignorance and fervour, enlightened notions on the most obscure subjects. In the midst of all this confusion, the Grand Duke is timorous, dubious, and uncertain. Beckendorff has a difficult game to play ; he may fall at last. Such, my dear Sir, are the tremendous consequences of a weak Prince marrying a blue-stocking !’

‘And the Crown Prince, Mr. Sievers, how does he conduct himself at this interesting moment ? or is his mind so completely engrossed by the anticipation of his Imperial alliance, that he has no thought for anything but his approaching bride ?’

‘The Crown Prince, my dear Sir, is neither thinking of his bride, nor of anything else : he is a hunch-backed idiot. Of his deformities I have myself been a witness ; and though it is difficult to give an opinion of the intellect of a being with whom you have never interchanged a syllable, nevertheless his countenance does not contradict the common creed. I say the common creed, Mr. Grey, for there are moments when the Crown Prince of Reisenberg is spoken of by his future subjects in a very different manner. Whenever any unpopular act is committed, or any unpopular plan suggested by the Court or the Grand Duke, then whispers are immediately afloat that a future Brutus must be looked for in their Prince : then it is generally understood that his idiotism is only assumed ; and what woman does not detect, in the glimmerings of his lack-lustre eye, the vivid sparks of suppressed genius ?—In a short time the cloud blows over the Court ; dissatisfaction disappears ; and the moment that the Monarch is again popular, the unfortunate Crown Prince again becomes the uninfluential object of

pity or derision. All immediately forget that his idiotism is only assumed; and what woman ever ceases from deploring the unhappy lot of the future wife of their impuissant Prince!—Such, my dear Sir, is the way of mankind! At the first glance it would appear, that in this world, monarchs, on the whole, have it pretty well their own way; but reflection will soon enable us not to envy their situations; and speaking as a father, which unfortunately I am not, should I not view with disgust that lot in life, which necessarily makes my son—my enemy? The Crown Prince of all countries is only a puppet in the hands of the people, to be played against his own father.’

## CHAPTER V

THE Prince returned home at a late hour, and immediately inquired for Vivian. During dinner, which he hastily dispatched, it did not escape our hero’s attention that his Highness was unusually silent and, indeed, agitated.

‘When we have finished our meal, my good friend,’ at length said the Prince, ‘I very much wish to consult with you on a most important business.’ Since the explanation of last night, the Prince, in private conversation, had dropped his regal plural.

‘I am ready this moment,’ said Vivian.

‘You will think it very strange, Mr. Grey, when you become acquainted with the nature of my communication; you will justly consider it most strange—most singular—that I should choose for a confidant, and a counsellor in an important business, a gentleman with whom I have been acquainted so short a time as yourself. But, Sir, I have well weighed, at least I have endeavoured well to weigh, all the circumstances and

contingencies which such a confidence would involve ; and the result of my reflection is, that I will look to you as a friend and an adviser, feeling assured that both from your situation and your disposition, no temptation exists which can induce you to betray, or to deceive me.' Though the Prince said this with an appearance of perfect sincerity, he stopped and looked very earnestly in his guest's face, as if he would read his secret thoughts, or were desirous of now giving him an opportunity of answering.

'As far as the certainty of your confidence being respected,' answered Vivian, 'I trust your Highness may communicate to me with the most assured spirit. But while my ignorance of men and affairs in this country will ensure you from any treachery on my part, I very much fear that it will also preclude me from affording you any advantageous advice or assistance.'

'On that head,' replied the Prince, 'I am of course the best judge. The friend whom I need is a man not ignorant of the world, with a cool head and an impartial mind. Though young, you have said and told me enough to prove that you are not unacquainted with mankind. Of your courage, I have already had a convincing proof. In the business in which I require your assistance, freedom from national prejudices will materially increase the value of your advice ; and therefore I am far from being unwilling to consult a person ignorant, according to your own phrase, of men and affairs in this country. Moreover, your education as an Englishman has early led you to exercise your mind on political subjects ; and it is in a political business that I require your aid.'

'Am I fated always to be the dry nurse of an embryo faction !' thought Vivian in despair, and he watched earnestly the countenance of the Prince. In a moment he expected to be invited to become a counsellor of the leagued Princes. Either the lamp was burning dim, or the blazing wood fire had suddenly died away, or a mist was over Vivian's eyes ; but for a moment he almost

imagined that he was sitting opposite his old friend, the Marquess of Carabas. The Prince's phrase had given rise to a thousand agonising associations: in an instant Vivian had worked up his mind to a pitch of nervous excitement.

'Political business!' said Vivian, in an agitated voice. 'You could not address a more unfortunate person. I have seen, Prince, too much of politics, ever to wish to meddle with them again.'

'You are too quick—too quick, my good friend,' continued his Highness. 'I may wish to consult you on political business, and yet have no intention of engaging you in politics—which indeed is quite a ridiculous idea. But I see that I was right in supposing that these subjects have engaged your attention.'

'I have seen, in a short time, a great deal of the political world,' answered Vivian, who was almost ashamed of his previous emotion; 'and I thank heaven daily, that I have no chance of again having any connection with it.'

'Well, well!—that as it may be. Nevertheless, your experience is only another inducement to me to request your assistance. Do not fear that I wish to embroil you in politics; but I hope you will not refuse, although almost a stranger, to add to the very great obligations which I am already under to you, and give me the benefit of your opinion.'

'Your Highness may speak with the most perfect unreserve, and reckon upon my delivering my most genuine sentiments.'

'You have not forgotten, I venture to believe,' said the Prince, 'our short conversation of last night?'

'It was of too interesting a nature easily to escape my memory.'

'Before I can consult you on the subject which at present interests me, it is necessary that I should make you a little acquainted with the present state of public affairs here, and the characters of the principal individuals who control them.'

‘As far as an account of the present state of political parties, the history of the Grand Duke’s career, and that of his Minister Mr. Beckendorff, and their reputed characters, will form part of your Highness’ narrative, by so much may its length be curtailed, and your trouble lessened; for I have at different times picked up, in casual conversation, a great deal of information on these topics. Indeed, you may address me, in this respect, as you would any German gentleman, who, not being himself personally interested in public life, is of course not acquainted with its most secret details.’

‘I did not reckon on this,’ said the Prince, in a cheerful voice. ‘This is a great advantage, and another reason that I should no longer hesitate to develope to you a certain affair which now occupies my mind. To be short,’ continued the Prince, ‘it is of the letter which I so mysteriously received last night, and which, as you must have remarked, very much agitated me,—it is on this letter that I wish to consult you. Bearing in mind the exact position—the avowed and public position in which I stand, as connected with the Court; and having a due acquaintance, which you state you have, with the character of Mr. Beckendorff, what think you of this letter?’

So saying, the Prince leant over the table, and handed to Vivian the following epistle.

‘TO HIS HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF LITTLE LILLIPUT.

‘I am commanded by his Royal Highness to inform your Highness, that his Royal Highness has considered the request which was signed by your Highness and other noblemen, and presented by you to his Royal Highness in a private interview. His Royal Highness commands me to state, that that request will receive his most attentive consideration. At the same time, his Royal Highness also commands me to observe, that in bringing about the completion of a result desired by all

parties, it is difficult to carry on the necessary communications merely by written documents; and his Royal Highness has therefore commanded me to submit to your Highness, the advisability of taking some steps in order to further the possibility of the occurrence of an oral interchange of the sentiments of the respective parties. Being aware, that from the position which your Highness has thought proper at present to maintain, and from other causes which are of too delicate a nature to be noticed in any other way except by allusion, that your Highness may feel difficulty in personally communicating with his Royal Highness, without consulting the wishes and opinions of the other Princes; a process to which it must be evident to your Highness, his Royal Highness feels it impossible to submit; and, at the same time, desirous of forwarding the progress of those views, which his Royal Highness and your Highness may conjunctively consider calculated to advance the well-being of the State, I have to submit to your Highness the propriety of considering the propositions contained in the enclosed paper; which, if your Highness keep unconnected with this communication, the purport of this letter will be confined to your Highness.

#### ‘ PROPOSITIONS.

‘ 1st. That an interview shall take place between your Highness and myself; the object of which shall be the consideration of measures by which, when adopted, the various interests now in agitation shall respectively be regarded.

‘ 2nd. That this interview shall be secret; your Highness being incognito.

‘ If your Highness be disposed to accede to the first proposition, I beg to submit to you, that from the nature of my residence, its situation, and other causes, there will be no fear that any suspicion of the fact of *Mr. von Philipson* acceding to the two propositions will gain notoriety. This letter will be delivered into your own



hands. If Mr. von Philipson determine on acceding to these propositions, he is most probably aware of the general locality in which my residence is situated; and proper measures will be taken that, if Mr. von Philipson honour me with a visit, he shall not be under the necessity of attracting attention, by inquiring the way to my house. It is wished that the fact of the second proposition being acceded to, should only be known to Mr. von Philipson and myself; but if to be perfectly unattended be considered as an insuperable objection, I consent to his being accompanied by a single friend. I shall be alone.

‘BECKENDORFF.’

‘Well!’ said the Prince, as Vivian finished the letter.

‘The best person,’ said Vivian, ‘to decide upon your Highness consenting to this interview, is yourself.’

‘That is not the point on which I wish to have the benefit of your opinion; for I have already consented. I rode over this morning to my cousin, the Duke of Micromegas, and dispatched from his residence a trusty messenger to Beckendorff. I have agreed to meet him—and to-morrow; but on the express terms that I should not be unattended. Now then,’ continued the Prince, with great energy, ‘now then, will you be my companion?’

‘I!’ said Vivian, in the greatest surprise.

‘Yes; *you*, my good friend!—*you, you*. I should consider myself as safe if I were sleeping in a burning house, as I should be were I with Beckendorff alone. Although this is not the first time that we have communicated, I have never yet seen him; and I am fully aware, that if the approaching interview were known to my friends, they would consider it high time that my son reigned in my stead. But I am resolved to be firm—to be inflexible. My course is plain. I am not to be again duped by him; which,’ continued the Prince, very much confused, ‘I will not conceal that I have been once.’

‘But I!’ said Vivian; ‘I—what good can I possibly

do? It appears to me, that if Beckendorff is to be dreaded as you describe, the presence or the attendance of no friend can possibly save you from his crafty plans. But surely, if any one attend you, why not be accompanied by a person whom you have known long, and who knows you well—on whom you can confidently rely, and who may be aware, from a thousand signs and circumstances which will never attract my attention, at what particular and pressing moments you may require prompt and energetic assistance. Such is the companion you want; and surely such an one you may find in Arnelm—von Neuwied——’

‘Arnelm! von Neuwied!’ said the Prince; ‘the best hands at sounding a bugle, or spearing a boar, in all Reisenberg! Excellent men, forsooth, to guard their master from the diplomatic deceits of the wily Beckendorff! Moreover, were they to have even the slightest suspicion of my intended movement, they would commit rank treason out of pure loyalty, and lock me up in my own Cabinet! No, no! they will never do! I want a companion of experience and knowledge of the world; with whom I may converse with some prospect of finding my wavering firmness strengthened, or my misled judgment rightly guided, or my puzzled brain cleared,—modes of assistance to which the worthy Jagd Junker is but little accustomed, however quickly he might hasten to my side in a combat, or the chase.’

‘If these, then, will not do, surely there is one man in this Castle, who, although he may not be a match for Beckendorff, can be foiled by few others—Mr. Sievers!’ said Vivian, with an inquiring eye.

‘Sievers!’ exclaimed the Prince with great eagerness; ‘the very man! firm, experienced, and sharp-witted—well-schooled in political learning, in case I required his assistance in arranging the terms of the intended Charter, or the plan of the intended Chambers; for these, of course, are the points on which Beckendorff wishes to consult. But one thing I am determined on: I positively

pledge myself to nothing, while under Beckendorff's roof. He doubtless anticipates, by my visit to grant the liberties of the people on his own terms : perhaps Mr. Beckendorff, for once in his life, may be mistaken. I am not to be deceived twice ; and I am determined not to yield the point of the Treasury being under the control of the Senate. That is the part of the harness which galls ; and to preserve themselves from this rather inconvenient regulation, without question, my good friend Beckendorff has hit upon this plan.'

'Then Mr. Sievers will accompany you ?' asked Vivian, calling the Prince's attention to the point of consultation.

'The very man for it, my dear friend ! but although Beckendorff, most probably respecting my presence, and taking into consideration the circumstances under which we meet, would refrain from consigning Sievers to a dungeon ; still, although the Minister invites this interview, and although I have no single inducement to conciliate him ; yet it would scarcely be correct, scarcely dignified on my part, to prove, by the presence of my companion, that I had for a length of time harboured an individual who, by Beckendorff's own exertions, was banished from the Grand Duchy. It would look too much like a bravado.'

'Oh !' said Vivian, 'is it so ; and pray of what was Mr. Sievers guilty ?'

'Of high treason against one who was not his Sovereign.'

'How is that ?'

'Sievers, who is a man of most considerable talents, was for a long time a professor in one of our great Universities. The publication of many able works procured him a reputation which induced Madame Carolina to use every exertion to gain his attendance at Court ; and a courtier in time the professor became. At Reisenberg Mr. Sievers was the great authority on all possible subjects—philosophical, literary, and political. In fact, he was the fashion ; and, at the head of the great literary

journal which is there published, he terrified admiring Germany with his profound and piquant critiques. Unfortunately, like some men as good, he was unaware that Reisenberg was not an independent State; and so, on the occasion of Austria attacking Naples, Mr. Sievers took the opportunity of attacking Austria. His article, eloquent, luminous, profound, revealed the dark colours of the Austrian policy; as an artist's lamp brings out the murky tints of a Spagnoletto. Every one admired Sievers' bittersarcasms, enlightened views, and indignant eloquence. Madame Carolina crowned him with laurel in the midst of her coterie; and it is said that the Grand Duke sent him a snuff-box. In a very short time the article reached Vienna; and in a still shorter time Mr. Beckendorff reached the Residence, and insisted on the author being immediately given up to the Austrian Government. Madame Carolina was in despair, the Grand Duke in doubt, and Beckendorff threatened to resign if the order were not signed. A kind friend, perhaps his Royal Highness himself, gave Sievers timely notice, and by rapid flight he reached my castle, and demanded my hospitality; he has lived here ever since, and has done me a thousand services, not the least of which, is the education which he has given my son, my glorious Maximilian.'

'And Beckendorff,' asked Vivian, 'has he always been aware that Sievers was concealed here?'

'That I cannot answer: had he been, it is not improbable that he would have winked at it; since it never has been his policy, unnecessarily, to annoy a mediatised Prince, or without great occasion to let us feel that our independence is gone, I will not, with such a son as I have, say—for ever.'

'Mr. Sievers, of course then, cannot visit Beckendorff,' said Vivian.

'That is clear,' said the Prince, 'and I therefore trust that now you will no longer refuse my first request.'

It was, of course, impossible for Vivian to deny the

Prince any longer ; and indeed he had no objection, as his Highness could not be better attended, to seize the singular and unexpected opportunity, which now offered itself, of becoming acquainted with an individual, respecting whom his curiosity was very much excited. It was a late hour ere the Prince and his friend retired ; having arranged everything for the morrow's journey, and conversed on the probable subjects of the approaching interview at great length.

## CHAPTER VI

ON the following morning, before sunrise, the Prince's valet roused Vivian from his slumbers. According to the appointment of the preceding evening, Vivian repaired in due time to a certain spot in the park. The Prince reached it at the same moment. A mounted groom, leading two English horses, of very showy appearance, and each having a travelling case strapped on the back of its saddle, awaited them. His Highness mounted one of the steeds with skilful celerity, although Arnelm and von Neuwied were not there to do honour to his bridle and his stirrup.

'You must give me an impartial opinion of your courser, my dear friend,' said the Prince to Vivian, 'for if you deem it worthy of being bestriden by you, my son requests that you will do him the great honour of accepting it ; if so, call it Max ; and provided it be as thoroughbred as the donor, you need not change it for Bucephalus.'

'Not unworthy of the son of Ammon !' said Vivian, as he touched the spirited animal with the spur, and proved its fiery action on the springing turf.

A man never feels so proud or so sanguine as when he is bounding on the back of a fine horse. Cares fly with the first curvet ; and the very sight of a spur is enough

to prevent one committing suicide. What a magnificent creature is man, that a brute's prancing hoof can influence his temper or his destiny!—and truly, however little there may be to admire in the rider, few things in this admirable world can be conceived more beautiful than a horse, when the bloody spur has thrust some anger in his resentful side. How splendid to view him with his dilated nostril, his flaming eye, his arched neck, and his waving tail, rustling like a banner in a battle!—to see him champing his slavered bridle, and sprinkling the snowy foam upon the earth, which his hasty hoof seems almost as if it scorned to touch!

When Vivian and his companion had proceeded about five miles, the Prince pulled up, and giving a sealed letter to the groom, he desired him to leave them. The Prince and Vivian amused themselves for a considerable time, by endeavouring to form a correct conception of the person, manners, and habits of the wonderful man to whom they were on the point of paying so interesting a visit.

'I bitterly regret,' said Vivian, 'that I have forgotten my Montesquieu; and what would I give now to know by rote only one quotation from Machiavel! I expect to be received with folded arms, and a brow lowering with the overwhelming weight of a brain meditating for the control of millions. His letter has prepared us for the mysterious but not very amusing style of his conversation. He will be perpetually on his guard not to commit himself; and although public business, and the receipt of papers, by calling him away, will occasionally give us an opportunity of being alone; still I regret most bitterly, that I did not put up in my case some interesting volume which would have allowed me to feel less tedious those hours during which you will necessarily be employed with him in private consultation.'

After a ride of five hours, the horsemen arrived at a small village.

'Thus far I think I have well piloted you,' said the Prince: 'but I confess my knowledge here ceases; and

though I shall disobey the diplomatic instructions of the great man, I must even ask some old woman the way to Mr. Beckendorff's.'

While they were hesitating as to whom they should address, an equestrian, who had already passed them on the road, though at some distance, came up, and inquired, in a voice which Vivian immediately recognised as that of the messenger who had brought Beckendorff's letter to Turriparva, whether he had the honour of addressing Mr. von Philipson. Neither of the gentlemen answered, for Vivian of course expected the Prince to reply; and his Highness was, as yet, so unused to his incognito, that he had actually forgotten his own name. But it was evident that the demandant had questioned, rather from system, than by way of security; and he waited very patiently until the Prince had collected his senses, and assumed sufficient gravity of countenance to inform the horseman that he was the person in question. 'What, Sir, is your pleasure?'

'I am instructed to ride on before you, Sir, that you may not mistake your way': and without waiting for an answer, the laconic messenger turned his steed's head, and trotted off.

The travellers soon left the high road, and turned up a wild turf path, not only inaccessible to carriages, but even requiring great attention from horsemen. After much winding, and some floundering, they arrived at a light and very fanciful iron gate, which apparently opened into a shrubbery.

'I will take your horses here, gentlemen,' said the guide; and getting off his horse, he opened the gate. 'Follow this path, and you can meet with no difficulty.' The Prince and Vivian accordingly dismounted; and the guide immediately, with the end of his whip, gave a loud shrill whistle.

The path ran, for a very short way, through the shrubbery, which evidently was a belt encircling the grounds. From this, the Prince and Vivian emerged

upon an ample lawn, which formed on the farthest side a terrace, by gradually sloping down to the margin of a river. It was enclosed on the other sides by an iron railing of the same pattern as the gate, and a great number of white pheasants were quietly feeding in its centre. Following the path which skirted the lawn, they arrived at a second gate, which opened into a garden, in which no signs of the taste at present existing in Germany for the English system of picturesque pleasure-grounds were at all visible. The walk was bounded on both sides by tall borders, or rather hedges, of box, cut into the shape of battlements; the sameness of these turrets being occasionally varied by the immovable form of some trusty warder, carved out of yew or laurel. Raised terraces and arched walks, aloes and orange trees mounted on sculptured pedestals, columns of cypress, and pyramids of bay, whose dark foliage strikingly contrasted with the marble statues, and the white vases shining in the sun, rose in all directions in methodical confusion. The sound of a fountain was not wanting; and large beds of the most beautiful flowers abounded; but, in no instance did Vivian observe that two kinds of plants were ever mixed together. Proceeding through a very lofty berçeau, occasional openings in whose curving walks allowed effective glimpses of a bust or a statue, the companions at length came in sight of the house. It was a long, uneven, low building, evidently of ancient architecture. Numerous stacks of tall and fantastically shaped chimneys rose over three thick and heavy gables, which reached down farther than the middle of the elevation, forming three compartments, one of them including a large and modern bow-window, over which clustered in profusion the sweet and glowing blossoms of the clematis, and the pomegranate. Indeed, the whole front of the house was so completely covered with a rich scarlet-creeper, that it was almost impossible to ascertain of what materials it was built. As Vivian was admiring a large white peacock, which, attracted by their approach, had taken the oppor-



tunity of unfurling its wheeling train, a man came forward from the bow-window.

I shall be particular in my description of his appearance. In height he was about five feet eight inches, and of a spare but well-proportioned figure. He had very little hair, which was highly powdered, and dressed in a manner to render more remarkable the extraordinary elevation of his conical and polished forehead. His long piercing black eyes were almost closed, from the fulness of their upper lids. His cheeks were sallow, his nose aquiline, his mouth compressed. His ears, which were quite uncovered by hair, were so wonderfully small, that it would be wrong to pass them over unnoticed; as indeed were his hands and feet, which in form were quite feminine. He was dressed in a coat and waistcoat of black velvet, the latter part of his costume reaching to his thighs; and in a buttonhole of his coat was a large bunch of tube-rose. A small part of his flannel waistcoat appeared through an opening in his exquisitely plaited shirt, the broad collar of which, though tied round with a wide black ribbon, did not conceal a neck which agreed well with his beardless chin, and would not have misbecome a woman. In England we should have called his breeches buckskin. They were of a pale yellow leather, and suited his large and spur-armed cavalry boots, which fitted closely to the legs they covered, reaching over the knees of the wearer. A ribbon round his neck, tucked into his waistcoat pocket, was attached to a small French watch. He swung in his right hand the bow of a violin; and in the other, the little finger of which was nearly hid by a large antique ring, he held a white handkerchief strongly perfumed with violets. Notwithstanding the many feminine characteristics which I have noticed, either from the expression of the eyes, or the formation of the mouth, the countenance of this individual generally conveyed an impression of the greatest firmness and energy. This description will not be considered ridiculously minute by those who have never had an opportunity of be-

coming acquainted with the person of so celebrated a gentleman as MR. BECKENDORFF.

He advanced to the Prince with an air which seemed to proclaim, that as his person could not be mistaken, the ceremony of introduction was perfectly unnecessary. Bowing in the most ceremonious and courtly manner to his Highness, Mr. Beckendorff, in a weak but not unpleasing voice, said that he was 'honoured by the presence of Mr. von Philipson.' The Prince answered his salutation in a manner equally ceremonious, and equally courtly ; for having no mean opinion of his own diplomatic abilities, his Highness determined that neither by an excess of coldness, nor cordiality on his part, should the Minister gather the slightest indication of the temper in which he had attended the interview. You see that even the bow of a diplomatist is a very serious business !

'Mr. Beckendorff,' said his Highness ; 'my letter doubtless informed you that I should avail myself of your permission to be accompanied. Let me have the honour of presenting to you my friend Mr. Grey, an English gentleman.'

As the Prince spoke, Beckendorff stood with his arms crossed behind him, and his chin resting upon his chest ; but his eyes at the same time so raised as to look his Highness full in the face. Vivian was so struck by his posture, and the expression of his countenance, that he nearly omitted to bow when he was presented. As his name was mentioned, the Minister gave him a sharp, side-long glance, and moving his head very gently, he invited his guests to enter the house. The gentlemen accordingly complied with his request. Passing through the bow-window, they found themselves in a well-sized room, the sides of which were covered with shelves filled with richly bound books. There was nothing in the room which gave the slightest indication that the master of the library was any other than a private gentleman. Not a book, not a chair was out of its place. A purple inkstand of

Sèvres china, and a very highly-tooled morocco portfolio of the same colour, reposed on a rose-wood table, and that was all. No papers, no despatches, no red tape, and no red boxes. Over an ancient chimney, lined with blue china tiles, on which were represented the most grotesque figures—cows playing the harp—monkeys acting monarchs—and tall figures all legs, flying with rapidity from pursuers who were all head—over this chimney were suspended some curious pieces of antique armour, among which an Italian dagger, with a chased and jewelled hilt, was the most remarkable, and the most precious.

‘This,’ said Mr. Beckendorff, ‘is my library.’

‘What a splendid poignard!’ said the Prince, who had no taste for books; and he immediately walked up to the chimney-piece. Beckendorff followed him, and taking down the admired weapon from its resting-place, proceeded to lecture on its virtues, its antiquity, and its beauty. Vivian seized this opportunity of taking a rapid glance at the contents of his library. He anticipated interleaved copies of Machiavel, Vattel, and Montesquieu; and the lightest works that he expected to meet with were the lying memoirs of some intriguing Cardinal, or the deluding apology of an exiled Minister. To his surprise he found that, without an exception, the collection merely consisted of poetry and romance; and while his eye rapidly passed over, not only the great names of Germany, but also of Italy and of France, it was with pride that he remarked upon the shelves an English Shakespeare; and perhaps with still greater delight, a complete edition of the enchanted volumes of our illustrious Scott. Surprised at this most unexpected circumstance, Vivian looked with a curious eye on the unlettered backs of a row of mighty folios on a corner shelf; ‘These,’ he thought, ‘at least must be royal ordinances, and collected state-papers.’ The sense of propriety struggled for a moment with the passion of curiosity; but nothing is more difficult for the man who loves books, than to refrain from examining a volume which he fancies may be unknown to him. From

the jewelled dagger, Beckendorff had now got to an enamelled breast-plate. Two to one he should not be observed ; and so, with a desperate pull, Vivian extracted a volume—it was a herbal ! He tried another—it was a collection of dried insects ! He immediately replaced it, and staring at his host wondered whether he really could be the Mr. Beckendorff of whom he had heard so much.

‘And now,’ said Mr. Beckendorff, ‘I will show you my drawing-room.’

He opened a door at the further end of the library, and introduced them to a room of a very different character. The sun, which was shining very brightly, lent additional brilliancy to the rainbow-tinted birds of paradise, the crimson mackaws, and the green parroquets that glistened on the splendid Indian paper, which covered not only the walls, but also the ceiling of the room. Over the fireplace, a black frame, projecting from the wall and mournfully contrasting with the general brilliant appearance of the apartment, inclosed a picture of a beautiful female ; and bending over its frame, and indeed partly shadowing the countenance, was the withered branch of a tree. A harpsichord and several cases of musical instruments were placed in different parts of the room ; and suspended by very broad black ribbons from the wall on each side of the picture, were a guitar and a tambourine. On a sofa of unusual size lay a Cremona ; and as Mr. Beckendorff passed the instrument, he threw by its side the bow, which he had hitherto carried in his hand.

‘We may as well now take something,’ said Mr. Beckendorff, when his guests had sufficiently admired the room ; ‘my pictures are in my dining-room—let us go there.’

So saying, and armed this time, not only with his bow, but also with his violin, he retraced his steps through the library, and crossing a small passage, which divided the house into two compartments, he opened the door into his dining-room. The moment that they entered

the room, their ears were saluted, and indeed their senses ravished, by what appeared to be a concert of a thousand birds; yet none of the winged choristers were to be seen, and not even a single cage was visible. The room, which was very simply furnished, appeared at first rather gloomy; for though lighted by three windows, the silk blinds were all drawn.

‘And now,’ said Mr. Beckendorff, raising the first blind; ‘you shall see my pictures. At what do you estimate this Breughel?’

The window, which was of stained green glass, gave to the landscape an effect similar to that generally produced by the artist mentioned. The Prince, who was already very puzzled by finding one who, at the same time, was both his host and his enemy, so perfectly different a character to what he had conceived, and who, being by temper superstitious, considered that this preliminary false opinion of his was rather a bad omen,—did not express any very great admiration of the gallery of Mr. Beckendorff: but Vivian, who had no ambitious hopes or fears to affect his temper, and who was delighted with the character with whom he had become so unexpectedly acquainted—good-naturedly humoured the fantasies of the Minister; and said that he preferred his picture to any Breughel he had ever seen.

‘I see you have a fine taste,’ said Mr. Beckendorff, with a very serious air, but in a most courteous tone. ‘You shall see my Claude!’

The rich yellow tint of the second window gave to the fanciful garden all that was requisite to make it look Italian.

‘Have you ever been in Italy, Sir?’ asked Beckendorff.

‘I have not.’

‘You have, Mr. von Philipson?’

‘Never south of Germany,’ answered the Prince, who was exceedingly hungry, and eyed, with a rapacious glance, the capital luncheon which he saw prepared for him.

‘Well then, when either of you go, you will of course not miss the Lago Maggiore. Gaze on Isola Bella at sunset, and you will not view as fair a scene as this! And now, Mr. von Philipson,’ said Beckendorff, ‘do me the favour of giving me your opinion of this Honthorst?’

His Highness would rather have given his opinion of the fine dish of stewed game which still smoked upon the table, but which he was mournfully convinced would not smoke long; or of the large cucumbers, of which he was particularly fond, and which, among many other vegetables, his amorous eye had already detected. ‘But,’ thought he, ‘this is the last!’ and so he very warmly admired the effect produced by the flaming panes, to which Beckendorff swore that no piece ever painted by Gerard Honthorst, for brilliancy of colouring and boldness of outline, could be compared: ‘besides,’ continued Beckendorff, ‘mine are all animated pictures. See that cypress, waving from the gentle breeze which is now stirring—and look! look at this crimson peacock!—look! Mr. von Philipson.’

‘I am looking, Mr. von — I beg pardon, Mr. Beckendorff,’ said the Prince, with great dignity—making this slight mistake in the name, either from being unused to converse with such low people as had not the nominal mark of nobility, or to vent his spleen at being so unnecessarily kept from the refreshment which he so much required.

‘Mr. von Philipson,’ said Beckendorff, ‘suddenly turning round; ‘all my fruits and all my vegetables are from my own garden. Let us sit down and help ourselves.’

The only substantial food at table was a great dish of stewed game, which I believe I have mentioned before. The Prince seized the breast and wings of a young pheasant, Vivian attacked a fine tender hare, and Beckendorff himself cut off the wing of a partridge. The vegetables and the fruits were numerous and superb; and there really appeared to be a fair prospect of the

Prince of Little Lilliput making as good a luncheon as if the whole had been conducted under the auspices of Master Rodolph himself,—had it not been for the confounded melody of the unseen vocalists, which, probably excited by the sounds of the knives and plates, too evidently increased every moment. But this inconvenience was soon removed by Mr. Beckendorff rising, and giving three loud knocks on the door opposite to the one by which they had entered. Immediate silence ensued.

‘Clara will be here in an instant, to change your plate, Mr. von Philipson,’ said Beckendorff—‘and here she is!’

Vivian eagerly looked up, not with the slightest idea that the entrance of Clara would prove that the mysterious picture in the drawing-room was a portrait; but it must be confessed with a little curiosity to view the first specimen of the sex who lived under the roof of Mr. Beckendorff. Clara was a hale old woman, with rather an acid expression of countenance; very prim in her appearance, and evidently very precise in her manners. She placed a bottle, and two wine-glasses with long thin stems, on the table; and having removed the game, and changed the plates, she disappeared.

‘Pray what wine is this, Mr. Beckendorff?’ eagerly asked the Prince, with a countenance glowing with delight—and his Highness was vulgar enough to smack his lips, which, for a Prince, is really shocking.

‘I really don’t know. I never drink wine.’

‘Not know! Grey, take a glass. What’s your opinion?—I never tasted such wine in my life. Why I do declare it is real Tokay!’

‘Probably it may be,’ said Mr. Beckendorff; ‘I think it was a present from the Emperor. I have never tasted it.’

‘My dear Sir, take a glass!’ said the Prince; his natural kind and jovial temper having made him completely forget whom he was addressing, the business he

had come upon, and indeed everything else except the astounding circumstance that there was an individual in the room who refused to take his share of a bottle of real Tokay:—‘My dear Sir, take a glass.’

‘I never drink wine; I’m glad you like it, I have no doubt Clara has more.’

‘No, no, no! we must be moderate, we must be moderate,’ said the Prince; who, though a great admirer of a good luncheon, had also a due respect for a good dinner,—and consequently had no idea at this awkward hour in the day, of preventing himself from properly appreciating the future banquet. Moreover, his Highness, taking into consideration the very piquant sauce, with which the game had been dressed, and the marks of refinement and good taste which seemed to pervade every part of the establishment of Mr. Beckendorff, did not imagine that he was much presuming, when he conjectured that there was a fair chance of his dinner being something very superior. The Prince, therefore, opposed a further supply of Tokay, and contented himself for the present with assisting his Gruyère with one of the very fine-looking cucumbers—his favourite cucumbers: which, though yet untasted, had not, in spite of the wine, been banished from his memory.

‘You seem very fond of cucumbers, Mr. von Philipson,’ said Beckendorff.

‘So fond of them, that I prefer them to any vegetable, and to most fruits. What is more cooling—more refreshing? What——’

‘I never eat them myself; but I’ll tell you, if you like, what I think the best way of treating a cucumber.’

His Highness was the most ready and the most grateful of pupils; and Vivian could scarcely suppress his laughter, when the Prime Minister, with a grave countenance, and in his peculiarly subdued voice and somewhat precise mode of speaking, commenced instructing his political opponent upon the important topic of dressing a vegetable.



‘You must be careful,’ said Mr. Beckendorff, ‘to pick out the straightest, thinnest-skinned, most seedless cucumber that you can find. Six hours before you want to eat it, put the stalk in cold water on a marble slab—not the whole cucumber—that’s nonsense. Then pare it very carefully, so as to take off all the green outside, and no more. Slice it as thin as possible, spread it over your dish, and sprinkle it with a good deal of white pepper, red pepper, salt, and mustard-seed. Mix some oil and common vinegar with a little chili, and drown it in them. Open a large window very wide—and throw it all out!’

It was quite evident that Mr. von Philipson was extremely disappointed, and perhaps a little offended at the unexpected termination of Mr. Beckendorff’s lecture, to which he had listened with the most interested attention. As for Vivian Grey, he did not affect to contain himself any longer; but gave way to a long and loud laugh—a laugh not so much excited by the manner in which Beckendorff had detailed the desired information, although it was extremely humorous, as by the striking contrast which the speaker and the speech afforded to the conceptions which he and his companion had formed of their host during their ride. His rather boisterous risibility, apparently, did not offend Mr. Beckendorff, on whose upper lip, for an instant, Vivian thought he detected a smile or a sneer. It was, however, only for an instant; for the Minister immediately rose from table, and left the room by the same door, on which his three loud knocks had previously produced so tranquillising an effect.

The sudden arrival and appearance of some new and unexpected guests through the very mysterious portal by which Mr. Beckendorff had vanished, not only were the source of fresh entertainment to our hero, but also explained the character of the apartment, which, from its unceasing melody, had so much excited his curiosity. These new guests were a crowd of piping bullfinches,

Virginia nightingales, trained canaries, Java sparrows, and Indian lorys ; which having been freed from their cages of golden wire by their fond master, had fled, as was their custom, from his superb aviary to pay their respects and compliments at his daily levée.

The table was immediately covered, and the Prince immediately annoyed. Nothing did he detest so much as the whole feathered race ; and now, as far as he could observe, he might as well have visited a bird-catcher as Mr. Beckendorff. The white pheasants, and the white peacock, could have been borne ; but as for the present intrusion, a man had better live in Noah's ark than in the liberties of an aviary. The Prince was quite right : it was extremely annoying. A couple of bullfinches respectively perched on each of his shoulders, and commenced a most thrilling and jacobinical hymn of liberty in celebration of their release ; and an impudent little canary attacked his cucumber. As if this were not sufficient to produce instantaneous insanity, a long-tailed scarlet lory lighted on his head, and commenced its usual fondling tricks, by rubbing its beak in the Prince's hair, fluttering its wing on his cheek, and pecking his eyebrows. As it got more delighted, it shrieked its joy into his ear with such shrillness, that he started from his chair ; and the little favourite consequently slipping down, to save itself from falling, hung upon his lip by its beak. As soon as his Highness had extricated himself from this unpleasing situation, the lory, making a perch on the back of his chair, regained its first position.

Just as the Prince was asking Vivian to hasten to his assistance, Mr. Beckendorff returned,—‘Never mind, Mr. von Philipson,’ said the Minister, ‘never mind, never mind ; it only wants to make a nest, poor thing !’

‘But I do mind, Mr. Beckendorff ; I detest birds, and this annoying little animal, I beg to inform you, is exceedingly troublesome.’

‘Wheugh !’ said the Prime Minister of Reisenberg, and the troublesome lory flew to his shoulder. ‘I am

glad to see that you like birds, Sir,' said Beckendorff to Vivian; for our hero, good-naturedly humouring the tastes of his host, was impartially dividing the luxuries of a peach among a crowd of gaudy and greedy little sparrows. 'You shall see my favourites,' continued Beckendorff, and tapping rather loudly on the table, he held out the forefinger of each hand. The two bullfinches who were still singing on the shoulder of the Prince, recognised the signal, and immediately hastened to their perch.

'My dear!' trilled out one little songster; and it raised its speaking eyes to its delighted master.

'My love!' warbled the other, marking its affection by looks equally personal.

These monosyllables were repeated fifty times: at each one Beckendorff, with sparkling eyes, and a countenance radiant with delight, triumphantly looked round at Vivian, as if the frequent reiteration were a proof of the sincerity of the affection of these singular friends.

At length, to the Prince's great relief, Mr. Beckendorff's feathered friends having finished their dessert, were sent back to their cages, with a strict injunction not to trouble their master at present with their voices—an injunction which, to Vivian's great surprise, was obeyed to the letter; and when the door was closed, few persons in the world could have been persuaded that the next room was an aviary.

'I am proud of my peaches, Mr. von Philipson,' said Beckendorff, recommending the fruit to his guest's attention; then, rising from the table, he threw himself on the sofa, and began humming a tune in a very low voice. Presently he took up his Cremona, and using the violin as a guitar, accompanied himself in a very beautiful air, but not in a more audible tone. While Mr. Beckendorff was singing, he seemed quite unconscious that any person was in the room; and the Prince, who detested music, certainly gave him no hint, either by his approbation or his attention, that he was listened to. Vivian, however,

like most unhappy men, did love music with all his spirit's strength ; and actuated by this feeling, and the interest which he began to take in the character of Mr. Beckendorff, he could not, when that gentleman had finished his air, refrain from very sincerely saying 'encore !'

Beckendorff started and looked round, as if he were for the first moment aware that any being had heard him.

'Encore !' said he, with a kind sneer ; 'who ever could sing or play the same thing twice ? Are you fond of music, Sir ?'

'Very much so, indeed : I fancied I recognised that air. You are an admirer, I imagine, of Mozart ?'

'I never heard of him : I know nothing of those gentry. But if you really like music, I'll play you something worth listening to.'

Mr. Beckendorff began a beautiful air very adagio, gradually increasing the time in a kind of variation, till at last his execution became so wonderfully rapid, that Vivian, surprised at the mere mechanical action, rose from his chair in order better to examine the player's management and motion of his bow. Exquisite as were the tones, enchanting as were the originality of his variations, and the perfect harmony of his composition, it was nevertheless extremely difficult to resist laughing at the ludicrous contortions of his face and figure. Now, his body bending to the strain, he was at one moment with his violin raised in the air, and the next instant with the lower nut almost resting upon his foot. At length, by well-proportioned degrees, the air died away into the original soft cadence ; and the player becoming completely entranced in his own performance, finished by sinking back on the sofa, with his bow and violin raised over his head. Vivian would not disturb him by his applause. An instant after, Mr. Beckendorff, throwing down the instrument, rushed through an opened window into the garden.

As soon as Beckendorff was out of sight, Vivian looked at the Prince ; and his Highness, elevating his

eye-brows, screwing up his mouth, and shrugging his shoulders, altogether presented a very comical picture of a puzzled man.

‘Well, my dear friend,’ said he, ‘this is rather different to what we expected.’

‘Very different indeed ; but much more amusing.’

‘Humph !’ said the Prince, very slowly, ‘I do not think it exactly requires a ghost to tell us that Mr. Beckendorff is not in the habit of going to Court.—I don’t know how he is accustomed to conduct himself when he is honoured by a visit from the Grand Duke ; but I am quite sure, that as regards his treatment of myself, to say the least, the incognito is very well observed.’

‘Mr. von Philipson,’ said the gentleman of whom they were speaking, putting his head in at the window ; ‘you shall see my blue passion-flower.—We’ll take a walk round the garden.’

The Prince gave Vivian a look, which seemed to suppose they must go ; and accordingly they stepped into the garden.

‘You do not see my garden in its glory,’ said Mr. Beckendorff, stopping before the bow-window of the library ; ‘this spot is my strong point ; had you been here earlier in the year, you might have admired with me my invaluable crescents of tulips—such colours ! such brilliancy ! so defined ! And last year I had three king-tulips ; their elegant-formed, creamy cups, I have never seen equalled. And then my double variegated ranunculuses ; my hyacinths of fifty bells, in every tint, single and double ; and my favourite stands of auriculas, so large and powdered, that the colour of the velvet leaves was scarcely discoverable ! The blue passion-flower is, however, now very beautiful. You see that summer-house, Sir,’ continued he, turning to Vivian, ‘the top is my observatory ; you will sleep in that pavilion to-night, so you had better take notice how the walk winds.’

The passion-flower was trained against the summer-house in question.

‘There!’ said Mr. Beckendorff, as he stood admiring with outstretched arms, ‘the latter days of its beauty, for the autumn frosts will soon stop its flower: Pray, Mr. von Philipson, are either you or your friend a botanist?’

‘Why,’ said the Prince, ‘I am a great admirer of flowers, but I cannot exactly say that——’

‘Ah! I see you are no botanist. The flower of this beautiful plant continues only one day, but there is a constant succession from July to the end of the autumn; and if this fine weather continue——Pray, Sir, how is the wind?’

‘I really cannot say,’ said the Prince, ‘but I think the wind is either——’

‘Ah! do you know how the wind is, Sir?’ continued Beckendorff to Vivian.

‘I think, Sir, that it is——’

‘Ah! I see it’s westerly.—Well! If this weather continue, the succession may still last another month. You will be interested to know, Mr. von Philipson, that the flower comes out at the same joint with the leaf, on a peduncle near three inches long; round the centre of it are two radiating crowns; look, look, Sir! the inner inclining towards the centre column—now examine this well, and I’ll be with you in a moment.’ So saying, Mr. Beckendorff, running with great rapidity down the walk, jumped over the railing, and in a moment was coursing across the lawn, towards the river, in a desperate chase after a dragon-fly.

Mr. Beckendorff was soon out of sight; and after lingering half an hour in the vicinity of the blue passion-flower, the Prince proposed to Vivian that they should quit the spot. ‘As far as I can observe,’ continued his Highness; ‘we might as well quit the house. No wonder that Beckendorff’s power is on the wane, for he appears to me to be growing childish. Surely he could not always have been this frivolous creature!’

‘I really am so overwhelmed with astonishment,’ said Vivian, ‘that it is quite out of my power to assist your

Highness in any supposition. But I should recommend you not to be too hasty in your movements. Take care that staying here does not affect the position which you have taken up, or retard the progress of any measures on which you have determined, and you are safe. 'What will it injure you, if, with the chance of achieving the great and patriotic purpose to which you have devoted your powers and energies, you are subjected for a few hours to the caprices, or even rudeness, of any man whatever. If Beckendorff be the character which the world gives him credit to be, I do not think he can imagine that you are to be deceived twice; and if he do imagine so, we are convinced that he will be disappointed. If, as you have supposed, not only his power is on the wane, but his intellect also, four-and-twenty hours will convince us of the fact; for in less than that time your Highness will necessarily have conversation of a more important nature with him. I strenuously recommend, therefore, that we continue here to-day, although,' added Vivian smiling, 'I have to sleep in his Observatory.'

After walking in the gardens about an hour, the Prince and Vivian again went into the house, imagining that Beckendorff might have returned by another entrance; but he was not there. The Prince was very much annoyed; and Vivian, to amuse himself, had recourse to the Library. After re-examining the armour, looking at the garden through the painted windows, conjecturing who might be the original of the mysterious picture, and what could be the meaning of the withered branch, the Prince was fairly worn out. The precise dinner-hour he did not know; and notwithstanding repeated exertions, he had hitherto been unable to find the blooming Clara. He could not flatter himself, however, that there were less than two hours to kill before the great event took place; and so, quite miserable, and heartily wishing himself back again at Turriparva, he prevailed upon Vivian to throw aside his book, and take another walk.

This time they extended their distance, stretched out

as far as the river, and explored the adjoining woods ; but of Mr. Beckendorff they saw and heard nothing. At length they again returned : it was getting dusk. They found the bow-window of the Library closed. They again entered the dining-room ; and, to their surprise, found no preparations for dinner. This time the Prince was more fortunate in his exertions to procure an interview with Madam Clara, for that lady almost immediately entered the room.

‘Pray, my good Madam,’ enquired the Prince ; ‘has your master returned ?’

‘Mr. Beckendorff is in the Library, Sir,’ said the old lady very pompously.

‘Indeed ! we don’t dine in this room, then ?’

‘Dine, Sir !’ said the good dame, forgetting her pomposity in her astonishment.

‘Yes—dine,’ said the Prince.

‘La ! Sir ; Mr. Beckendorff never takes anything after his noon meal.’

‘Am I to understand then, that we are to have no dinner ?’ asked his Highness, angry and agitated.

‘Mr. Beckendorff never takes anything after his noon meal, Sir ; but I’m sure if you and your friend are hungry, Sir, I hope there’s never a want in this house.’

‘My good lady, I am hungry, very hungry indeed ; and if your master, I mean Mr. von—that is Mr. Beckendorff, has such a bad appetite that he can satisfy himself with picking, once a day, the breast of a pheasant ; why, if he expect his friends to be willing, or even able to live on such fare,—the least that I can say is, that he is very much mistaken ; and so, therefore, my good friend Grey, I think we had better order our horses, and be off.’

‘No occasion for that, I hope,’ said Mrs. Clara, rather alarmed at the Prince’s passion ; ‘no want, I trust, ever here, Sir ; and I make no doubt you’ll have dinner as soon as possible ; and so, Sir, I hope you’ll not be hasty.’

‘Hasty ! I have no wish to be hasty ; but as for disarranging the whole economy of the house, and getting



up an extemporaneous meal for me—I cannot think of it. Mr. Beckendorff may live as he likes, and if I stay here, I am contented to live as he does. I do not wish him to change his habits for me, and I shall take care that, after to-day, there will be no necessity for his doing so. However, absolute hunger can make no compliments; and therefore I will thank you, my good Madam, to let me and my friend have the remains of that cold game, if they be still in existence, on which we lunched, or, as you term it, took our noon meal this morning; and which, if it were your own cooking, Mrs. Clara, I assure you, as I observed to my friend at the time, did you infinite credit.’

The Prince, although his gentlemanly feelings had, in spite of his hunger, dictated a deprecation of Mrs. Clara’s making a dinner merely for himself, still thought that a seasonable and deserved compliment to the lady might assist in bringing about a result which, notwithstanding his politeness, he very much desired; and that was the production of another specimen of her culinary accomplishments. Having behaved, as he considered, with such moderation and dignified civility, he was, it must be confessed, rather astounded when Mrs. Clara, duly acknowledging his compliment by her curtsy, was sorry to inform him that she ‘dared give no refreshment in this house without Mr. Beckendorff’s special order.’

‘Special order! why! surely your master will not grudge me the cold leg of a pheasant?’

‘Mr. Beckendorff is not in the habit of grudging anything,’ answered the housekeeper, with offended majesty.

‘Then why should he object?’ asked the Prince.

‘Mr. Beckendorff is the best judge, Sir, of the propriety of his own regulations.’

‘Well, well!’ said Vivian, more interested for his friend than himself, ‘there is no difficulty in asking Mr. Beckendorff.’

‘None in the least, Sir,’ answered the housekeeper, ‘when he is awake.’

‘Awake!’ said the Prince, ‘why! is he asleep now?’

‘Yes, Sir, in the Library.’

‘And how long will he be asleep?’ asked the Prince, with great eagerness.

‘It is uncertain; he may be asleep for hours—he may wake in five minutes; all I can do is to watch.’

‘But, surely in a case like the present, you can wake your master?’

‘I could not wake Mr. Beckendorff, Sir, if the house were on fire. No one can enter the room when he is asleep.’

‘Then how can you possibly know when he is awake?’

‘I shall hear his violin immediately, Sir.’

‘Well, well! I suppose it must be so. Grey, I wish we were in Turripurva, that is all I know. Men of my station have no business to be paying visits to the sons of the Lord knows who! peasants, shopkeepers, and pedagogues!’

The Prince of Little Lilliput thought that mankind were solely created to hunt and to fight; and unless you could spear a boar or owned a commission, you were not included in his list of proper men. We smile at what we consider the narrow-minded ideas of a German Prince; yet, perhaps, if we enquire, we shall find that mankind, on an average, are influenced in all countries by the same feelings, and in the same degree; and the definition of a *gentleman* by a hero of St. James’s Street, if not exactly similar, will not be less unwise and less ridiculous than the Prince of Little Lilliput’s description of a *proper man*. An officer in the guards once told me that no person was a gentleman who was not the son of a man who had twenty thousand a year landed property. Convinced that his declaration was sincere, I respected his prejudices, and did not dispute his definition. I should have behaved the same, had I been in Africa, and had a Hottentot dandy declared that no person was to be visited who dared to devour the smoking entrails of a sheep in less than a couple of mouthfuls.

As a fire was blazing in the dining-room, which Mrs. Clara informed them Mr. Beckendorff never omitted having every night in the year, the Prince and his friend imagined that they were to remain there, and they consequently did not attempt to disturb the slumbers of Mr. Beckendorff. Resting his feet on the hobs, his Highness, for the fiftieth time, declared that he wished he had never left Turriparva; and just when Vivian was on the point of giving up, in despair, the hope of consoling him, Mrs. Clara entered, and proceeded to lay the cloth.

‘Your master is awake, then?’ asked the Prince, very quickly.

‘Mr. Beckendorff has been long awake, Sir! and dinner will be ready immediately.’

His Highness’s countenance brightened; and in a short time the supper appearing, the Prince again fascinated by Mrs. Clara’s cookery and Mr. Beckendorff’s wine, forgot his chagrin, and regained his temper.

In about a couple of hours Mr. Beckendorff entered.

‘I hope that Clara has given you wine you like, Mr. von Philipson?’

‘Excellent, my dear Sir! the same binn, I’ll answer for that.’

Mr. Beckendorff had his violin in his hand; but his dress was much changed. His great boots being pulled off, exhibited the white silk stockings which he invariably wore; and his coat had given place to the easier covering of a very long and handsome brocade dressing-gown. He drew a chair round the fire, between the Prince and Vivian. It was a late hour, and the room was only lighted by the glimmering coals, for the flames had long died away. Mr. Beckendorff sat for some time without speaking, gazing very earnestly on the decaying embers. Indeed, before many minutes had elapsed, complete silence prevailed; for both the endeavours of the Prince, and of Vivian, to promote conversation had been unsuccessful. At length the master of the house turned round to the

Prince, and pointing to a particular mass of coal, said, 'I think, Mr. von Philipson, that is the completest elephant I ever saw.—We will ring the bell for some coals, and then have a game of whist.'

The Prince was so surprised by Mr. Beckendorff's remark, that he was not sufficiently struck by the strangeness of his proposition; and it was only when he heard Vivian professing his ignorance of the game, that it occurred to him that to play at whist was hardly the object for which he had travelled from Turriparva.

'An Englishman not know whist!' said Mr. Beckendorff: 'ridiculous!—you do know it. You're thinking of the stupid game they play here, of Boston whist. Let us play! Mr. von Philipson, I know, has no objection.'

'But, my good Sir,' said the Prince, 'although previous to *conversation* I may have no objection to join in a little amusement, still it appears to me that it has escaped your memory that whist is a game which requires the co-operation of four persons.'

'Not at all! I take dummy. I'm not sure it is not the finest way of playing the game.'

The table was arranged, the lights brought, the cards produced, and the Prince of Little Lilliput, greatly to his surprise, found himself playing whist with Mr. Beckendorff. Nothing could be more dull. The Minister would neither bet nor stake; and the immense interest which he took in every card that was played, most ludicrously contrasted with the rather sullen looks of the Prince, and the very sleepy ones of Vivian. Whenever Mr. Beckendorff played for dummy, he always looked with the most searching eyes into the next adversary's face, as if he would read his cards in his features. The first rubber lasted an hour and a half—three long games, which Mr. Beckendorff, to his triumph, hardly won. In the first game of the second rubber Vivian blundered; in the second he revoked; and in the third, having neglected to play, and being loudly called upon, and rated both by his partner and Mr.

Beckendorff, he was found to be asleep. Beckendorff threw down his hand with a loud dash, which roused Vivian from his slumber. He apologised for his drowsiness; but said that he was so extremely sleepy that he must retire. The Prince, who longed to be with Beckendorff alone, winked approbation of his intention.

'Well!' said Beckendorff, 'you spoiled the rubber. I shall ring for Clara. Why you all are so fond of going to bed, I cannot understand. I have not been to bed these thirty years.'

Vivian made his escape; and Beckendorff, pitying his degeneracy, proposed to the Prince, in a tone which seemed to anticipate that the offer would meet with instantaneous acceptance—double dummy;—this, however, was too much.

'No more cards, Sir, I thank you,' said the Prince; 'if, however, you have a mind for an hour's conversation, I am quite at your service.'

'I am obliged to you—I never talk—good-night, Mr. von Philipson.'

Mr. Beckendorff left the room. His Highness could contain himself no longer. He rang the bell.

'Pray, Mrs. Clara,' said he, 'where are my horses?'

'Mr. Beckendorff will have no quadrupeds within a mile of the house, except Owlface.'

'How do you mean?—let me see the man-servant.'

'The household consists only of myself, Sir.'

'Why! where is my luggage, then?'

'That has been brought up, Sir; it is in your room.'

'I tell you, I must have my horses.'

'It is quite impossible to-night, Sir. I think, Sir, you had better retire; Mr. Beckendorff may not be home again these six hours.'

'What! is your master gone out?'

'Yes, Sir, he is just gone out to take his ride.'

'Why! where is his horse kept, then?'

'It's Owlface, Sir.'

‘Owlface, indeed ! what, is your master in the habit of riding out at night ?’

‘Mr. Beckendorff rides out, Sir, just when it happens to suit him.’

‘It is very odd I cannot ride out when it happens to suit me ! However, I’ll be off to-morrow ; and so, if you please, show me my bedroom at once.’

‘Your room is the Library, Sir.’

‘The Library ! why, there’s no bed in the Library.’

‘We have no beds, Sir ; but the sofa is made up.’

‘No beds ! well ! it’s only for one night. You are all mad, and I am as mad as you for coming here.’

## CHAPTER VII

THE morning sun peeping through the window of the little Summer-house, roused its inmate at an early hour ; and finding no signs of Mr. Beckendorff and his guest having yet arisen from their slumbers, Vivian took the opportunity of strolling about the gardens and the grounds. Directing his way along the margin of the river, he soon left the lawn, and entered some beautiful meadows, whose dewy verdure glistened in the brightening beams of the early sun. Crossing these, and passing through a gate, he found himself in a rural road, whose lofty hedge-rows, rich with all the varieties of wild fruit and flower, and animated with the cheering presence of the busy birds chirping from every bough and spray, altogether presented a scene which greatly reminded him of the soft beauties of his own country. With some men, to remember is to be sad ; and unfortunately for Vivian Grey, there were few objects which with him did not give rise to associations of a most painful nature. Of what he was thinking as he sat on a bank with his eyes fixed on the ground, it

is needless to enquire. He was roused from his reverie by the sound of a trotting horse. He looked up, but the winding road prevented him at first from seeing the steed which evidently was approaching. The sound came nearer and nearer; and at length, turning a corner, Mr. Beckendorff came in sight. He was mounted on a very strong-built, rough, and particularly ugly pony, with an obstinate mane, which defying the exertions of groom or ostler, fell in equal divisions on both sides of its bottle neck; and a large white face, which, combined with its blind or blinking vision, had earned for it the euphonious and complimentary title of Owlface. Both master and steed must have travelled hard and far, for both were covered with dust and mud from top to toe—from mane to hoof. Mr. Beckendorff seemed surprised at meeting Vivian, and pulled up his pony as he reached him.

‘An early riser, I see, Sir. Where is Mr. von Philipson?’

‘I have not yet seen him, and imagined that both he and yourself had not yet risen.’

‘Hum! how many hours is it to noon?’ asked Mr. Beckendorff, who always spoke astronomically.

‘More than four, I imagine.’

‘Pray do you prefer the country about here to Turriparva?’

‘Both, I think, are very beautiful.’

‘You live at Turriparva?’ asked Mr. Beckendorff.

‘When I am there,’ answered Vivian, smiling, who was too practised a head to be *pumped* even by Mr. Beckendorff.

‘Pray has it been a fine summer at Turriparva?’

‘It has been a fine summer, I believe, everywhere.’

‘I am afraid Mr. von Philipson finds it rather dull here?’

‘I am not aware of it.’

‘He seems a ve—ry——?’ said Beckendorff, looking keenly in his companion’s face. But Vivian did not

supply the desired phrase; and so the Minister was forced to finish the sentence himself—‘a very—gentlemanly sort of man?’ A low bow was the only response.

‘I trust, Sir, I may indulge the hope,’ continued Mr. Beckendorff, ‘that you will honour me with your company another day.’

‘You are most exceedingly obliging, Sir!’

‘Mr. von Philipson is fond, I think, of a country life?’ said Beckendorff.

‘Most men are, I think, Sir.’

‘I suppose he has no innate objection to live occasionally in a city?’

‘Few men have, I think, Sir.’

‘You probably have known him long?’

‘Not long enough to wish our acquaintance at an end.’

‘Hum!’

They proceeded in silence for about five minutes, and then Beckendorff again turned round, and this time with a direct question.

‘I wonder if Mr. von Philipson can make it convenient to honour me with his company another day. Can you tell me?’

‘I think the best person to inform you of that, Sir, would be his Highness himself,’ said Vivian, using his friend’s title purposely to show Mr. Beckendorff how very ridiculous he considered his present use of the incognito.

‘You think so, Sir, do you?’ answered Beckendorff, very sarcastically.

They had now arrived at the gate by which Vivian had reached the road.

‘Your course, Sir,’ said Mr. Beckendorff, ‘lies that way. I see, like myself, you are no great talker. We shall meet at breakfast.’ So saying, the Minister set spurs to his pony, and was soon out of sight.

When Vivian reached the house, he found the bow-window of the Library thrown open; and as he ap-



proached, he saw Mr. Beckendorff enter the room, and bow to the Prince. His Highness had passed a most excellent night, in spite of not sleeping in a bed ; and he was at this moment commencing a most delicious breakfast. His ill-humour had consequently all vanished. He had made up his mind that Beckendorff was a madman ; and although he had given up all the secret and flattering hopes which he had dared to entertain when the interview was first arranged, he nevertheless did not regret his visit, which on the whole had been very amusing, and had made him acquainted with the person and habits, and, as he believed, the intellectual powers of a man with whom, most probably, he should soon be engaged in open hostility. Vivian took his seat at the breakfast table, and Beckendorff stood conversing with them with his back to the fire-place, and occasionally, during the pauses of conversation, pulling the strings of his violin with his fingers. It did not escape Vivian's observation that the Minister was particularly courteous, and even attentive to his Highness ; and that he endeavoured by his quick, and more communicative answers, and occasionally by a stray observation, to encourage the good-humour which was visible on the cheerful countenance of the Prince.

‘Have you been long up, Mr. Beckendorff?’ asked the Prince ; for his host had resumed his dressing-gown and slippers.

‘I generally see the sun rise.’

‘And yet you retire late !—out riding last night, I understand?’

‘I never go to bed.’

‘Indeed!’ said the Prince. ‘Well, for my part, without my regular rest, I am nothing. Have you breakfasted, Mr. Beckendorff?’

‘Clara will bring my breakfast immediately.’

The dame accordingly soon appeared, bearing a tray with a basin of boiling water, and one very large thick biscuit. This, Mr. Beckendorff having well soaked in

the hot fluid, eagerly devoured ; and then taking up his violin, amused himself until his guests had finished their breakfast.

When Vivian had ended his meal, he left the Prince and Mr. Beckendorff alone, determined that his presence should not be the occasion of the Minister any longer retarding the commencement of business. The Prince, who by a private glance had been prepared for his departure, immediately took the opportunity of asking Mr. Beckendorff, in a very decisive tone, whether he might flatter himself that he could command his present attention to a subject of great importance. Mr. Beckendorff said that he was always at Mr. von Philipson's service ; and drawing a chair opposite him, the Prince and Mr. Beckendorff now sat on each side of the fireplace.

‘Hem !’ said the Prince, clearing his throat ; and he looked at Mr. Beckendorff, who sat with his heels close together, his toes out square, his hands resting on his knees, which, as well as his elbows, were turned out, his shoulders bent, his head reclined, and his eyes glancing.

‘Hem !’ said the Prince of Little Lilliput. ‘In compliance, Mr. Beckendorff, with your wish, developed in the communication received by me on the — inst., I assented in my answer to the arrangement then proposed ; the object of which was, to use your own words, to facilitate the occurrence of an oral interchange of the sentiments of various parties interested in certain proceedings, by which interchange it was anticipated that the mutual interests might be respectively considered and finally arranged. Prior, Mr. Beckendorff, to either of us going into any detail upon those points of probable discussion, which will, in all likelihood, form the fundamental features of this interview ; I wish to recall your attention to the paper which I had the honour of presenting to his Royal Highness, and which is alluded to in your communication of the — inst. The principal heads of that document I have brought with me, abridged in this paper.’

Here the Prince handed to Mr. Beckendorff a MS. pamphlet, consisting of about sixty foolscap sheets closely written. The Minister bowed very graciously as he took it from his Highness's hand; and then, without even looking at it, he laid it on the table.

'You, Sir, I perceive,' continued the Prince, 'are acquainted with its contents; and it will therefore be unnecessary for me at present to expatiate upon their individual expediency, or to argue for their particular adoption. And, Sir, when we observe the progress of the human mind, when we take into consideration the quick march of intellect, and the wide expansion of enlightened views and liberal principles—when we take a bird's-eye view of the history of man from the earliest ages to the present moment, I feel that it would be folly in me to conceive for an instant that the measures developed and recommended in that paper will not finally receive the approbation of his Royal Highness. As to the exact origin of slavery, Mr. Beckendorff, I confess that I am not, at this moment, prepared distinctly to speak. That the Divine Author of our religion was its decided enemy, I am informed, is clear. That the slavery of ancient times was the origin of the feudal service of a more modern period, is a point on which men of learning have not precisely made up their minds. With regard to the exact state of the ancient German people, Tacitus affords us a great deal of most interesting information. Whether or not, certain passages which I have brought with me marked in the *Germania*, are incontestable evidences that our ancestors enjoyed or understood the practice of a wise and well-regulated liberty, is a point on which I shall be happy to receive the opinion of so distinguished a statesman as Mr. Beckendorff. In stepping forward, as I have felt it my duty to do, as the advocate of popular rights and national privileges, I am desirous to prove that I have not become the votary of innovation and the professor of revolutionary doctrines. The passages of the Roman Author in

question, and an ancient charter of the Emperor Charlemagne, are, I consider, decisive and sufficient precedents for the measures which I have thought proper to sanction by my approval, and to support by my influence. A Minister, Mr. Beckendorff, must take care that in the great race of politics the minds of his countrymen do not leave his own behind them. We must never forget the powers and capabilities of man. On this very spot, perhaps, some centuries ago, savages clothed in skins were committing cannibalism in a forest. We must not forget, I repeat, that it is the business of those to whom Providence has allotted the responsible possession of power and influence—that it is their duty—our duty, Mr. Beckendorff—to become guardians of our weaker fellow-creatures—that all power is a trust—that we are accountable for its exercise—that, from the people, and for the people, all springs, and all must exist; and that, unless we conduct ourselves with the requisite wisdom, prudence, and propriety, the whole system of society will be disorganised; and this country, in particular, fall a victim to that system of corruption and misgovernment which has already occasioned the destruction of the great kingdoms mentioned in the Bible; and many other States besides—Greece, Rome, Carthage, etc.’

Thus ended the peroration of an harangue, consisting of an incoherent arrangement of imperfectly remembered facts and misunderstood principles; all gleaned by his Highness from the enlightening articles of the Reisenberg journals. Like Brutus, the Prince of Little Lilliput paused for a reply.

‘Mr. von Philipson,’ said his companion, when his Highness had finished, ‘you speak like a man of sense.’ Having given this answer, Mr. Beckendorff rose from his seat, and walked straight out of the room.

The Prince, at first, took the answer for a compliment; but Mr. Beckendorff not returning, he began to have a very faint idea that he was neglected. In this uncertainty, he rang the bell for his old friend Clara.

‘Mrs. Clara ! where is your master ?’

‘Just gone out, Sir.’

‘How do you mean ?’

‘He has gone out with his gun, Sir.’

‘You are quite sure he has gone out ?’

‘Quite sure, Sir. I took him his coat and boots myself.’

‘I am to understand, then, that your master has gone out ?’

‘Yes, Sir, Mr. Beckendorff has gone out. He will be home for his noon meal.’

‘That is enough !—Grey !’ hallooed the indignant Prince, darting into the garden ; ‘Grey ! Grey ! where are you, Grey ?’

‘Well, my dear Prince,’ said Vivian ; ‘what can possibly be the matter ?’

‘The matter ! insanity can be the only excuse ; insanity can alone account for his preposterous conduct. We have seen enough of him. The repetition of absurdity is only wearisome. Pray assist me in getting our horses immediately.’

‘Certainly, if you please ; but remember you brought me here as your friend and counsellor. As I have accepted the trust, I cannot help being sensible of the responsibility. Before, therefore, you finally resolve upon departure, pray let me be fully acquainted with the circumstance which has impelled you to this sudden resolution.’

‘Willingly, my good friend, could I only command my temper ; and yet to fall into a passion with a madman is almost a mark of madness : but his manner and his conduct are so provoking and so puzzling, that I cannot altogether repress my irritability. And that ridiculous incognito ! why I sometimes begin to think that I really am Mr. von Philipson ! An incognito forsooth ! for what ? to deceive whom ? His household apparently only consists of two persons, one of whom has visited me in my own castle ; and the other is a cross old hag, who

would not be able to comprehend my rank if she were aware of it. But to the point ! When you left the room, I was determined to be trifled with no longer, and I asked him in a firm voice, and very marked manner, whether I might command his immediate attention to very important business. He professed to be at my service. I opened the affair by taking a cursory, yet definite, review of the principles in which my political conduct had originated, and on which it was founded. I flattered myself that I had produced an impression. Sometimes, my dear Grey, we are in a better cue for these expositions than at others, and to-day I was really unusually felicitous. My memory never deserted me. I was, at the same time, luminous and profound ; and while I was guided by the philosophical spirit of the present day, I showed by my various reading that I respected the experience of antiquity. In short, I was perfectly satisfied with myself ; and with the exception of one single point about the origin of slavery, which unfortunately got entangled with the feudal system, I could not have got on better had Sievers himself been at my side. Nor did I spare Mr. Beckendorff ; but on the contrary, my good fellow, I said a few things which, had he been in his senses, must, I imagine, have gone home to his feelings. Do you know I finished by drawing his own character, and showing the inevitable effects of his ruinous policy : and what do you think he did ?

‘Left you in a passion ?’

‘Not at all. He seemed very much struck by what I had said, and apparently understood it. I have heard that in some species of insanity the patient is perfectly able to comprehend everything addressed to him, though at that point his sanity ceases, and he is unable to answer, or to act. This must be Beckendorff’s case ; for no sooner had I finished, than he rose up immediately, and saying that I spoke like a man of sense, he abruptly quitted the room. The housekeeper says he will not be at home again till that infernal ceremony takes place,

called the noon meal. Now do not you advise me to be off as soon as possible ? ’

‘It will require some deliberation. Pray did you not speak to him last night ? ’

‘Ah ! I forgot that I had not been able to speak to you since then. Well ! last night, what do you think he did ? When you were gone, he had the insolence to congratulate me on the opportunity then afforded of playing double dummy ; and when I declined his proposition, but said that if he wished to have an hour’s conversation I was at his service, he very coolly told me that he never talked, and bade me good-night ! Did you ever know such a madman ? He never goes to bed. I only had a sofa. How the deuce did you sleep ? ’

‘Well, and safely, considering that I was in a summer-house without lock or bolt.’

‘Well ! I need not ask you now as to your opinion of our immediately getting off. We shall have, however, some trouble about our horses, for he will not allow a quadruped near the house, except some monster of an animal that he rides himself ; and by St. Hubert ! I cannot find out where our steeds are. What shall we do ? ’ But Vivian did not answer. ‘Grey,’ continued his Highness ; ‘what are you thinking of ? Why don’t you answer ? ’

‘Your Highness must not go,’ said Vivian, shaking his head.

‘Not go ! why so, my good fellow ? ’

‘Depend upon it, you are wrong about Beckendorff. That he is a humourist there is no doubt ; but it appears to me to be equally clear, that his queer habits and singular mode of life are not of late adoption. What he is now, he must have been these ten, perhaps these twenty years, perhaps more. Of this there are a thousand proofs about us. As to the overpowering cause which has made him the character he appears at present, it is needless for us to enquire. Probably some incident in his private life, in all likelihood connected with the mysterious picture.

Let us be satisfied with the effect. If the case be as I state it, in his private life and habits Beckendorff must have been equally incomprehensible and equally singular at the very time that, in his public capacity, he was producing such brilliant results, as at the present moment. Now then, can we believe him to be insane? I anticipate your objections. I know you will enlarge upon the evident absurdity of his inviting his political opponent to his house, for a grave consultation on the most important affairs, and then treating him as he has done you; when it must be clear to him that you cannot be again duped, and when he must feel that were he to amuse you for as many weeks as he has days, your plans and your position would not be injuriously affected. Be it so.—Probably a humourist like Beckendorff cannot, even in the most critical moment, altogether restrain the bent of his capricious inclinations. However, my dear Prince, I will lay no stress upon this point. My opinion, indeed my conviction is, that Beckendorff acts from design. I have considered his conduct well; and I have observed all that you have seen, and more than you have seen, and keenly. Depend upon it, that since you assented to the interview, Beckendorff has been obliged to shift his intended position for negotiation. Some of the machinery has gone wrong. Fearful, if he had postponed your visit, you should imagine that he was only again amusing you, and consequently listen to no future overtures, he has allowed you to attend a conference for which he is not prepared. That he is making desperate exertions to bring the business to a point is my firm opinion; and you would perhaps agree with me, were you as convinced as I am, that since we parted last night our host has been to Reisenberg and back again.'

'To Reisenberg, and back again!'

'Ay! I rose this morning at an early hour, and imagining that both you and Beckendorff had not yet made your appearance, I escaped from the grounds, intending to explore part of the surrounding country. In my



stroll I came to a narrow winding road, which I am convinced lies in the direction towards Reisenberg; there, for some reason or other, I loitered more than an hour, and very probably should have been too late for breakfast, had not I been recalled to myself by the approach of a horseman. It was Beckendorff, covered with dust and mud. His horse had been evidently hard-ridden. I did not think much of it at the time, because I supposed he might have been out for three or four hours, and hard-worked, but I nevertheless was struck by his appearance; and when you mentioned that he went out riding at a late hour last night, it immediately occurred to me, that had he come home at one or two o'clock, it was not very probable that he would have gone out again at four or five. I have no doubt that my conjecture is correct—Beckendorff has been at Reisenberg.'

'You have placed this business in a new and important light,' said the Prince, his expiring hopes reviving; 'what, then, do you advise me to do?'

'To be quiet. If your own view of the case be right, you can act as well to-morrow or the next day as this moment; on the contrary, if mine be the correct one, a moment may enable Beckendorff himself to bring affairs to a crisis. In either case, I should recommend you to be silent, and in no manner to allude any more to the object of your visit. If you speak, you only give opportunities to Beckendorff of ascertaining your opinions and your inclinations; and your silence, after such frequent attempts on your side to promote discussion upon business, will soon be discovered by him to be systematic. This will not decrease his opinion of your sagacity and firmness. The first principle of negotiation is to make your adversary respect you.'

After long consultation, the Prince determined to follow Vivian's advice; and so firmly did he adhere to his purpose, that when he met Mr. Beckendorff at the noon meal, he asked him, with a very unembarrassed voice and manner, 'what sport he had had in the morning?'

The noon meal again consisted of a single dish, as exquisitely dressed, however, as the preceding one. It was a splendid haunch of venison.

‘This is my dinner, gentlemen,’ said Beckendorff; ‘let it be your luncheon: I have ordered your dinner at sunset.’

After having eaten a slice of the haunch, Mr. Beckendorff rose from table, and said, ‘We will have our wine in the drawing-room, Mr. von Philipson, and then you will not be disturbed with my birds.’

He left the room.

To the drawing-room, therefore, his two guests soon adjourned. They found him busily employed with his pencil. The Prince thought it must be a chart or a fortification at least, and was rather surprised when Mr. Beckendorff asked him the magnitude of Mirac in Bootes: and the Prince confessing his utter ignorance of the subject, the Minister threw aside his unfinished Planisphere, and drew his chair to them at the table. It was with great pleasure that his Highness perceived a bottle of his favourite Tokay; and with no little astonishment he observed that to-day there were three wine-glasses placed before them. They were of peculiar beauty, and almost worthy, for their elegant shapes and great antiquity, of being included in the collection of the Duke of Schoss Johannisberger.

‘Your praise of my cellar, Sir,’ said Mr. Beckendorff, very graciously, ‘has made me turn wine-drinker.’ So saying, the Minister took up one of the rare glasses and held it to the light. His keen, glancing eye detected an almost invisible cloud on the side of the delicate glass, and jerking it across him, he flung it into the farthest corner of the room—it was shattered into a thousand pieces. He took up the second glass, examined it very narrowly, and then sent it, with equal force, after its companion. The third one shared the same fate. He rose and rang the bell.

‘Clara!’ said Mr. Beckendorff, in his usual tone of

voice, 'some clean glasses, and sweep away that litter in the corner.'

'He is mad then !' thought the Prince of Little Lilliput, and he shot a glance at his companion, which Vivian could not misunderstand.

After exhausting their bottle, in which they were assisted to the extent of one glass by their host, who drank Mr. von Philipson's health with cordiality, they assented to Mr. Beckendorff's proposition of visiting his fruitery.

To the Prince's great relief, dinner-time soon arrived ; and having employed a couple of hours on that meal very satisfactorily, he and Vivian adjourned to the drawing-room, having previously pledged their honour to each other, that nothing should again induce them to play dummy whist. Their resolutions and their promises were needless. Mr. Beckendorff, who was sitting opposite the fire when they came into the room, neither by word nor motion acknowledged that he was aware of their entrance. Vivian found refuge in a book ; and the Prince, after having examined and re-examined the brilliant birds that figured on the drawing-room paper, fell asleep upon the sofa. Mr. Beckendorff took down the guitar, and accompanied himself in a low voice for some time ; then he suddenly ceased, and stretching out his legs, and supporting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, he leant back in his chair, and remained perfectly motionless, with his eyes fixed upon the picture. Vivian, in turn, gazed upon this singular being, and the fair pictured form which he seemed to idolise. Was he, too, unhappy ? Had he, too, been bereft in the hour of his proud and perfect joy ? Had he, too, lost a virgin bride ? —His agony overcame him, the book fell from his hand, and he groaned aloud ! Mr. Beckendorff started, and the Prince awoke. Vivian, confounded, and unable to overpower his emotions, uttered some hasty words, explanatory, apologetical, and contradictory, and retired. In his walk to the summer-house, a man passed him. In spite of a

great cloak, Vivian recognised him as their messenger and guide ; and his ample mantle did not conceal his riding-boots, and the spurs which glistened in the moonlight.

It was an hour past midnight when the door of the summer-house softly opened, and Mr. Beckendorff entered. He started when he found Vivian still undressed, and pacing up and down the little chamber. The young man made an effort, when he witnessed an intruder, to compose a countenance whose agitation could not be concealed.

‘What, are you up again?’ said Mr. Beckendorff. ‘Are you ill?’

‘Would I were as well in mind as in body ! I have not yet been to rest. We cannot command our feelings at all moments, Sir ; and at this, especially, I felt that I had a right to consider myself alone.’

‘I most exceedingly regret that I have disturbed you,’ said Mr. Beckendorff, in a very kind voice, and in a manner which responded to the sympathy of his tone. ‘I thought that you had been long asleep. There is a star which I cannot exactly make out. I fancy it must be a comet, and so I ran to the Observatory ; but let me not disturb you,’ and Mr. Beckendorff was retiring.

‘You do not disturb me, Sir. I cannot sleep :—pray ascend.’

‘Oh no ! never mind the star. But if you really have no inclination to sleep, let us sit down, and have a little conversation ; or perhaps we had better take a stroll. It is a very warm night.’ As he spoke, Mr. Beckendorff gently put his arm within Vivian’s, and led him down the steps.

‘Are you an astronomer, Sir ?’ asked Beckendorff.

‘I can tell the Great Bear from the Little Dog ; but I confess that I look upon the stars rather in a poetical than a scientific spirit.’

‘Hum ! I confess I do not.’

‘There are moments,’ continued Vivian, ‘when I cannot refrain from believing that these mysterious luminaries have more influence over our fortunes than

modern times are disposed to believe. I feel that I am getting less sceptical, perhaps I should say more credulous, every day ; but sorrow makes us superstitious.'

'I discard all such fantasies,' said Mr. Beckendorff ; 'they only tend to enervate our mental energies, and paralyse all human exertion. It is the belief in these, and a thousand other deceits I could mention, which teach man that he is not the master of his own mind, but the ordained victim, or the chance sport of circumstances, that makes millions pass through life unimpressive as shadows ; and has gained for this existence the stigma of a vanity which it does not deserve.'

'I wish that I could think as you do,' said Vivian ; 'but the experience of my life forbids me. Within only these last two years, my career has, in so many instances, indicated that I am not the master of my own conduct ; that, no longer able to resist the conviction which is hourly impressed on me, I recognise in every contingency the pre-ordination of my fate.'

'A delusion of the brain !' said Beckendorff, very quickly. 'Fate, Destiny, Chance, particular and special Providence—idle words ! Dismiss them all, Sir ! A man's Fate is his own temper ; and according to that will be his opinion as to the particular manner in which the course of events is regulated. A consistent man believes in Destiny—a capricious man in Chance.'

'But, Sir, what is a man's temper ? It may be changed every hour. I started in life with very different feelings to those which I profess at this moment. With great deference to you, I imagine that you mistake the effect for the cause ; for surely temper is not the origin, but the result of those circumstances of which we are all the creatures.'

'Sir, I deny it. Man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of men. We are free agents, and man is more powerful than matter. I recognise no intervening influence between that of the established course of Nature, and my own

mind. Truth may be distorted—may be stifled—be suppressed.—The invention of cunning deceits may, and in most instances does, prevent man from exercising his own powers. They have made him responsible to a realm of shadows, and a suitor in a court of shades. He is ever dreading authority which does not exist, and fearing the occurrence of penalties which there are none to enforce. But the mind that dares to extricate itself from these vulgar prejudices, that proves its loyalty to its Creator by devoting all its adoration to his glory—such a spirit as this becomes a master-mind, and that master-mind will invariably find that circumstances are its slaves.'

'Mr. Beckendorff, your's is a very bold philosophy, of which I, myself, was once a votary. How successful in my service, you may judge by finding me a wanderer.'

'Sir! your present age is the age of error: your whole system is founded on a fallacy: you believe that a man's temper can change. I deny it. If you have ever seriously entertained the views which I profess; if, as you lead me to suppose, you have dared to act upon them, and failed; sooner or later, whatever may be your present conviction, and your present feelings, you will recur to your original wishes, and your original pursuits. With a mind experienced and matured, you may in all probability be successful; and then I suppose, stretching your legs in your easy-chair, you will at the same moment be convinced of your own genius, and recognise your own Destiny!'

'With regard to myself, Mr. Beckendorff, I am convinced of the erroneousness of your views. It is my opinion, that no one who has dared to think, can look upon this world in any other than a mournful spirit. Young as I am, nearly two years have elapsed since, disgusted with the world of politics, I retired to a foreign solitude. At length, with passions subdued, and, as I flatter myself, with a mind matured, convinced of the vanity of all human affairs, I felt emboldened once

more partially to mingle with my species. Bitter as my lot had been, as a philosopher, I had discovered the origin of my misery in my own unbridled passions; and, tranquil and subdued, I now trusted to pass through life as certain of no fresh sorrows as I was of no fresh joys. And yet, Sir, I am at this moment sinking under the infliction of unparalleled misery—misery which I feel I have a right to believe was undeserved. But why expatiate to a stranger on sorrow which must be secret? I deliver myself up to my remorseless Fate.'

'What is Grief?' said Mr. Beckendorff;—'if it be excited by the fear of some contingency, instead of grieving, a man should exert his energies, and prevent its occurrence. If, on the contrary, it be caused by an event, that which has been occasioned by anything human, by the co-operation of human circumstances, can be, and invariably is, removed by the same means. Grief is the agony of an instant; the indulgence of Grief, the blunder of a life. Mix in the world, and in a month's time you will speak to me very differently. A young man, you meet with disappointment,—in spite of all your exalted notions of your own powers, you immediately sink under it. If your belief of your powers were sincere, you should have proved it by the manner in which you struggled against adversity, not merely by the mode in which you laboured for advancement. The latter is but a very inferior merit. If, in fact, you wish to succeed, success, I repeat, is at your command. You talk to me of your experience; and do you think that my sentiments are the crude opinions of an unpractised man? Sir! I am not fond of conversing with any person; and therefore, far from being inclined to maintain an argument in a spirit of insincerity, merely for the sake of a victory of words. Mark what I say: it is truth. No Minister ever yet fell, but from his own inefficiency. If his downfall be occasioned, as it generally is, by the intrigues of one of his own creatures, his downfall is merited for having been the dupe of a tool,

which in all probability he should never have employed. If he fall through the open attacks of his political opponents, his downfall is equally deserved, for having occasioned by his impolicy the formation of a party ; for having allowed it to be formed ; or for not having crushed it when formed. No conjuncture can possibly occur, however fearful, however tremendous it may appear, from which a man, by his own energy, may not extricate himself—as a mariner by the rattling of his cannon can dissipate the impending water-spout !<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER VIII

**I**T was on the third day of the visit to Mr. Beckendorff, just as that gentleman was composing his mind after his noon meal with his favourite Crèmona, and in a moment of rapture raising his instrument high in air, that the door was suddenly dashed open, and Essper George rushed into the room. The intruder, the moment that his eye caught Vivian, flew to his master, and seizing him by the arm, commenced and continued a loud shout of exultation, accompanying his scream the whole time by a kind of quick dance ; which, though not quite as clamorous as the Pyrrhic, nevertheless completely drowned the scientific harmony of Mr. Beckendorff.

So perfectly astounded were the three gentlemen by this unexpected entrance, that some moments elapsed ere either of them found words at his command. At length the master of the house spoke.

‘Mr. von Philipson, I beg the favour of being informed who this person is ?’

The Prince did not answer, but looked at Vivian in great distress, and just as our hero was about to give Mr. Beckendorff the requisite information, Essper George,



taking up the parable himself, seized the opportunity of explaining the mystery.

‘Who am I?—who are you? I am an honest man, and no traitor; and if all were the same, why, then there would be no rogues in Reisenberg, and no lone houses in woods and bye-places to wheedle young lords to. Who am I?—a man. There’s an arm! there’s a leg! Can you see through a wood by twilight? if so, your’s is a better eye than mine. Can you eat an unskinned hare, or dine on the haunch of a bounding stag? if so, your teeth are sharper than mine. Can you hear a robber’s footstep when he’s kneeling before murder? or can you listen to the snow falling on Midsummer’s Day? if so, your ears are finer than mine. Can you run with a chamois?—can you wrestle with a bear?—can you swim with an otter? if so, I’m your match. How many cities have you seen?—how many knaves have you gulled?—what’s the average price of lawyer’s breath in all the capitals of Christendom?—Which is dearest, bread or justice?—Why do men pay more for the protection of life, than life itself?—Who first bought gold with diamonds?—Is cheater a staple at Constantinople as it is at Vienna?—and what’s the difference between a Baltic merchant and a Greek pirate?—Tell me all this, and I will tell you who went in mourning in the moon at the death of the last comet. Who am I, indeed!’

The agony of the Prince and Vivian, while Essper George, with inconceivable rapidity, addressed to Mr. Beckendorff these choice queries, was inconceivable. Once Vivian tried to check him, but in vain. He did not repeat his attempt, for he was sufficiently employed in restraining his own agitation, and keeping his own countenance; for, in spite of the mortification and anger that Essper’s appearance had excited in him, still an unfortunate, but innate taste for the ludicrous, did not allow him to be perfectly insensible to the humour of the scene. Mr. Beckendorff listened very quietly till Essper had finished—he then rose.

‘Mr. von Philipson,’ said he, ‘as a personal favour to yourself, and to my own great inconvenience, I consented that in this interview you should be attended by a friend. I did not reckon upon your servant, and it is impossible that I can tolerate his presence for a moment. You know how I live, and that my sole attendant is a female. I allow no male servants within this house. Even when his Royal Highness honours me with his presence, he is unattended. I desire that I am immediately released from the presence of this buffoon.’

So saying, Mr. Beckendorff left the room.

‘Who are you?’ said Essper, following him, with his back bent, his head on his chest, and his eyes glancing. The imitation was perfect.

As soon as Mr. Beckendorff had retired, the Prince raised his eyes to heaven, and clasped his hands with a look of great anguish.

‘Well, Grey! here’s a business. What is to be done?’

‘Essper,’ said Vivian, ‘your conduct is inexcusable, the mischief that you have done irreparable, and your punishment shall be most severe.’

‘Severe! Why, what day did your Highness sell your gratitude for a silver groschen! Severe! Is this the return for finding you out, and saving you from a thousand times more desperate gang than that Baron at Ems! Severe! Severe indeed will be your lot when you are in a dungeon in Reisenberg Castle, with black bread for roast venison, and sour water for Rhenish! Severe, indeed!’

‘Why, what are you talking about?’

‘Talking about! About bloody treason, and arch traitors, and an old scoundrel who lives in a lone lane, and dares not look you straight in the face. Why, his very blink is enough to hang him without trial! Talking about! About a young gentleman, whom, if he were not my master, no one, with my leave, should say was not as neat a squire as ever kissed a maid instead of going to church.’

‘Essper, you will be so good as to drop all this gesticulation, and let this rhodomontade cease immediately ; and then in distinct terms inform his Highness and myself of the causes of this unparalleled intrusion.’

The impressiveness of Vivian’s manner produced a proper effect ; and except that he spoke somewhat affectedly slow, and ridiculously precise, Essper George delivered himself with great clearness.

‘You see, your Highness never let me know that you were going to leave, and so when I found that you didn’t come back, I made bold to speak to Mr. Arnelm when he came home from hunting ; but I couldn’t get enough breath out of him to stop a lady-bird on a rose-leaf. I didn’t much like it, your honour, for I was among strangers and so were you, you know. Well, then I went to Master Rodolph : he was very kind to me, and seeing me in low spirits, and thinking me, I suppose, in love, or in debt, or that I had done some piece of mischief, or had something or other preying on my mind ; he comes to me, and says, “Essper,” said he—you remember Master Rodolph’s voice, your Highness ?’

‘Go on, go on—to the point. Never let me hear Master Rodolph’s name again.’

‘Yes, your Highness ! Well, well ! he said to me, “Come and dine with me in my room” ; says I, “I will.” A good offer should never be refused, unless we have a better one at the same time. Whereupon, after dinner, Master Rodolph said to me—“We’ll have a bottle of Burgundy for a treat.”—You see, Sir, we were rather sick of the Rhenish. Well, your Highness, we were free with the wine ; and Master Rodolph, who is never easy, except when he knows everything, must be trying, you see, to get out of me what it was that made me so down in the mouth. I, seeing this, thought I’d put off the secret to another bottle ; which being produced, I did not conceal from him any longer what was making me so low. “Rodolph,” said I, “I don’t like my young master going out in this odd way : he’s of a temper to

get into scrapes, and I should like very much to know what he and the Prince (saving your Highness's presence) are after. They have been shut up in that Cabinet these two nights, and though I walked by the door pretty often, devil a bit of a word ever came through the key-hole; and so you see,—Rodolph," said I, "it requires a bottle or two of Burgundy to keep my spirits up." Well, your Highness, strange to say, no sooner had I spoken, than Master Rodolph,—he has been very kind to me—very kind indeed—he put his head across the little table—we dined at the little table on the right hand of the room as you enter——'

'Go on.'

'I am going on. Well! he put his head across the little table, and said to me in a low whisper, cocking his odd-looking eye at the same time; "I tell you what, Essper, you're a damned sharp fellow!" and so, giving a shake of his head, and another wink of his eye, he was quiet. I smelt a rat, but I didn't begin to pump directly, but after the third bottle—"Rodolph," said I, "with regard to your last observation (for we had not spoken lately, Burgundy being too fat a wine for talking) we are *both* of us damned sharp fellows. "I daresay now, you and I are thinking of the same thing." "No doubt of it," said Rodolph. And so, your Highness, he agreed to tell me what he was thinking of, on condition that I should be equally frank afterwards. Well, your Highness, he told me that there were sad goings on at Turriparva.'

'The deuce!' said the Prince.

'Let him tell his story,' said Vivian.

'Sad goings on at Turriparva! He wished that his Highness would hunt more, and attend less to politics; and then he told me quite confidentially, that his Highness the Prince, and Heaven knows how many other Princes besides, had leagued together, and were going to dethrone the Grand Duke, and that his master was to be made King, and he, Master Rodolph, Prime Minister. Hearing all this, and duly allowing for a tale over a bottle,

I made no doubt, as I find to be the case, that your Highness was being led into some mischief; and as I know that conspiracies are always unsuccessful, I've done my best to save my master; and I beseech you, upon my knees, my darling Sir, to get out of the scrape as soon as you possibly can.' Here Essper George threw himself at Vivian's feet, and entreated him in the most earnest terms, to quit the house immediately.

'Was ever anything so absurd and so mischievous!' ejaculated the Prince; and then he conversed with Vivian for some time in a whisper. 'Essper,' at length Vivian said, 'you have committed one of the most perfect and most injurious blunders that you could possibly perpetrate. The mischief which may result from your imprudent conduct is incalculable. How long is it since you have thought proper to regulate your conduct on the absurd falsehoods of a drunken steward? His Highness and myself wish to consult in private; but on no account leave the house. Now mind me; if you leave this house without my permission, you forfeit the little chance which remains of being retained in my service.'

'Where am I to go, Sir?'

'Stay in the passage.'

'Suppose (here he imitated Beckendorff) comes to me.'

'Then open the door, and come into this room.'

Essper looked very doubtful, and rather disappointed. He quitted the room, and the Prince and Vivian thought themselves alone; but Essper suddenly opened the door, and said in a loud and very lamentable tone, with a most rueful expression of countenance—'Oh, my young master! beware! beware! beware!'

'Well,' said the Prince, when the door was at length shut; 'one thing is quite clear. He does not know who Beckendorff is.'

'So far satisfactory; but I feel the force of your Highness's observations. It is a most puzzling case. To send him back to Turripurva would be madness: the whole affair would be immediately revealed over another

bottle of Burgundy with Master Rodolph : in fact, your Highness's visit would be a secret to no one in the country : your host would be soon discovered, and the evil consequences are incalculable. I know no one to send him to at Reisenberg ; and if I did, it appears to me, that the same objections equally apply to his proceeding to that city as to his returning to Turriparva. What is to be done ? Surely some dæmon must have inspired him. We cannot now request Beckendorff to allow him to stay here ; and if we did, I am convinced, from his tone and manner, that nothing could induce him to comply with our wish. The only course to be pursued is certainly an annoying one ; but, as far as I can judge, it is the only mode by which very serious mischief can be prevented. Let me proceed forthwith to Reisenberg with Essper. Placed immediately under my eye, and solemnly adjured by me to silence, I think I can answer, particularly when I give him a gentle hint of the station of Beckendorff, for his preserving the confidence with which it will now be our policy partially to entrust him. It is, to say the least, awkward and distressing to leave you alone, but what is to be done ? It does not appear that I can now be of any material service to you. I have assisted you as much, and more than we could reasonably have supposed it would have been in my power to have done, by throwing some light upon the character and situation of Beckendorff. With the clue to his conduct, which my chance meeting with him yesterday morning has afforded us, the only point for your Highness to determine is, as to the length of time you will resolve to wait for his communication. As to your final agreement, together with your Highness's settled views and decided purpose, all the difficulty of negotiation will be on his side. Whatever, my dear Prince,' continued Vivian, with a very significant voice and very marked emphasis ; 'whatever, my dear Prince, may be your secret wishes, be assured that, to attain them in your present negotiation you have only *to be firm*. Let nothing divert you from

your purpose, and the termination of this interview must be gratifying to you.'

The Prince of Little Lilliput was very disinclined to part with his shrewd counsellor, who had already done him considerable service; and he strongly opposed Vivian's proposition. His opposition, however, like that of most other persons, was unaccompanied by any suggestion on his part; and as both agreed that something must be done, it of course ended in the Prince's being of opinion that Vivian's advice must be followed. Having once come to a resolution, it was always a rule with Vivian Grey to carry it into effect as quickly as possible; and he therefore suggested that they should immediately go to Beckendorff, and inform him of the result of their consultation. The Prince was really very much affected by this sudden and unexpected parting with one for whom, though he had known him so short a time, he began to entertain a very sincere regard. 'I owe you my life,' said the Prince; 'and perhaps more than my life; and here we are about suddenly to part, never to meet again. I wish I could get you to make Turriparva your home. You should have your own suite of rooms, your own horses, your own servants; and never feel for an instant that you were not master of all around you. In truth,' continued the Prince, with great earnestness, 'I wish, my dear friend, you would really think seriously of this. You know you could visit Vienna, and even Italy, and yet return to me. Max would be delighted to see you: he loves you already, and Sievers and his library would be at your command. Agree to my proposition, my dear friend.'

'I cannot express to your Highness how sensible I am of your kindness. Your friendship I sincerely value, and shall never forget: but I am too unhappy and unlucky a being to burden any one with my constant presence. Adieu! or will you go with me to Beckendorff?'

'Oh, go with you by all means! But,' said the Prince,

taking a ruby ring of great antiquity off his finger, 'I should feel happy if you would wear this for my sake.'

The Prince was so much affected at the thoughts of parting with Vivian, that he could scarcely speak. Vivian accepted the ring with a cordiality which the kind-hearted donor deserved; and yet our hero unfortunately had had rather too much experience of the world not to be aware that, most probably, in less than another week his affectionate friend would not be able to recall his name under an hour's recollection. Such are friends! The moment that we are not at their side, we are neglected; and the moment that we die, we are forgotten!

They found Mr. Beckendorff in his Library. In apprising Mr. Beckendorff of his intention of immediately quitting his roof, Vivian did not omit to state the causes of his sudden departure. These not only accounted for the abruptness of his movement, but also gave Beckendorff an opportunity of preventing its necessity, by allowing Essper to remain. But the opportunity was not seized by Mr. Beckendorff. The truth was, that gentleman had a particular wish to see Vivian out of his house. In allowing the Prince of Little Lilliput to be attended during the interview by a friend, Beckendorff had prepared himself for the reception of some brawny Jagd Junker, or some thick-headed Chamberlain, who he reckoned would act rather as an encumbrance than an aid to his opponent. It was with great mortification, therefore, that he found him accompanied by a shrewd, experienced, wary, and educated Englishman. A man like Beckendorff soon discovered that Vivian Grey's was no common mind. His conversation with him, of the last night, had given him high notions of his powers; and the moment that Beckendorff saw Essper George enter the house, he determined that he should be the cause of Vivian leaving it. There was also another and weighty reason for Mr. Beckendorff desiring that the Prince of Little Lilliput should at this moment be left to himself.

'Mr. Grey will ride on to Reisenberg immediately,'



said the Prince ; ‘and, my dear friend, you may depend upon having your luggage by the day after to-morrow. I shall be at Turriparva early to-morrow morning, and it will be my first care.’

This was said in a very loud voice, and both gentlemen watched Mr. Beckendorff’s countenance as the information was given ; but no emotion was visible.

‘Well, Sir, good-morning to you,’ said Mr. Beckendorff ; ‘I am very sorry you are going. Had I known it sooner, I would have given you a letter. If you are likely to travel much, I would recommend you to wear flannel waistcoats. Perhaps you do wear them. Mr. von Philipson,’ said Beckendorff, ‘do me the favour of looking over that paper.’ So saying, Mr. Beckendorff put some official report into the Prince’s hand ; and while his Highness’ attention was attracted by this sudden request, Mr. Beckendorff laid his finger on Vivian’s arm, and said, in a lower tone, ‘I shall take care that you find a powerful friend at Reisenberg !’

*BOOK THE SEVENTH*



## CHAPTER I

**A**S Vivian left the room, Mr. Beckendorff was seized with an unusual desire to converse with the Prince of Little Lilliput, and his Highness was consequently debarred the consolation of walking with his friend as far as the horses. At the little gate Vivian and Essper encountered the only male attendant who was allowed to approach the house of Mr. Beckendorff. As Vivian quietly walked his horse up the rough turf road, he could not refrain from recurring to his conversation of the previous night ; and when he called to mind the adventures of the last six days, he had new cause to wonder at, and perhaps to lament over, his singular fate. In that short time he had saved the life of a powerful Prince, and been immediately signalled out, without any exertion on his part, as the object of that Prince's friendship. The moment he arrives at his castle, by a wonderful contingency, he becomes the depositary of important state secrets, and assists in a consultation of the utmost importance with one of the most powerful Ministers in Europe. And now the object of so much friendship, confidence, and honour, he is suddenly on the road to the capital of the State of which his late host is the Prime Minister, and his friend the chief subject, without even the convenience of a common letter of introduction ; and with no prospect of viewing with even the usual advantages of a common traveller, one of the most interesting of European Courts.

When he had proceeded about half-way up the turt lane, he found a private road to his right ; which, with that spirit of adventure for which Englishmen are celebrated, he immediately resolved must not only lead to Reisenberg, but also carry him to that city much sooner than the regular high road. He had not advanced far up this road before he came to the gate at which he had parted with Beckendorff on the morning that gentleman had roused him so unexpectedly from his reverie in a green lane. He was surprised to find a horseman dismounting at the gate. Struck by this singular circumstance, the appearance of the stranger was not unnoticed. He was a tall and well-proportioned man, and as the traveller passed he stared Vivian so fully in the face, that our hero did not fail to remark his very handsome countenance, the expression of which, however, was rather vacant and unpleasing. He was dressed in a riding-coat, exactly similar to the one always worn by Beckendorff's messenger ; and had Vivian not seen him so distinctly, he would have mistaken him for that person. The stranger was rather indifferently mounted, and carried his cloak and a small portmanteau at the back of his saddle.

'I suppose it is the butler,' said Essper George, who now spoke for the first time since his dismissal from the room. Vivian did not answer him ; not because he entertained any angry feeling on account of his exceedingly unpleasant visit. By no means : it was impossible for a man like Vivian Grey to cherish an irritated feeling for a second. The Emperor Augustus (I quote from my last school theme) ; the Emperor Augustus had a habit, whenever he was on the point of falling into a passion, of repeating his alphabet. It was then the fashion for emperors to be somewhat more erudite than they are at present. Whether the Roman's recipe for keeping his temper could be pursued by some modern emperors, or many private persons that I could mention, is a point on which I do not feel qualified to decide.

Saying the alphabet, for instance, accurately in the language of Thibet, where the characters are of two kinds—the *uchem* and the *umin*—and consist principally of arbitrary guttural and nasal sounds, would be no joke. My plan to moderate a temper is much briefer than that of Imperial Cæsar. You have only to repeat nine letters, and spell *human life*; and if there be a man who can grieve or rage when anything so inexpressibly ludicrous is recalled to his attention, why then he deserves to live all his life in a volcano, and snuff high-dried cayenne instead of pounded tobacco.

But Vivian Grey did not exchange a syllable with Essper George, merely because he was not in the humour to speak. He could not refrain from musing on the singular events of the last few days; and, above all, the character of Beckendorff particularly engrossed his meditation. Their extraordinary conversation of the preceding night excited in his mind new feelings of wonder, and revived emotions which he thought were dead, or everlastingly dormant. Apparently, the philosophy on which Beckendorff had regulated his extraordinary career, and by which he had arrived at his almost unparalleled pitch of greatness, was exactly the same with which he himself, Vivian Grey, had started in life; which he had found so fatal in its consequences; which he believed to be so vain in its principles. How was this? What radical error had he committed? It required little consideration. Thirty, and more than thirty, years had passed over the head of Beckendorff, ere the world felt his power, or indeed was conscious of his existence. A deep student, not only of man in detail, but of man in groups—not only of individuals, but of nations,—Beckendorff had hived up his ample knowledge of all subjects which could interest his fellow-creatures; and when that opportunity, which in this world occurs to all men, occurred to Beckendorff, he was prepared. With acquirements equal to his genius, Beckendorff depended only upon himself, and succeeded. Vivian Grey, with a mind inferior to no

man's, dashed on the stage, in years a boy, though in feelings a man. Brilliant as might have been his genius, his acquirements necessarily were insufficient. He could not depend only upon himself; a consequent necessity arose to have recourse to the assistance of others; to inspire them with feelings which they could not share; and humour and manage the petty weaknesses which he himself could not experience. His colleagues were, at the same time, to work for the gratification of their own private interests, the most palpable of all abstract things; and to carry into execution a great purpose, which their feeble minds, interested only by the first point, cared not to comprehend. The unnatural combination failed; and its originator fell. To believe that he could recur again to the hopes, the feelings, the pursuits of his boyhood, he felt to be the vainest of delusions. It was the expectation of a man like Beckendorff—whose career, though difficult, though hazardous, had been uniformly successful—of a man who mistook cares for grief, and anxiety for sorrow.

The travellers entered the city at sunset. Proceeding through an ancient and unseemly town, full of long, narrow, and ill-paved streets, and black uneven-built houses, they ascended the hill, on the top of which was situated the new and Residence town of Reisenberg. The proud palace, the white squares, the architectural streets, the new churches, the elegant opera house, the splendid hotels, and the gay public gardens full of busts, vases, and statues, and surrounded by an iron railing cast out of the cannon taken from both sides during the war by the Reisenberg troops, and now formed into pikes and fasces, glittering with gilded heads—all these shining in the setting sun, produced an effect which, at any time, and in any place, would have been beautiful and striking; but on the present occasion were still more so, from the remarkable contrast they afforded to the ancient, gloomy, and filthy town through which Vivian had just passed; and where, from the lowness of its situation, the sun had already set. There was as much difference between the

old and new town of Reisenberg as between the old barbarous Margrave and the new and noble Grand Duke.

A man is never sooner domesticated than in a first-rate hotel, particularly on the Continent ; where, in fact, life is never domestic, and where, dining every day as you do at a table d'hôte, at which half of the respectable house-keepers in the city attend, you feel from this circumstance that there is no mode of life to be preferred to the one that your situation obliges you to adopt. In London it is sometimes different ; and a man retiring, after his daily lounge, to his solitary meal at Long's or Stevens's, is apt sometimes to feel lonely, particularly when he has not an engagement for the evening, or his claret is not in the most superb condition.

CLARET, bright Claret ! solace of the soul, and the heart's best friend ! How many suicides hast thou prevented ! how many bruised spirits and breaking hearts has thy soft and soothing flow assuaged and made whole ! Man, do thy worst—and woman, do thy best—one consolation always remains. Long bills and libels, a duel and a dun, a jealous woman and a boring man are evils, and the worst—as also are a rowing father and a surly son, pert daughters and manœuvring mothers. Some dislike old maids, few dislike young ones. Few have a partiality for taxes ; but this is a national grievance, and if judiciously arranged, does not press upon the individual. Sermons on Sunday are proper and pleasant, if not over long. I only know one man who loves a losing card. Poetry also is endurable, particularly if it be a Tragedy, and make us laugh. A rabid poetaster, foaming over a critique, none can tolerate. Yet bills and slander, duels, duns and dungeons, and bores and green-eyed dames, disorganised families, old maids and cold maids, and grinding taxes, sermons and tragedies, and bards and cards, all can be borne, if we may only forget their noise and nonsense in the red glories of thy oblivious stream ! By stream, I mean the stream of Claret. From the length of the



sentence, it might be misunderstood ; and if any one, in our chill winter clime, at any time find this liquor lie cold within its accustomed receptacle, why, after every third glass, let him warm it with one of Cognac. \*

‘Chill winter clime’ is, after all, a vulgar error, and merely brought in to round the period. Our atmosphere, like our taste, has of late much improved ; and it is probable that when our present monarch has concluded his architectural labours by perfectly banishing brick from all outward appearance, our climate proportionately improving, an Italian sky may illumine our palaces of stucco. By which phrase I do not mean to sneer at modern London. Some wiseheads laugh at our plaster, and talk of our unhappy deficiency in marble. I wish to know which of the boasted cities of the European continent is built of this vaunted marble ? As for myself, the only difference that I ever observed between our own new streets and the elevations of foreign cities is, that our stucco being of a much superior quality, and kept in a much superior condition, produces a general effect which their cracked and peeling walls never can. But we are the victims of smoke, and the Italians have a magnificent climate ! True ! they have a sky like Belshazzar’s purple robe, and a sea blue enough to make a modern poet a bedlamite. They have a land covered with myrtle, and glittering with aloes, and radiant with orange, and lemon, and citron trees. They have all these, and a thousand other glories besides. The Italians live in a garden of Eden ; but it is a Paradise which they will never forfeit by plucking the golden fruit. All their religion consists in confession, and all their food in macaroni. What can you expect from such a people ? A length of time elapses before the action of the air affects their stucco ; but when it is affected, it is never renovated. The boasted Palladian palaces are all of stucco, and look like the lonely and dilapidated halls of Irish Lords.

The result of midnight promenades, \*whether philosophical or poetical, analytical or amatory, is usually the

same—a cold ; and as Vivian Grey sat shivering in his chair on the evening of his arrival at Reisenberg, he sent Mr. Beckendorff and his theory, his politics, his philosophy, and his summer-house, to the devil, with a most hearty imprecation. It is astonishing how a little indisposition unfits us for meditation. Man with a headache, a cold, or a slight spasm, is not exactly in the humour to pile Ossa upon Pelion, and scale the skies. The perfectibility of the species seems never at a more woful discount than on a morning after a debauch ; and ourselves never less like reasoning animals than when suffering under indigestion. Nothing is more ludicrous than a philosopher with the toothache,—except perhaps a poet with the gout.

Essper George, who, in a much more serious illness, had already proved himself to Vivian the most skilful of nurses, was now of infinite use. Though having the greatest contempt for the power and professors of medicine when in perfect health, Vivian, now that he was indisposed, was quite ready to accept the proffered assistance of the first quack who presented himself. The landlord of the hotel had a relation who, since the war, had given up his profession of farrier, and commenced that of physician. This disciple of Esculapius was speedily introduced to our hero, as the first physician at Reisenberg ; and judging by his appearance that his patient was a man of blood, he proceeded to prescribe for him the remedies usually applied to a first-rate courser. This indeed was the grand and sole principle of Dr. von Hoofstettein's Pharmacopœia. Considering his present patients as horses, he arranged them in classes according to their station in society. A substantial burgher, went for a stout cavalry charger ; a peasant, for a sutler's hack ; a lawyer or ignoble official, was treated as attentively as the steed of an aide-de-camp ; and the precedent for a recipe for a Prime Minister might be found in that of his former General's crack charger. Prime Ministers, however, were persons whom von Hoofstettein seldom had the pleasure

of killing ; for he was not the Court physician. Seeing that Vivian had a cold and slight fever, he ordered him a very *recherché* mash, and wished him good-morning. Essper George saved our hero from a dose strong enough to have reduced a cart-horse to a lady's jennet ; and by quickly extricating his master from the fatal grasp of this Galen of fetlocks, whose real origin he suspected, from the odd manner in which he felt a pulse, his action strangely resembling a delicate examination of a hoof—Essper, perhaps, prevented the history of Vivian Grey from closing with the present chapter.

On the second day after his arrival at Reisenberg, Vivian received the following letter from the Prince of Little Lilliput. His luggage did not accompany the epistle.

‘MR. VON GREY.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘By the time you have received this, I shall have returned to Turripurva. My visit to a certain gentleman was prolonged for one day. I never can convey to you by words the sense I entertain of the value of your friendship, and of your services ; I trust that time will afford me opportunities of testifying it by my actions. I return home by the same road by which we came ; you remember how excellent the road was, as indeed are all the roads in Reisenberg ; that must be confessed by all. I fear that the most partial admirers of the old regime cannot say as much for the convenience of travelling in the time of our fathers. Good roads are most excellent things, and one of the first marks of civilisation and prosperity. The Emperor Napoleon, who, it must be confessed, was after all no common mind, was celebrated for his roads. You have doubtless admired the Route Napoleon on the Rhine, and if you travel into Italy, I am informed that you will be equally, and even more struck by the passage over the Simplon, and the other Italian roads. Reisenberg has certainly kept pace with

the spirit of the time : nobody can deny that ; and I confess to you that the more I consider the subject, it appears to me that the happiness, prosperity, and content of a State are the best evidences of the wisdom and beneficent rule of a government. Many things are very excellent in theory, which are quite the reverse in practice, and even ludicrous. And while we should do our most to promote the cause and uphold the interests of rational liberty, still, at the same time, we should ever be on our guard against the crude ideas and revolutionary systems of those who are quite inexperienced in that sort of particular knowledge which is necessary for all statesmen. Nothing is so easy as to make things look fine on paper—we should never forget that ; there is a great difference between high-sounding generalities and laborious details. Is it reasonable to expect that men who have passed their lives dreaming in Colleges and old musty Studies, should be at all calculated to take the head of affairs, or know what measures those at the head of affairs ought to adopt ? I think not. A certain personage, who, by-the-bye, is one of the most clear-headed and most perfect men of business that I ever had the pleasure of being acquainted with ; a real prattical man, in short ; he tells me that Professor Skyrocket, whom you will most likely see at Reisenberg, wrote an article in the Military Quarterly Review which is published there, on the probable expenses of a war between Austria and Prussia, and forgot the commissariat altogether. Did you ever know anything so ridiculous ? What business have such fellows to meddle with affairs of state ? They should certainly be put down : that I think none can deny. A liberal spirit in government is certainly a most excellent thing ; but we must always remember that liberty may degenerate into licentiousness. Liberty is certainly an excellent thing—that all admit ; but, as a certain person very well observed, so is physic, and yet it is not to be given at all times, but only when the frame is in a state to require it. People may be as unprepared

for a wise and discreet use of liberty, as a vulgar person may be for the management of a great estate, unexpectedly inherited : there is a great deal in this, and in my opinion there are cases in which to force liberty down a people's throat is presenting them, not with a blessing, but a curse. I shall send your luggage on immediately ; it is very probable that I may be in town at the end of the week for a short time. I wish much to see, and to consult you, and therefore hope that you will not leave Reisenberg before you see

Your faithful and obliged friend,  
LITTLE LILLIPUT.'

Two days after the receipt of this letter, Essper George ran into the room with greater animation than he was usually accustomed to exhibit in the chamber of an invalid ; and with a much less solemn physiognomy than he had thought proper to assume since his master's arrival at Reisenberg.

'Lord, Sir ! whom do you think I have just met ?'

'Whom ?' asked Vivian with eagerness, for, as is always the case when such questions are asked us, he was thinking of every person in the world except the right one. It might be——'

'To think that I should see him !' continued Essper.

'It is a man then,' thought Vivian ; 'who is it, at once, Essper ?'

'I thought your Highness would not guess ; it will quite cure you to hear it—Master Rodolph !'

'Master Rodolph !'

'Ay ! and there's great news in the wind.'

'Which, of course, you have confidentially extracted from him. Pray let us have it.'

'The Prince of Little Lilliput is coming to Reisenberg,' said Essper.

'Well ! I had some idea of that before,' said Vivian.

'Oh ! then your Highness knows it all, I suppose,' said Essper, with a look of great disappointment.

‘I know nothing more than I have mentioned,’ said his master.

‘What! does not your Highness know that the Prince has come over; that he is going to live at Court; and be, heavens knows what! that he is to carry a staff every day before the Grand Duke at dinner, stuffed out with padding, and covered with orders; does not your Highness know that?’

‘I know nothing of all this; and so tell me in plain German what the case is.’

‘Well, then,’ continued Essper; ‘I suppose you do not know that his Highness the Prince is to be his Excellency the Grand Marshal—that unfortunate, but principal Officer of state, having received his dismissal yesterday: they are coming up immediately. Not a moment is to be lost, which seems to me very odd. Master Rodolph is arranging everything; and he has this morning purchased from his master’s predecessor, his palace, furniture, wines, and pictures; in short, his whole establishment: the late Grand Marshal consoling himself for his loss of office, and revenging himself on his successor, by selling him his property at a hundred per cent profit. However, Master Rodolph seems quite contented with his bargain; and your luggage is come, Sir. His Highness, the Prince, will be in town at the end of the week; and all the men are to be put in new livery. Mr. Arnelm is to be his Highness’ chamberlain; and von Neuwied master of the horse. So you see, Sir, you were right; and that old puss in boots was no traitor, after all. Upon my soul, I did not much believe your Highness, until I heard all this good news.’

## CHAPTER II

ABOUT a week after his arrival at Reisenberg, as Vivian was at breakfast, the door opened, and Mr. Sievers entered.

‘I did not think that our next meeting would be in this city,’ said Mr. Sievers, smiling.

‘His Highness, of course, informed me of your arrival,’ said Vivian, as he greeted him very cordially.

‘You, I understand, are the diplomatist whom I am to thank for finding myself again at Reisenberg. Let me, at the same time, express my gratitude for your kind offices to me, and congratulate you on the brilliancy of your talents for negotiation. Little did I think when I was giving you, the other day, an account of Mr. Beckendorff, that the information would have been of such service to you.’

‘I am afraid you have nothing to thank me for; though certainly, had the office of arranging the terms between the parties devolved on me, my first thoughts would have been for a gentleman for whom I have so much regard and respect as Mr. Sievers.’

‘Sir! I feel honoured: you already speak like a finished courtier. Pray, what is to be your office?’

‘I fear Mr. Beckendorff will not resign in my favour; and my ambition is so exalted, that I cannot condescend to take anything under the Premiership.’

‘You are not to be tempted by a Grand Marshalship!’ said Mr. Sievers, with a very peculiar look. ‘You hardly expected, when you were at Turripurva, to witness such a rapid termination of the patriotism of our good friend. I think you said you have seen him since your arrival: the interview must have been piquant!’

‘Not at all. I immediately congratulated him on the judicious arrangements which had been concluded; and,

to relieve his awkwardness, took some credit to myself for having partially assisted in bringing about the result. The subject was not again mentioned, and I daresay never will be.'

'It is a curious business,' said Sievers. 'The Prince is a man who, rather than have given me up to the Grand Duke—me, with whom he was not in the slightest degree connected, and who, of my own accord, sought his hospitality—sooner, I repeat, than have delivered me up, he would have had his castle razed to the ground, and fifty swords through his heart; and yet, without the slightest compunction, has this same man deserted, with the greatest coolness, the party of which, ten days ago, he was the zealous leader. How can you account for this, except it be, as I have long suspected, that in politics there positively is no feeling of honour? Every one is conscious that not only himself, but his colleagues and his rivals, are working for their own private purpose; and that however a party may apparently be assisting in bringing about a result of common benefit, that nevertheless, and in fact, each is conscious that he is the tool of another. With such an understanding, treason is an expected affair; and the only point to consider is, who shall be so unfortunate as to be the deserted, instead of the deserter. It is only fair to his Highness to state, that Beckendorff gave him incontestable evidence that he had had a private interview with every one of the mediatised Princes. They were the dupes of the wily Minister. In these negotiations he became acquainted with their plans and characters, and could estimate the probability of their success. The golden bribe, which was in turn dangled before the eyes of all, had been always reserved for the most powerful—our friend. His secession, and the consequent desertion of his relatives, destroy the party for ever; while, at the same time, that party had not even the consolation of a good conscience to uphold them in their adversity; but feel that in case of their clamour, or of any attempt to stir up the people by their hollow patriotism, it is in



the power of the Minister to expose and crush them for ever.'

'All this,' said Vivian, 'makes me the more rejoice that our friend has got out of their clutches; he will make an excellent Grand Marshal; and you must not forget, my dear Sir, that he did not forget you. To tell you the truth, although I did not flatter myself that I should benefit during my stay at Reisenberg by his influence, I am not the least surprised at the termination of our visit to Mr. Beckendorff. I have seen too many of these affairs, not to have been quite aware, the whole time, that it would require very little trouble, and very few sacrifices on the part of Mr. Beckendorff, to quash the whole cabal. By-the-bye, our visit to him was highly amusing; he is a most singular man.'

'He has had nevertheless,' said Sievers, 'a very difficult part to play. Had it not been for you, the Prince would have perhaps imagined that he was only being trifled with again, and terminated the interview abruptly and in disgust. Having brought the Grand Duke to terms, and having arranged the interview, Beckendorff of course imagined that all was finished. The very day that you arrived at his house, he had received dispatches from his Royal Highness, recalling his promise, and revoking Beckendorff's authority to use his unlimited discretion in this business. The difficulty then was to avoid discussion with the Prince, with whom he was not prepared to negotiate; and at the same time, without letting his Highness out of his sight, to induce the Grand Duke to resume his old view of the case. The first night that you were there, Beckendorff rode up to Reisenberg—saw the Grand Duke—was refused, through the intrigues of Madame Carolina, the requested authority—and resigned his power. When he was a mile on his return, he was summoned back to the palace; and his Royal Highness asked, as a favour from his tutor, four-and-twenty hours' consideration. This, Beckendorff granted, on the condition that, in case the Grand Duke assented to the terms

proposed, his Royal Highness should himself be the bearer of the proposition; and that there should be no more written promises to recall, and no more written authorities to revoke. The terms were hard, but Beckendorff was inflexible. On the second night of your visit, a messenger arrived with a dispatch, advising Beckendorff of the intended arrival of his Royal Highness on the next morning. The ludicrous intrusion of your amusing servant prevented you from being present at the great interview, in which I understand Beckendorff for the moment laid aside all his caprices. Our friend acted with great firmness and energy. He would not be satisfied even with the personal pledge and written promise of the Grand Duke, but demanded that he should receive the seals of office within a week; so that, had the Court not been sincere, his situation with his former party would not have been injured. It is astonishing how very acute even a dull man is, when his own interests are at stake! Had his Highness been the agent of another person, he would most probably have committed a thousand blunders,—have made the most disadvantageous terms, or perhaps have been thoroughly duped. Self-interest is the finest eye-water.

‘And what says Madame Carolina to all this?’

‘Oh! according to custom, she has changed already, and thinks the whole business most admirably arranged. His Highness is her grand favourite, and my little pupil Max, her pet. I think, however, on the whole, the boy is fondest of the Grand Duke; whom, if you remember, he was always informing you in confidence, that he intended to assassinate. And as for your obedient servant,’ said Sievers bowing, ‘here am I once more the Aristarchus of her coterie. Her friends, by-the-bye, view the accession of the Prince with no pleased eyes; and, anticipating that his juncture with the Minister is only a prelude to their final dispersion, they are compensating for the approaching termination of their career, by unusual violence and fresh fervour—stinging like mosquitoes before a storm, conscious

of their impending destruction from the clearance of the atmosphere. As for myself, I have nothing more to do with them. Liberty and philosophy are very fine words ; but until I find men are prepared to cultivate them both in a wiser spirit, I shall remain quiet. I have no idea of being banished and imprisoned, because a parcel of knaves are making a vile use of the truths which I disseminate. In my opinion, philosophers have said enough ; now let men act. But all this time I have forgotten to ask you how you like Reisenberg.'

'I can hardly say ; with the exception of yesterday, when I rode Max round the ramparts, I have not been once out of the hotel. But to-day I feel so well, that if you are disposed for a lounge, I should like it above all things.'

'I am quite at your service ; but I must not forget that I am the bearer of a message to you from his Excellency the Grand Marshal. He wishes you to join the Court dinner to-day, and be presented——'

'Really, my dear Sir, an invalid——'

'Well ! if you do not like it, you must make your excuses to him ; but it really is the pleasantest way of commencing your acquaintance at Court, and only allowed to distingués ; among which, as you are the friend of the new Grand Marshal, you are of course considered. No one is petted so much as a political apostate, except, perhaps, a religious one ; so at present we are all in high feather. You had better dine at the palace to-day. Everything quite easy ; and, by an agreeable relaxation of state, neither swords, bags, nor trains, are necessary. Have you seen the palace ? I suppose not ; we will look at it, and then call on the Prince.'

The gentlemen accordingly left the hotel ; and proceeding down the principal street of the New Town, they came into a very large Square, or Place d'Armes. A couple of regiments of infantry were exercising in it.

'A specimen of our standing army,' said Sievers. 'In the war time, this little State brought thirty thousand

highly disciplined and well-appointed troops into the field. This efficient contingent was, at the same time, the origin of our national prosperity, and our national debt. For we have a national debt, Sir ! I assure you we are very proud of it, and consider it the most decided sign of being a great people. Our force in times of peace is, of course, very much reduced. We have, however, still eight thousand men, who are perfectly unnecessary. The most curious thing is, that, to keep up the patronage of the Court, and please the nobility, though we have cut down our army two-thirds, we have never reduced the number of our Generals : and so, at this moment, among our eight thousand men, we count about forty General officers, being one to every two hundred privates. We have, however, which perhaps you would not suspect, one military genius among our multitude of heroes. The Count von Sohnspeer is worthy of being one of Napoleon's marshals. Who he is, no one exactly knows : some say an illegitimate son of Beckendorff. Certain it is, that he owes his nobility to his sword ; and as certain is it that he is to be counted among the very few who share the Minister's confidence. Von Sohnspeer has certainly performed a thousand brilliant exploits ; yet, in my opinion, the not least splendid day of his life, was that of the battle of Leipsic. He was on the side of the French, and fought against the Allies with desperate fury. When he saw that all was over, and the Allies triumphant, calling out "Germany for ever !" he dashed against his former friends, and captured from the flying Gauls a hundred pieces of cannon. He hastened to the tent of the Emperors with his blood-red sword in his hand, and at the same time congratulated them on the triumph of their cause, and presented them with his hard-earned trophies. The manœuvre was perfectly successful ; and the troops of Reisenberg, complimented as true Germans, were pitied for their former unhappy fate in being forced to fight against their fatherland, and were immediately enrolled in the allied army : as such, they received a due

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share of all the plunder. He is a grand genius, young Master von Sohnspeer ?’

‘Oh, decidedly ! Quite worthy of being a companion of the fighting Bastards of the Middle Ages. This is a fine Square !’

‘Very grand indeed ! Precedents for some of the architectural combinations could hardly be found at Athens or Rome ; nevertheless the general effect is magnificent. Do you admire this plan of making every elevation of an order consonant with the purpose of the building ? See ! for instance, on the opposite side of the Square is the palace. The Corinthian order, which is evident in all its details, suits well the character of the structure. It accords with royal pomp and elegance—with fêtes and banquets, and interior magnificence. On the other hand, what a happy contrast is afforded to this gorgeous structure, by the severe simplicity of this Tuscan Palace of Justice. The School of Arts, in the farthest corner of the square, is properly entered through an Ionic portico. Let us go into the palace. Here, not only does our monarch reside, but, an arrangement which I much admire, here are deposited, in a gallery worthy of the treasures it contains, our very superb collection of pictures. They are the private property of his Royal Highness ; but, as is usually the case under despotic Princes, the people, equally his property, are flattered by the collection being styled the “Public Gallery.” We have hardly time for the pictures to-day ; let us enter this hall, the contents of which, if not as valuable, are to me more interesting—the Hall of SCULPTURE.

‘Germany, as you must be aware, boasts no chefs d’œuvre of ancient sculpture. In this respect, it is not in a much more deplorable situation than, I believe, England is itself ; but our Grand Duke, with excellent taste, instead of filling a room with uninteresting busts of ancient emperors, or any second-rate specimens of antique art, which are sometimes to be purchased, has formed a collection of casts from all the celebrated works

of antiquity. These casts are of great value, and greater rarity.

‘There,’ said Mr. Sievers, pointing to the Venus de Medicis, ‘there is a Goddess, whose divinity is acknowledged in all creeds. It is commonly said, that no cast of this statue conveys to you the slightest idea of the miraculous original. This I deny: the truth is, that the plaster figures which everywhere abound under the title of the Venus de Medicis, are copies five hundred times repeated, and of course all resemblance is lost. It would be lost in a great measure, were the original a dancing Faun or a fighting Gladiator. The incalculable increase of difficulty in transferring the delicate traits of female beauty, need not be expatiated on. Of this statue the whole of the right arm, a portion of the left, and some other less important parts, are restorations. But who cares for this? Who, in gazing on the Venus, dwells on anything but the body? Here is the magic! Here is to be discovered the reason of the universal fame of this work of art! We do not consider the Venus de Medicis as the personification of a sculptor’s dream. Her beauty is not ideal.’

Mr. Sievers did not stop here in his criticism on the Venus de Medicis, but fully demonstrated, which has never yet been done, the secret cause of the fame of this statue. His language, though highly philosophical, might, however, be misinterpreted in this precise age; and as this work is chiefly written for the entertainment of families, I have been induced to cut out the most instructive passage in the book.

‘And this, of course, is a very fine cast?’ asked Vivian.

‘Admirable! It was presented by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to his Royal Highness, and is, of course, from the original. See now! the Belvidere Apollo; an inferior production, I think, to the Venus—perhaps a copy. Yet, in that dilated nostril, that indignant lip, and that revengeful brow, we recognise the indomitable



Pythius ; or, rather, perhaps the persecutor of the miserable Niobe. The Director of the Gallery has made, with great discrimination, the unhappy rival of Latona the object to which the God of the silver bow points his avenging arm. The Niobe is a splendid production. Some complain of her apparent indifference to the fate of her offspring. But is not this in character ? To me the figure appears faultless. Even as I now gaze on her, the mother and the marble are still struggling ; and, rooted to the ground by her overwhelming affliction, she seems weeping herself into a statue. I have often thought that some hidden meaning lurked under the dark legend of Niobe. Probably she and her family were the first victims of priestcraft. Come, my dear fellow, as Protestants, let us, though late, pay our tribute of respect to the first heretic.' Here Mr. Sievers bowed with great solemnity before the statue.

'I will now show you,' resumed Mr. Sievers, 'four works of art, which, if not altogether as exquisite as those we have examined, nevertheless, for various reasons, deserve our attention. And let us stop before this dying man. This statue is generally known by the title of the Dying Gladiator. According to Winkelman, he is a dying Herald : either Polifontes, herald of Laius, killed by Œdipus ; or Cepreas, herald of Euritheus, killed by the Athenians ; or Anthemocritus, herald of the Athenians, killed by the Megarenses ; or, in short, any other herald who ever happened to be killed. According to another antiquary, he is a Spartan shield-bearer ; and according to a third, a barbarian. What an imagination it requires to be a great antiquary !' said Mr. Sievers, shrugging his shoulders.

'I think this statue is also supposed to be a copy,' said Vivian.

'It is ; and the right arm is altogether by Michel Angelo, the ablest restorer that ever existed. He was deeply imbued with the spirit of antiquity, though himself incapable of finishing a single work. Had he devoted

himself to restoration, it would have been better for Posterity.

‘This,’ continued Mr. Sievers, pointing to a kneeling figure, ‘is a most celebrated work ; and one of which you have doubtless heard. It generally is known by the name of the Knife-grinder ; though able judges have not yet decided whether it be a representation of that humble artisan, or of the flayer of Marsyas, or the barber of Julius Cæsar. I never can sufficiently admire these classical antiquaries ! They are determined to be right : see, for instance, that heroic figure ! The original is in the Louvre, and described in the catalogue of the French Savans as a statue of “Jason, otherwise Cincinnatus.” What a pity that it did not occur to Plutarch to write a parallel between two characters in which there is, in every respect, such a striking similarity !’

‘What are these horses ?’ said Vivian. ‘They surely are not the Elgin ?’

‘Oh no !’ said Mr. Sievers ; ‘as an Englishman, you should know better. These are casts of the Elgin marbles, presented to his Royal Highness by the King of England. The exquisite tact, and wise liberality with which your accomplished monarch has disseminated sets of these casts among the principal galleries of Europe, has made the Continent at length believe, that it is no longer high treason in your country to admire a picture or a statue. The horses which you have remarked are, I assure you, very celebrated beasts ; although, for my part, I confess that their beauty is not to me very evident. Either the ancients had no conception how to mould a horse, or their breeds were poor. These are casts from the famous brazen steeds of Venice, in the front of the church of St. Mark. They were given by the Emperor of Austria. That the original are antique there is no doubt : I will not trouble you with my opinion as to their nation. Learn, however, from far deeper scholars than myself, that they are either Roman or Grecian—either Roman of the reign of Nero, or Grecian of the

isle of Chios, or of the work of Lysippus. All these opinions are developed and supported by ponderous dissertations in quarto; and scarcely a year escapes without these brazen beasts giving rise to some controversy or other.—Oh! these antiquaries! Count Cicognara, the President of the Venetian Academy, has lately summed up the merits of the long-agitated question, and given it as his opinion, that to come to a final and satisfactory result, we must search and compare all the horses, of all the cabinets, of all Europe. What sublime advice about nothing! Oh! I am tired of these fellows. In my opinion, this little Cupid of Dannecker is worth all St. Mark's together. It is worthy of being placed by the Venus. When you were at Frankfort, you saw his Ariadne?'

'Yes! at Bethmann's, and a delightful work it is. Ease and grace are produced by an original but most involved attitude, and that is the triumph of Art.'

The hour of the Court dinner at Reisenberg was two o'clock; about which time, in England, a St. James's man first remembers the fatal necessity of shaving; though, by-the-bye, this allusion is not a very happy one, for in this country\* shaving is a ceremony at present somewhat obsolete. Were the celebrated Packwood now living, he would have as much chance of making a fortune by the sale of his instruments, in this refined city, as at a settlement of blue baboons. At two o'clock, however, our hero, accompanying the Grand Marshal and Mr. Sievers, reached the palace. In the saloon were assembled various guests, chiefly attached to the Court. Immediately after the arrival of our party, the Grand Duke and Madame Carolina, followed by their Chamberlains and Ladies-in-waiting, entered. The little Prince Maximilian strutted in between his Royal Highness and his fair Consort, having hold of a hand of each. The urchin was very much changed in appearance since Vivian first saw him; he was dressed in the complete uniform of a captain of the Royal Guards, having been

presented with a commission on the day of his arrival at Court. A brilliant star glittered on his scarlet coat, and paled the splendour of his golden epaulettes. The duties, however, of the princely captain were at present confined to the pleasing exertion of carrying the bon-bon box of Madame Carolina, the contents of which were chiefly reserved for his own gratification. In the Grand Duke, Vivian was not surprised to recognise the horse-man whom he had met in the private road on the morning of his departure from Mr. Beckendorff's; his conversation with Sievers had prepared him for this. Madame Carolina was in appearance Parisian of the highest order. I am not in a humour for a laboured description, at which very probably few will grieve. The phrase I have used will enable the judicious reader to conceive all that is necessary. 'Parisian of the highest order,'—that is to say, an exquisite figure and an indescribable tournure, an invisible foot, a countenance full of esprit and intelligence, without a single regular feature, and large and very bright black eyes. Madame's hair was of the same colour, and arranged in the most effective manner. Her Cachemere would have graced the Feast of Roses, and so engrossed your attention, that it was long before you observed the rest of her costume, in which, however, traces of a creative genius were immediately visible: in short, Madame Carolina was not fashionable, but Fashion herself. In a subsequent chapter, at a ball which I have in preparation, I will make up for this brief notice of her costume, by publishing her Court dress. For the sake of my fair readers, however, I will not pass over the ornament in her hair. The comb which supported her elaborate curls was invisible, except at each end, whence it threw out a large Psyche's wing of the finest golden web, the eyes of which were formed of precious garnets encircled with turquoises. Let Mr. Hamlet immediately introduce this ornament, and make his fortune by the 'Carolina comb.'

The royal party made a progress round the circle, to

which the late lamented Mr. Nichols could have done more justice than myself. Madame Carolina first presented her delicate and faintly-rouged cheek to the hump-backed Crown Prince, who did not raise his eyes from the ground as he performed the accustomed courtesy. One or two royal relatives, who were on a visit at the palace, were honoured by the same compliment. The Grand Duke bowed in the most gracious and graceful manner to every individual ; and his lady accompanied the bow by a speech, which was, at the same time personal and piquant. The first great duty of a monarch is to know how to bow skilfully ! nothing is more difficult, and nothing more important. A royal bow may often quell a rebellion, and sometimes crush a conspiracy. It should, at the same time, be both general and individual ; equally addressed to the company assembled, and to every single person in the assembly. Our own king bows to perfection. His bow is eloquent, and will always render an oration on his part perfectly unnecessary ; which is a great point, for harangues are not regal. Nothing is more undignified than to make a speech. It is from the first an acknowledgment that you are under the necessity of explaining, or conciliating, or convincing, or confuting ; in short, that you are not omnipotent, but opposed. Every charlatan is an orator, and almost every orator a charlatan. But I never knew a quack, or an adventurer, who could bow well. It requires a dignity which can only result from a consciousness of high breeding, or a high moral character. The last cause, of course, will never inspire the charlatan ; and as for the first, I never met a scoundrel, however exalted his situation, who in his manners was a perfect high-bred gentleman. He is either ridiculously stiff, pompous, and arrogant, or his base countenance is ever gilt by an insidious, cunning, conciliatory smile ; which either is intended to take you in, or, if habitual, seems to imply, ‘What a confounded clever fellow I am ; how I understand human nature ; how skilfully I adapt myself to the humours of mankind ;

how I sneak with a smile into their bosoms !' Miserable knaves ! these fellows are invariably overbearing and tyrannical to their inferiors. They pass their mornings in cringing to a minister, and then go home and bully their butler.

The bow of the Grand Duke of Reisenberg was a first-rate bow, and always produced a great sensation with the people, particularly if it were followed up by a proclamation for a public fête, or fire-works ; then his Royal Highness's popularity was at its height. But Madame Carolina, after having by a few magic sentences persuaded the whole room that she took a peculiar interest in the happiness of every individual present, has reached Vivian, who stood next to his friend the Grand Marshal. He was presented by that great Officer, and received most graciously. For a moment the room thought that his Royal Highness was about to speak ; but he only smiled. Madame Carolina, however, said a great deal ; and stood not less than five minutes, complimenting the English nation, and particularly the specimen of that celebrated people who now had the honour of being presented to her. No one spoke more in a given time than Madame Carolina ; and as, while the eloquent words fell from her deep red lips, her bright eyes were invariably fixed on those of the person she addressed, what she did say, as invariably, was very effective. Vivian had only time to give a nod of recognition to his friend Max, for the company, arm-in-arm, now formed into a procession to the dining-saloon. Vivian was parted from the Grand Marshal, who, as the highest Officer of state present, followed immediately after the Grand Duke. Our hero's companion was Mr. Sievers. Although it was not a state dinner, the party, from being swelled by the suites of the Royal visitors, was numerous ; and as the Court occupied the centre of the table, Vivian was too distant to listen to the conversation of Madame, who, however, he well perceived, from the animation of her countenance and the elegant energy of her action, was delighted and delighting.

The Grand Duke spoke little ; but listened, like a lover of three days, to the accents of his accomplished Consort. The arrangement of a German dinner promotes conversation. The numerous dishes are at once placed upon the table ; and when the curious eye has well examined their contents, the whole dinner, untouched, disappears. Although this circumstance is rather alarming to a novice, his terror soon gives place to self-congratulation, when he finds the banquet reappear, each dish completely carved and cut up. A bottle of wine being placed to each guest, your only business is, at the same time, to refresh both your body and your mind, by gratifying your palate and conversing with your neighbour. Would that this plan were adopted in our own country !

And now, having placed them down at dinner, I will, for once in my life, allow the meal to pass over without reporting the conversation ; for I have a party in the evening which must not be slurred over ; and if my characters may not sometimes be dumb, I fear the plot, which all this time is gradually developing, will stand a chance of being neglected. Therefore imagine the dinner over.

‘Not being Sunday,’ said Mr. Sievers, ‘there is no opera to-night. We are to meet again, I believe, at the palace, in a few hours, at Madame Carolina’s soirée. In the meantime, you had better accompany his Excellency to the public gardens ; that is the fashionable drive. I shall go home and smoke a pipe.’

Let us pass over the drive without a description—why should it be described ? The circle of the Public Gardens of Reisenberg exhibited exactly, although upon a smaller scale, the same fashions and the same frivolities, the same characters and the same affectations, as the Hyde Park of London, or the Champs Élysées of Paris, the Prater of Vienna, the Corso of Rome or Milan, or the Cascine of Florence. There was the female leader of ton, hated by her own sex, and adored by the other, and ruling both—ruling both by the same principle of action, and by the

influence of the same quality which creates the Arbitress of Fashion in all countries—by courage to break through the conventional customs of an artificial class, and by talents to ridicule all those who dare follow her innovating example—attracting universal notice by her own singularity, and at the same time conciliating the support of those from whom she dares to differ, by employing her influence in preventing others from violating their laws. The Arbitress of Fashion is one who is allowed to be singular, in order that she may suppress singularity ; she is exempted from all laws ; but, by receiving the dictatorship, she ensures the despotism. Then there was that mysterious being whose influence is perhaps even more surprising than the dominion of the female de pot of manners, for she wields a power which can be analysed and comprehended,—I mean the male authority in coats, cravats, and chargers ; who, without fortune and without rank, and sometimes merely through the bold obtrusion of a fantastic taste, becomes the glass of fashion, in which even Royal Dukes and the most aristocratic nobles hasten to adjust themselves ; and the mould by which the ingenious youth of a whole nation is enthusiastically formed. There is a Brummell in every country.

Vivian, who, after a round or two with the Grand Marshal, had mounted Max, was presented by the Count von Bernstorff, the son of the Grand Chamberlain, to whose care he had been specially commended by the Prince, to the lovely Countess von S——. The examination of this high authority was rigid, and her report satisfactory. When Vivian quitted the side of her britchka, half a dozen dandies immediately rode up to learn the result ; and, on being informed, they simultaneously cantered on to young von Bernstorff, and requested to have the honour of being introduced to his highly interesting friend. All these exquisites wore white hats lined with crimson, in consequence of the head of the all-influential Emilius von Aslingen having, on the preceding day, been kept sacred from the profaning air, by that most



tasteful covering. The young lords were loud in their commendations of this latest evidence of von Aslingen's happy genius, and rallied, with a most unmerciful spirit, the unfortunate von Bernstorff for not having yet mounted the all-perfect chapeau. Like all von Aslingen's introductions, it was as remarkable for good taste as for striking singularity : they had no doubt it would have a great run ; exactly the style of thing for a hot autumn, and it suited so admirably with the claret-coloured riding coat, which Madame considered von Aslingen's chef-d'œuvre. Inimitable von Aslingen ! As they were in these raptures, to Vivian's great delight, and to their great dismay, the object of their admiration appeared. Our hero was of course, anxious to see so interesting a character ; but he could scarcely believe that he, in fact, beheld the ingenious introducer of white and crimson hats, and the still happier inventor of those chef-d'œuvres, claret-coloured riding coats, when his attention was directed to a horseman who wore a peculiarly high, heavy black hat, and a frogged and furred frock, buttoned up, although it was a most sultry day, to his very nose. How singular is the slavery of fashion ! Notwithstanding their mortification, the unexpected costume of von Aslingen appeared only to increase the young lords' admiration of his character and accomplishments ; and instead of feeling that he was an insolent pretender, whose fame originated in his insulting their tastes, and existed only by their sufferance, all cantered away with the determination of wearing on the next day, even if it were to cost them each a calenture, furs enough to keep a man warm during a winter party at St. Petersburg,—not that winter parties ever take place there ; on the contrary, before the winter sets in, the Court moves on to Moscow ; which, from its situation and its climate, will always, in fact, continue the real capital of Russia.

The royal carriage, drawn by six horses, and backed by three men servants, who would not have disgraced the fairy equipage of Cinderella, has now left the gardens.

## CHAPTER III

MADAME CAROLINA held her soirée in her own private apartments ; the Grand Duke himself appearing in the capacity of a visitor. The company was very numerous, and very brilliant. His Royal Highness, surrounded by a select circle, dignified one corner of the saloon : Madame Carolina at the other end of the room, in the midst of poets, philosophers, and politicians, in turn decided upon the most interesting and important topics of poetry, philosophy, and politics. Boston, and Zwicklen, and Whist interested some ; and Puzzles, and other ingenious games, others. A few were above conversing, or gambling, or guessing ; superior intelligences who would neither be interested, nor amused ;—among these, Emilius von Aslingen was most prominent ; he leant against a door, in full uniform, with his vacant eyes fixed on no object. The others were only awkward copies of an easy original ; and among these, stiff or stretching, lounging on a chaise-longue, or posted against the wall, Vivian's quick eye recognised more than one of the unhappy votaries of white hats lined with crimson.

When Vivian made his bow to the Grand Duke, he was surprised by his Royal Highness coming forward a few steps from the surrounding circle, and extending to him his hand. His Royal Highness continued conversing with him for upwards of a quarter of an hour ; expressed the great pleasure he felt at seeing at his Court a gentleman of whose abilities he had the highest opinion ; and after a variety of agreeable compliments—compliments are doubly agreeable from crowned heads—the Grand Duke retired to a game of Boston with his royal visitors. Vivian's reception made a great sensation through the room. Various rumours were immediately afloat.

‘Who can he be?’

‘Don’t you know?—Oh! most curious story—killed a boar as big as a bonassus, which was ravishing half Reisenberg, and saved the lives of his Excellency the Grand Marshal and his whole suite.’

‘What is that about the Grand Marshal, and a boar as big as a bonassus? Quite wrong—natural son of Beckendorff—know it for a fact—don’t you see he is being introduced to von Sohnspeer!—brothers, you know—managed the whole business about the leagued Princes—not a son of Beckendorff, only a particular friend—the son of the late General —, I forget his name exactly—killed at Leipsic you know—that famous General, what was his name?—that very famous General—don’t you know? Never mind—well! he is his son—father particular friend of Beckendorff—College friend—brought up the orphan—very handsome of him!—they say he does handsome things sometimes.’

‘Ah! well—I’ve heard so too—and so this young man is to be the new Under Secretary! very much approved by the Countess von S——.’

‘No, it can’t be!—your story is quite wrong. He is an Englishman.’

‘An Englishman! no!’

‘Yes he is. I had it from Madame—high rank incog.—going to Vienna—secret mission.’

‘Something to do with Greece? of course—independence recognised?’

‘Oh! certainly—pay a tribute to the Porte, and governed by a Hospodar. Admirable arrangement!—have to support their own government and a foreign one besides!’

It was with great pleasure that Vivian at length observed Mr. Sievers enter the room, and extricating himself from the enlightened and enthusiastic crowd who were disserting round the tribunal of Madame, he hastened to his amusing friend.

‘Ah! my dear Sir, how glad I am to see you! I

have, since we met last, been introduced to your fashionable ruler, and some of her most fashionable slaves. I have been honoured by a long conversation with his Royal Highness, and have listened to some of the most eloquent of the Carolina coterie. What a Babel ! they all are, at the same time, talkers and listeners. To what a pitch of perfection may the "science" of conversation be carried ! My mind teems with original ideas to which I can annex no definite meaning. What a variety of contradictory theories, which are all apparently sound ! I begin to suspect that there is a great difference between reasoning and reason !'

'Your suspicion is well founded, my dear Sir,' said Mr. Sievers ; 'and I know no circumstance which would sooner prove it, than listening for a few minutes to this little man, in a snuff-coloured coat, near me. But I will save you from so terrible a demonstration. He has been endeavouring to catch my eye these last ten minutes, and I have as studiously avoided seeing him. Let us move.'

'Willingly : who may this fear-inspiring monster be ?'

'A philosopher,' said Mr. Sievers, 'as most of us call ourselves here ; that is to say, his profession is to observe the course of Nature ; and if by chance he can discover any slight deviation of the good dame from the path which our ignorance has marked out as her only track, he claps his hands, cries *εὐρηκά* ! and is dubbed "illustrious" on the spot. Such is the world's reward for a great discovery, which generally in a twelvemonth's time is found out to be a blunder of the philosopher, and not an eccentricity of Nature. I am not underrating those great men who, by deep study, or rather by some mysterious inspiration, have produced combinations, and effected results, which have materially assisted the progress of civilisation, and the security of our happiness. No, no ! to them be due adoration. Would that the reverence of posterity could be some consolation to these great spirits, for neglect and persecution when they lived ! I have invariably observed of great natural philosophers,

that if they lived in former ages they were persecuted as magicians, and in periods which profess to be more enlightened, they have always been ridiculed as quacks. The succeeding century the real quack arises. He adopts and develops the suppressed, and despised, and forgotten discovery of his unfortunate predecessor; and Fame trumpets this resurrection-man of science with as loud a blast of rapture, as if, instead of being merely the accidental animator of the corpse, he were the cunning artist himself, who had devised and executed the miraculous machinery which the other had only wound up.'

'Let us sit down on this sofa. I think we have escaped from your brown-coated friend.'

'Ay! I forgot we were speaking of him. He is, as the phrase goes, a philosopher. To think that a student of butterflies and beetles, a nice observer of the amorous passions of an ant, or the caprices of a cockchafer, should bear a title once consecrated to those lights of Nature who taught us to be wise, and free, and eloquent. Philosophy! I am sick of the word.'

'And this is an entomologist, I suppose?'

'Not exactly. He is about to publish a quarto on the Villa Pliniana on the Lake of Como. Sir Philosopher, forsooth! has been watching for these eight months the intermittent fountain there; but though his attention was quite unlike his subject, no "discovery" has taken place. Pity that a freak of Nature should waste eight months of a philosopher's life! Though annoyed by his failure, my learned gentleman is consoled by what he styles "an approximation to a theory"; and solves the phenomenon by a whisper of the evening winds.'

'But in this country,' said Vivian, 'surely you have no reason to complain of the want of moral philosophers, or of the respect paid to them. The country of Kant—— of——'

'Yes, yes! we have plenty of metaphysicians, if you mean them. Watch that lively-looking gentleman, who is stuffing kalte schale so voraciously in the corner. The

leader of the Idealists—a pupil of the celebrated Fichte ! To gain an idea of his character, know that he out-herods his master ; and Fichte is to Kant, what Kant is to the unenlightened vulgar. You can now form a slight conception of the spiritual nature of our friend who is stuffing kalte schale. The first principle of his school is to reject all expressions which incline in the slightest degree to substantiality. *Existence* is, in his opinion, a word too absolute. *Being, principle, essence,* are terms scarcely sufficiently etherial, even to indicate the subtile shadowings of his opinions. Some say that he dreads the contact of all real things, and that he makes it the study of his life to avoid them. Matter is his great enemy. When you converse with him, you lose all consciousness of this world. My dear Sir,' continued Mr. Sievers, 'observe how exquisitely Nature revenges herself upon these capricious and fantastic children. Believe me, Nature is the most brilliant of wits ; and that no repartees that were ever inspired by hate, or wine, or beauty, ever equalled the calm effects of her indomitable power upon those who are rejecting her authority. You understand me ? Methinks that the best answer to the idealism of M. Fichte is to see his pupil devouring kalte schale !'

'And this is really one of your great lights ?'

'Verily ! His works are the most famous, and the most unreadable, in all Germany. Surely you have heard of his "Treatise on Man" ? A treatise on a subject in which every one is interested, written in a style which no one can understand.

'I could point you out,' continued Mr. Sievers, 'another species of Idealist more ridiculous even than this. Schelling has revived pantheism in Germany. According to him, on our death our identity is lost for ever, but our internal qualities become part of the great whole. I could show you also, to prove my impartiality, materialists more ridiculous than both these. But I will not weary you. You asked me, however, if, in Germany, we had not philosophers. I have pointed them out to

you. My dear Sir, as I told you before, philosophy is a term which it is the fashion for every one to assume. We have a fellow at Reisenberg who always writes, "On the Philosophy," of something. He has just published a volume "On the Philosophy of Pipe-heads!" We have even come to this! But considering the term *philosophy* as I do myself, and as I have reason to believe you do, I am not rash when I say, that in Germany she has no real votaries. All here are imitating to excess the only part of the ancient philosophy, which is as despicable as it is useless. The ever inexplicable enigma of the Universe is what the modern Germans profess to solve; the ring which they ever strive to carry off in their intellectual tilts. In no nation sooner than in Germany, can you gain more detailed information about every other world except the present. Here, we take nothing for granted; an excellent preventive of superficialness; but as our premises can never be settled, it unfortunately happens that our river of knowledge, though very profound, is extremely narrow. While we are all anticipating immortality, we forget that we are mortal. Believe me, that the foundations of true philosophy are admissions. We must take something for granted. In morals, as well as in algebra, we must form our calculations by the assistance of unknown numbers. Whatever doubts may exist as to the causes of our being, or the origin of our passions, no doubt can exist respecting their results. It is those results that we must regulate, and it is them that we should study. For the course of the river, which is visible to all, may be cleared or changed; but the unknown and secret fountain—what profits it to ponder on its origin, or even to discover its site, or to plumb its unfathomable and mysterious waters? When I find a man, instead of meditating on the nature of our essence, and the principle of our spirit,—on which points no two persons ever agreed—developing and directing the energies of that essence and that spirit, energies which all feel and all acknowledge; when I

find a man, instead of musing over the absolute principle of the universe, forming a code of moral principles by which this single planet may be regulated and harmonised; when I find him, instead of pouring forth obscure oracles on the reunion of an inexplicable soul with an unintelligible nature, demonstrating the indissoluble connection of private happiness and public weal, and detailing the modes by which the interests of the indispensable classes of necessary society may at the same time be considered and confirmed, I recognise in this man the true philosopher; I distinguish him from the dreamers who arrogate that title; and if he be my countryman, I congratulate Germany on her illustrious son.'

'You think, then,' said Vivian, 'that posterity will rank the German metaphysicians with the later Platonists?'

'I hardly know—they are a body of men not less acute, but I doubt whether they will be as celebrated. In this age of print, notoriety is more attainable than in the age of manuscript; but lasting fame certainly is not. That tall thin man in black, that just bowed to me, is the editor of one of our great *Reisenberg* reviews. The journal he edits is one of the most successful periodical publications ever set afloat. Among its contributors may assuredly be classed many men of eminent talents; yet to their abilities, the surprising success and influence of this work is scarcely to be ascribed: it is the result rather of the consistent spirit which has always inspired its masterly critiques. One principle has ever regulated its management; it is a simple rule, but an effective one—every author is reviewed by his personal enemy. You may imagine the point of the critique; but you would hardly credit, if I were to inform you, the circulation of the review. You will tell me that you are not surprised, and talk of the natural appetite of our species for malice and slander. Be not too quick. The rival of this review, both in influence and in sale, is conducted on as simple a principle, but not a similar



one. In this journal every author is reviewed by his personal friend—of course, perfect panegyric. Each number is flattering as a lover's tale,—every article an éloge. What say you to this? These are the influential literary and political journals of Reisenberg. There was yet another; it was edited by an eloquent scholar; all its contributors were, at the same time, brilliant and profound. It numbered among its writers some of the most celebrated names in Germany; its critiques and articles were as impartial as they were able—as sincere as they were sound; it never paid the expense of the first number. As philanthropists and admirers of our species, my dear Sir, these are gratifying results; they satisfactorily demonstrate, that mankind have no innate desire for scandal, calumny, and backbiting; it only proves that they have an innate desire to be gulled and deceived.

‘The Editor of the first Review,’ continued Mr. Sievers, ‘is a very celebrated character here. He calls himself a philosophical historian. Professing the greatest admiration of Montesquieu, this luminous gentleman has, in his “History of Society in all Nations and all Ages,” produced one of the most ludicrous caricatures of the “Esprit des Loix,” that can be possibly imagined. The first principle of these philosophical historians is to *generalise*. According to them, man, in every nation and in every clime, is the same animal. His conduct is influenced by general laws, and no important change ever takes place in his condition through the agency of accidental circumstances, or individual exertion. All, necessarily, arises by an uniform and natural process, which can neither be effectually resisted, nor prematurely accelerated. From these premises, our philosophical historian has deduced a most ingenious and agreeable delineation of the progress of society from barbarism to refinement. With this writer, recorded truth has no charms, and facts have no value. They are the consequence of his theory; and it is therefore easier for him,

at once, to imagine his details, than to give himself the trouble of collecting them from dusty chronicles, or original manuscripts. With these generalisers, man is a machine. Accident, and individual character, the two most powerful springs of revolution, are not allowed to influence their theoretic calculations ; and setting out, as they all do, with an avowed opinion of what man ought to be, they have no difficulty in proving what, in certain situations, he has been, and what, in singular situations, he ever must be.'

'We have no want of these gentry in my own country,' said Vivian ; 'although, of late years, this mode of writing history has become rather unfashionable. The English are naturally great lovers of detail. They like a Gerard Dow better than a Poussin ; and in literature, in spite of their philosophical historians, their old chronicles are not yet obsolete. Of late, indeed, even the common people have exhibited a taste for this species of antique literature.'

'The genius, and delightful works of the Chevalier Scott (the Germans always use titles, and speaking even of their most illustrious men, never omit their due style, —as "the Baron von Goethe," the "Baron von Leibnitz"), of the Chevalier Scott,' continued Mr. Sievers, 'has in a great measure revived this taste. You are of course aware that he has influenced the literatures of the Continent scarcely less than that of his own country : he is the favourite author of the French, and in Germany we are fast losing our hobgoblin taste. When I first came to Reisenberg, now eight years ago, the popular writer of fiction was a man, the most probable of whose numerous romances was one in which the hero sold his shadow to a demon, over the dice-box ; then married an unknown woman in a churchyard ; afterwards wedded a river nymph ; and having committed bigamy, finally stabbed himself, to enable his first wife to marry his own father. He and his works are quite obsolete ; and the star of his genius, with those of many others, has paled

before the superior brilliancy of that literary comet, Mr. von Chronicle, our great historical novelist. Von Chronicle is one of those writers who never would have existed had it not been for the Chevalier Scott: He is a wonderful copyist of that part of your countryman's works which is easy to copy, but without a spark of his genius. According to von Chronicle, we have all, for a long time, been under a mistake, and your great author among us. We have ever considered that the first point to be studied in novel writing, is *character*: miserable error! It is *costume*. Variety of incident, novelty, and nice discrimination of character; interest of story, and all those points we have hitherto looked upon as necessary qualities of a fine novel; vanish before the superior attractions of variety of dresses, exquisite descriptions of the cloak of a signor, or the trunk-hose of a serving-man.

'Amuse yourself while you are at Reisenberg, by turning over some volumes which every one is reading; von Chronicle's last great historical novel. The subject is a magnificent one—Rienzi—yet it is strange that the hero only appears in the first and the last scenes. You look astonished. Ah! I see you are not a great historical novelist. You forget the effect which is produced by the contrast of the costume of Master Nicholas, the notary in the quarter of the Jews, and that of Rienzi the tribune, in his robe of purple, at his coronation in the Capitol. Conceive the effect, the contrast. With that coronation, von Chronicle's novel terminates; for, as he well observes, after that, what is there in the career of Rienzi which would afford matter for the novelist? Nothing! All that afterwards occurs is a mere contest of passions, and a development of character; but where is a procession, a triumph, or a marriage?

'One of von Chronicle's great characters in this novel is a Cardinal. It was only last night that I was fortunate enough to have the beauties of the work pointed out to me by the author himself. He entreated, and gained my permission, to read to me what he himself considered

"the great scene"; I settled myself in my chair, took out my handkerchief, and prepared my mind for the worst. While I was anticipating the terrors of a heroine, he introduced me to his Cardinal. Thirty pages were devoted to the description of the prelate's costume. Although clothed in purple, still, by a skilful adjustment of the drapery, von Chronicle managed to bring in six other petticoats. I thought this beginning would never finish, but to my surprise, when he had got to the seventh petticoat, he shut his book, and leaning over the table, asked me what I thought of his "great scene"? "My friend," said I, "you are not only the greatest historical novelist that ever lived, but that ever will live."

'I shall certainly get *Rienzi*,' said Vivian; 'it seems to me to be an original work.'

'Von Chronicle tells me that he looks upon it as his master-piece, and that it may be considered as the highest point of perfection to which his system of novel-writing can be carried. Not a single name is given in the work, down even to the rabble, for which he has not contemporary authority; but what he is particularly proud of, are his oaths. Nothing, he tells me, has cost him more trouble than the management of the swearing; and the Romans, you know, are a most profane nation. The great difficulty to be avoided, was using the ejaculations of two different ages. The "'sblood" of the sixteenth century, must not be confounded with the "zounds" of the seventeenth. Enough of von Chronicle! The most amusing thing,' continued Mr. Sievers, 'is to contrast this mode of writing works of fiction, with the prevalent and fashionable method of writing works of history. Contrast the "*Rienzi*" of von Chronicle, with the "*Haroun Al Raschid*" of Madame Carolina. Here we write novels like history, and history like novels: all our facts are fancy, and all our imagination reality.' So saying, Mr. Sievers rose, and wishing Vivian good-night, quitted the room. He was one of those prudent geniuses who always leave off with a point.

Mr. Sievers had not left Vivian more than a minute, when the little Prince Maximilian came up, and bowed to him in a very condescending manner. Our hero, who had not yet had an opportunity of speaking with him, thanked him cordially for his handsome present, and asked him how he liked the Court.

‘Oh, delightful! I pass all my time with the Grand Duke and Madame’: and here the young apostate settled his military stock, and arranged the girdle of his sword. ‘Madame Carolina,’ continued he, ‘has commanded me to inform you, that she desires the pleasure of your attendance.’

The summons was immediately obeyed, and Vivian had the honour of a very long conversation with the interesting Consort of the Grand Duke. He was, for a considerable time, complimented by her enthusiastic panegyric of England; her original ideas of the character and genius of Lord Byron; her veneration for Sir Humphrey Davy, and her admiration of Sir Walter Scott. Not remiss was Vivian in paying, in his happiest manner, due compliments to the fair and royal authoress of the Court of Charlemagne. While she spoke his native tongue, he admired her accurate English; and while she professed to have derived her imperfect knowledge of his perfect language from a study of its best authors, she avowed her belief of the impossibility of ever speaking it correctly, without the assistance of a native. Conversation became more interesting. Madame Carolina lamented Vivian’s indisposition, and fearing that he had not been properly attended, she insisted upon his seeing the Court physician. It was in vain he protested that he was quite well. She, convinced by his looks, insisted upon sending Dr. von Spittergen to him the next morning.

When Vivian left the palace, he was not unmindful of an engagement to return there the next day, to give a first lesson in English pronunciation to Madame Carolina.

## CHAPTER IV.

ON the morning after the Court dinner, as Vivian was amusing himself over von Chronicle's last new novel, Essper George announced Dr. von Spittergen. Our hero was rather annoyed at the kind interest which Madame Carolina evidently took in his convalescence. He was by no means in the humour to endure the affectations and perfumes of that most finical of prigs, a Court physician ; but so important a personage could scarcely be refused admission, and accordingly Dr. von Spittergen entered the room. He was a very tall, and immensely stout man, with a small head, short neck, and high shoulders. His little quick grey eyes saved his countenance from the expression of sullen dullness, which otherwise would have been given to it by his very thick lips. His dress was singular, and was even more striking from the great contrast which it afforded to the costume which Vivian had anticipated. There was no sword, no wig, no lace ruffles, no diamond ring. The tail of his dark mixture coat nearly reached the ground ; its waist encircled his groin, and the lappets of his waistcoat fell over his thighs. He wore very square-toed shoes, and large silver buckles, and partridge-coloured woollen stockings were drawn over the knees of his black pantaloons. Holding in one hand his large straw hat, and in the other a gold-headed cane as big as Goliath's spear, without any preliminary, he thus addressed, in a loud voice, his new patient ;—

‘ Well, Sir ? what is the matter with you ? ’

‘ Pray be seated, doctor. The honour of this visit—very sensible——’

‘ Never sit down.’

As Vivian, rather confounded by the unexpected appearance and manners of his visitor, did not immediately answer, Dr. von Spittergen again spoke.

‘Well, Sir! have you got anything to say to me?’

‘Really, doctor, you are so very kind!—unnecessarily so.—I am not quite well—that is, not exactly quite well; perhaps a little cold—nothing more.’

‘*Little* cold, indeed! Why what would you have, young man;—the Plague?’

‘Dr. von Spittergen,’ thought Vivian, ‘is evidently one of those mild practitioners, who are of opinion, that Learning is never so lovely as when Brutality is her handmaid; and that Skill is never so respected, as when she not only cures, but disgusts you.’

‘Ah!’ continued the doctor; ‘I suppose you got this cold by forgetting to wear your gloves one day. Gloves are the origin of every disease. Nobody can expect to be well, who ever covers the palm of his hand.’

‘Well, doctor, I confess I do not ascribe my present indisposition to encouraging the glove manufactory of Reisenberg.’

‘Pish! what should you know about it, Sir?’

‘Oh! nothing. Do not be alarmed that I am about to destroy a favourite theory.’

‘Pish! young men have always something to say; never to the purpose. Show your teeth, Sir! I don’t want to see your tongue; show your teeth—all pulled out at five years old?—suppose you know nothing about it: well! if they were not, there is no chance for you; you will be an invalid all your life.’

‘Well, doctor!’ said Vivian, with imperturbable good humour; ‘however crazy may be my body, I still trust, with your good assistance, to reach a very advanced period.’

‘You do, do you? I don’t think you will; there’s nothing of you; no stamina—see what can be done though.’ Here the good doctor rang the bell.

‘Kellner! go and ask your master for his list of medicines.’

‘Sir!’ said the astonished waiter at the Grand Hotel of the Four Nations—‘Sir!’

‘What, are you deaf? Go, and bring the list directly.’

‘I don’t know what you mean, Sir.’

‘Now long have you lived here?’

‘Three days, Sir.’

‘Pish!—go, and tell your master what I said.’

The waiter accordingly departed; and the master of the house, bowing and smiling, soon appeared in his own person.

‘I beg your pardon, doctor,’ said he; ‘but it was a new hand who answered your bell’; and so saying, the good gentleman delivered to Dr. von Spittergen the *Carte des Vins*.

‘Stop here a moment, my friend!’ said von Spittergen, ‘while I prescribe for this young man.’ He began reading—‘Vins de Bourgogne—pish! Clos de Vougeot—Mousseux—Chambertin—St. George—Richebourg—pish! vins de Bordeaux—Lafitte—Margaux—Hautbrion—Léonville—Médoc—Sauterne—Barsac—Pregnac—Grave—pish! pish! pish! pish!—Côtes du Rhône—paille—rouge—grillé—St. Peray—pish! pish! pish!—Champagne—p—i—s—h!—Vins du Rhin—drank too much of them already—Porto—Porto—Ah! that will do—Give him a pint at two—Let him dine at that hour, en particulier—and not at the table d’hôte—Give him a pint, I say, with his dinner, and repeat the dose before he goes to bed. Young man, I have done for you all that human skill can—I have given you a very powerful medicine, but all medicine is trash. Are you a horseman?—you are! very well! I will send my daughter to you—good-morning!’

Vivian duly kept his appointment with Madame Carolina. The Chamberlain ushered him into a Library, where Madame Carolina was seated at a large table covered with books and manuscripts. Her costume and her countenance were equally engaging. Fascination was alike in her smile, and her sash—her bow, and her buckle. What a delightful pupil to perfect in English



pronunciation ! Madame pointed, with a pride pleasing to Vivian's feelings as an Englishman, to her shelves, graced with the most eminent of English writers. Madame Carolina was not like one of those admirers of English literature which you often meet on the Continent : people who think that Beattie's *Minstrel* is our most modern and fashionable poem ; that the *Night Thoughts* are the masterpiece of our literature ; and that Richardson is our only novelist. Oh, no ! Madame Carolina would not have disgraced May Fair. She knew Childe Harold by rote, and had even peeped into *Don Juan*. Her admiration of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* was great and similar. To a Continental liberal, indeed, even the Toryism of the *Quarterly* is philosophy ; and not an under-Secretary ever yet massacred a radical innovator, without giving loose to some sentiments and sentences, which are considered rank treason in the meridian of Vienna.

After some conversation, in which Madame evinced great eagerness to gain details about the persons and manners of our most eminent literary characters, she naturally began to speak of the literary productions of other countries ; and in short, ere an hour was passed, Vivian Grey, instead of giving a lesson in English pronunciation to the Consort of the Grand Duke of Reisenberg, found himself listening, in an easy-chair, and with folded arms, to a long treatise by that lady *de l'Esprit de Conversation*. It was a most brilliant dissertation. Her kindness in reading it to him was most particular ; nevertheless, for unexpected blessings we are not always sufficiently grateful.

Another hour was consumed by the treatise. How she refined ! what unexpected distinctions ! what exquisite discrimination of national character ! what skilful eulogium of her own ! Nothing could be more splendid than her elaborate character of a repartee ; it would have sufficed for an epic poem. At length Madame Carolina ceased *de l'Esprit de Conversation*, and Vivian was most

successful in concealing his weariness, and testifying his admiration. 'The evil is over,' thought he; 'I may as well gain credit for my good taste.' The lesson in English pronunciation, however, was not yet terminated. Madame was charmed with our hero's uncommon discrimination and extraordinary talents. He was the most skilful, and the most agreeable, critic with whom she had ever been acquainted. How invaluable must the opinion of such a person be to her on her great work! No one had yet seen a line of it; but there are moments when we are irresistibly impelled to seek a confidant—that confidant was before her. The morocco case was unlocked, and the manuscript of Haroun Al Raschid revealed to the enraptured eye of Vivian Grey.

'I flatter myself,' said Madame Carolina, 'that this work will create a great sensation; not only in Germany. It abounds, I think, with the most interesting story, the most engaging incidents, and the most animated and effective descriptions. I have not, of course, been able to obtain any new matter respecting His Sublimity, the Caliph. Between ourselves, I do not think this is very important. As far as I have observed, we have *matter* enough in this world on every possible subject already. It is *manner* in which the literature of all nations is deficient. It appears to me that the great point for persons of genius now to direct their attention to is the *expansion of matter*. This, I conceive to be the great secret; and this must be effected by the art of *picturesque writing*. For instance, my dear Mr. Grey, I will open the Arabian Night's Entertainments, merely for an exemplification, at the one hundred and eighty-fifth night—good! Let us attend to the following passage:—

"In the reign of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, there was at Bagdad a druggist, called Alboussan Ebn Thaher, a very rich, handsome man. He had more wit and politeness than people of his profession ordinarily have. His integrity, sincerity, and jovial humour, made him beloved and sought after by all sorts of people. The

Caliph, who knew his merit, had an entire confidence in him. He had so great an esteem for him, that he entrusted him with the care to provide his favourite ladies with all the things they stood in need of. He chose for them their clothes, furniture, and jewels, with admirable taste. His good qualities, and the favour of the Caliph, made the sons of Emirs and other Officers of the first rank be always about him. His house was the rendezvous of all the nobility of the Court."

'What capabilities lurk in this dry passage!' exclaimed Madame Carolina; 'I touch it with my pen, and transform it into a chapter. It shall be one of those that I will read to you. The description of Alboussan alone demands ten pages. There is no doubt that his countenance was oriental. The tale says that he was handsome: I paint him with his eastern eye, his thin arched brow, his fragrant beard, his graceful mustachio. The tale says he was rich: I have authorities for the costume of men of his dignity in contemporary writers. In my history he appears in an upper garment of green velvet, and loose trowsers of pink satin; a jewelled dagger lies in his golden girdle; his slippers are of the richest embroidery; and he never omits the bath of roses daily. On this system, which in my opinion elicits truth, for by it you are enabled to form a conception of the manners of the age, on this system I proceed throughout the paragraph. Conceive my account of his house being the "rendezvous of all the nobility of the Court." What a brilliant scene! what variety of dress and character! what splendour! what luxury! what magnificence! Imagine the detail of the banquet; which, by-the-bye, gives me an opportunity of inserting, after the manner of your own Gibbon, "a dissertation on sherbet." What think you of the art of picturesque writing?'

'Admirable!' said Vivian; 'von Chronicle himself——'

'How can you mention the name of that odious man!' almost shrieked Madame Carolina, forgetting the

dignity of her semi-regal character, in the jealous feelings of the author. 'How can you mention him! A scribbler without a spark, not only of genius, but even of common invention. A miserable fellow, who seems to do nothing but clothe and amplify, in his own fantastic style, the details of a parcel of old chronicles!'

Madame's indignation reminded Vivian of a very true, but rather vulgar proverb of his own country; and he extricated himself from his very awkward situation with a dexterity worthy of his former years.

'Von Chronicle himself,' said Vivian, 'von Chronicle himself, as I was going to observe, will be the most mortified of all on the appearance of your work. He cannot be so blinded by self-conceit as to fail to observe that your history is a thousand times more interesting than his fiction. Ah! Madame Carolina, if you can thus spread enchantment over the hitherto weary page of history, what must be your work of imagination!'

## CHAPTER 4

**A**LTHOUGH brought up with a due detestation of the Methuen treaty, Vivian by no means disapproved of Dr. von Spittergen's remedy. The wine was good and very old; for, not being a very popular liquor with any other European nation except ourselves, the Porto-Porto had been suffered to ripen under the cobwebs of half a century in the ample cellar of the Grand Hotel of the Four Nations, at Reisenberg. As Vivian was hesitating whether he should repeat the dose, or join the Court dinner, Essper George came into the room.

'Please your Highness, here is a lady who wants you!'

'A lady!—who can she be?'

'She did not give her name, but wishes to speak to you.'

'Ask her to come up.'

‘I have, your Highness ; but she is on horseback, and refused.’

‘What kind of person is she?’

‘Oh,’ drawled out Essper, ‘she is not as tall as a horseguard, and yet might be mistaken for a church-steeple when there was a cloud over the moon ; she is not as stout as Master Rodolph, and yet she would hardly blow away when the wind was down.’

The fair horsewoman must not, however, be kept waiting, even if she were as mysterious as an unlaidd ghost, or a clerk in a public office ; and consequently, Vivian speedily made his bow to his interesting visitant.

Miss Melinda von Spittergen, for the Amazon was no other than the dread Doctor’s fair daughter, was full six feet high, thin, and large-boned ; her red curly hair was cut very short behind ; yet, in spite of this, and her high-boned cheeks, her fine florid complexion, blue eyes, small mouth, and regular white teeth, altogether made up a countenance which was prepossessing. She was mounted on a very beautiful white horse, which never ceased pawing the ground the whole time that it stood before the Hotel ; and she was dressed in a riding-habit of blue and silver, with buttons as large as Spanish dollars. As the construction of riding-habits is a subject generally interesting to Englishwomen, let me say that Miss von Spittergen’s was of a very full make, with a very long waist, and a very high collar. A pink cravat almost as effectively contrasted with the colour of her dress as her white hat and feathers. She sat her spirited steed with the nonchalance of a perfect horsewoman ; and there was evidently no doubt that, had it been necessary, she could have used with becoming spirit her long-lashed riding-whip ; the handle of which, I should not omit to mention, was formed of a fawn’s foot, graced by a silver shoe.

‘Good-morning, Sir!’ said Miss von Spittergen, as Vivian advanced. ‘My father hopes to have the pleasure of your company at dinner to-day. A ride is the very

best thing he can prescribe for you ; and if you will order your horse, we will be off immediately.'

'Dr. von Spittergen is very kind !' said Vivian, quite confused—quite wonder-struck.

'Oh ! not at all ; my father is always most happy to see his friends.'

'Dr. von Spittergen is very kind,' again stammered out our hero ; 'but I fear an unfortunate engagement—an——'

'I must take no refusal,' said Miss von Spittergen, smiling : 'a physician's commands are peremptory. You can have no engagement which may not be broken ; for you should not have made one without his permission. He expects you at dinner, and to stay the night. Your bed is prepared.'

'Really, Dr. von Spittergen is very kind—but—quite ashamed—so much trouble—so——'

'Oh ! not at all. If it were trouble, of course, we should not insist on that which would be alike disagreeable to our friends and to ourselves. Come, order your horse !'

'Really, I cannot withstand' said Vivian, a little more collected, 'what is at the same time an invitation and a command. It gives me equal pleasure both to accept and to obey.'

'I am very happy that I have not failed in my embassy,' said Miss von Spittergen. 'We will then be off : time presses. Marcus Aurelius flung a shoe on the road, and lost me half an hour, and I wish you to see a little of the country before dinner.'

'I will detain you not five minutes ; but will you not dismount and walk upstairs till my horse is ready ?'

'No : if I dismount, I must stand at his head,' said Miss von Spittergen, pointing to her horse ; 'I cannot trust Marcus Aurelius to any strange groom.'

'Well then, you will excuse me for a moment. I am half engaged at the Court dinner ; and I must scribble a line to his Excellency the Grand Marshal. You will excuse me ?'

‘Most assuredly ! but give them directions about your horse at once.’

In ten minutes’ time, Vivian and Miss Melinda von Spittergen had left the Hotel of the Four Nations. They cantered through the Public Gardens, and quitted the city through a new gate, which may truly be described as commemorative of the triumph of the Reisenberg troops during the late war. This arch was commenced by Napoleon, after the arrangement of the Confederation of the Rhine. It was not finished when the event of the battle of Leipsic virtually dissolved that body. By skilfully placing the most personal bas-reliefs in the very highest and obscurest parts of the elevation, and by adroitly converting the countenances in those already placed into the more successful heads of the Allied Sovereigns, the Triumphal Arch of the Emperor Napoleon finally commemorated his defeat ; and, at this moment, it bears the dignified title of the Gate of the Allies. Through this portal, gaily cantered Miss Melinda von Spittergen and Mr. Vivian Grey.

‘This road,’ said the lady, ‘leads to our house ; but half an hour would carry us there, and from so short a ride you cannot expect any very great benefit ; therefore we will make a round, and as there is no cross road nigh, follow me.’ So saying, Miss von Spittergen cleared a hedge, with an air which, had it been witnessed by certain gentlemen whom I could mention, would have caused her immediately to be elected an honorary member of the Melton. Vivian Grey followed. Miss von Spittergen, touching Marcus Aurelius with a silver spur, dashed over a field of stubble. Max was not to be beat, even by Marcus Aurelius ! and his master consequently kept by the lady’s side. Another leap, and another field, and then a gate—all at a full gallop. An extensive plain succeeded, over which Miss Melinda and Vivian scudded for an hour without speaking, like Faust and Mephistopheles on the enchanted steeds. The plain is passed, and a down-hill gallop over most rugged and broken ground

proved at the same time the sure-footedness of the horses, the courage of Miss von Spittergen, and the gallantry of Vivian Grey. At the bottom of the hill, they found themselves in marsh ground, and the next turn revealed to them a river: the stream was broad and strong, and looked deep.

‘Come on!’ said Miss von Spittergen, turning round.

‘Are we obliged to cross this river?’ asked Vivian.

‘Is there no bridge—no ferry?’

‘Bridge or ferry!’ said Miss von Spittergen, laughing; ‘what do you want with a bridge or ferry? Follow me, if you please. We’ll soon cure this “little cold” of yours!’ So saying, Miss von Spittergen pulled up Marcus Aurelius, turned her knees over his neck, and then tucking her habit several times round them, so that no part of it hung lower than her horse’s mane, she cracked her whip with great spirit, skilfully lashed the Roman emperor on the ham, and almost before Vivian had observed what she was doing, Marcus Aurelius and Miss Melinda von Spittergen were buffeting the boisterous waves. To be outdone by a woman!—impossible!—and so Vivian Grey, elevating his legs as much as he possibly could, and throwing his stirrups over his saddle, dashed into the stream. It was a tight business; and certainly, had not the summer been extremely dry, the river would not have been fordable. As it was, after much puffing, and panting, and struggling, the lady and gentleman found themselves on the opposite bank. They had now to ascend awhile, for the stream which they had just forded watered a valley. The road being very steep, and the horses being rather pressed by their passage, Miss von Spittergen, to Vivian’s great relief, did not immediately start off at full gallop; and consequently her companion, who actually had not yet had an opportunity of conversing with her, seized the present one to compliment her on her horsemanship.

‘A most delightful run!’ continued Vivian; ‘I trust it will not fatigue you.’



‘Why should it?’ said Miss von Spittergen, smiling her surprise at his apprehensions. ‘What then! I suppose you think, because I chance to wear a riding-habit instead of a frock-coat, that I am to sink under the effects of half an hour’s canter. I know that is your regular English creed.’

‘No, indeed!’ said Vivian—‘but such exertions as clearing hedges, and fording rivers!’

‘Clearing hedges! fording rivers! you have gone over nothing this morning which need have prevented you sleeping on your horse’s back. I see you are not prepared for German cross roads; a little amble in the park in the morning, and a dance with a fainting fair one for two or three hours in the evening, furnish, I suppose, your ideas of fatigue. Now if I were to pass such a day, I should die at the end of it.’

‘Really, you are shockingly severe’; said Vivian in a deprecating tone. ‘One would think that I was Emilius von Aslingen himself, by your description of my life. I had hoped that my prowess this morning would have saved me from such a reputation; but as I now learn that these feats count for nothing, I confess that I begin to tremble.’

‘I was not dreaming of casting the least imputation on you,’ rejoined Miss von Spittergen; ‘I was merely undeceiving you as regarded myself. If you think that any accidental exhilaration of spirits has produced this exertion, and that I am consequently to be a stupid, sleepy, companion for the rest of the day, your alarm will cease, when I inform you that I have not this morning taken one-fourth of my usual exercise; and that even if I were ever so tired, I should be immediately refreshed by half an hour’s diving in our great bath. But if you were to tighten me up like one of your native belles, and set me gliding through a quadrille in a hot room, I should expire on the spot. Now, as you look either surprised or incredulous, remember I have proved to you that I can ride; now see that I am prepared to swim.’

And taking off her hat, Miss von Spittergen exhibited to her companion her close cut hair, in a state as naturally dishevelled as his own.

‘Indeed, your proof is unnecessary!’ said Vivian; ‘I admire, but do not doubt. Believe me that I did not remonstrate with you from any selfish anticipation for the evening; but from an habitual apprehension for the natural fragility of the sex.’

‘The natural fragility of the sex!’ exclaimed Miss von Spittergen, laughing. ‘Good heavens, Mr. Grey, what a very pretty apprehension! I have a vast mind, as a reward for your consideration, that you should listen to a lecture from my father to-night on the natural powers of the sex. He will tell you, what I am sure is very true, that your creed is a gallant apology for idleness; and vain as that which it attempts to excuse. Depend upon it, that if woman choose to put forth her energies, she will equal you lords of the universe, much as you may think of yourselves!’

‘I am the last man in the world to dispute woman’s superiority on any point,’ rejoined Vivian, ‘except as to that physical power which is no proof of excellence; it being an attribute we can neither acquire nor command, and one in which even the brutes surpass us. For all those qualities of mind which distinguish——’

‘Mercy! Mr. Grey,’ exclaimed Miss von Spittergen, ‘you are running headlong into metaphysics, which always distract me. I am not a metaphysician, but a naturalist; and I argue from the experience of facts, that the natural power of woman is equal to the natural power of man, bodily and mental; and that the difference supposed to exist does not arise from want of capability, but from want of exercise—just as we ridiculously imagine that the right hand is stronger and more useful than the left, and that the feet are given to us only to walk with. I can fire a musket and hit my mark as surely with the one hand as with the other; and I know a man who writes beautifully, and can adjust the nicest piece of

mechanism with his feet, because, being born without arms, he has used the substitute which Nature has given him. But our argument and our ride must now <sup>rend</sup>end together ; for see ! we are at home, and my father is just arriving before us.'

Miss von Spittergen pointed through a rising plantation to an old-fashioned house, many rooms in which would have been consigned to utter obscurity, had it not been for the light which streamed through a small heart cut in the upper part of their heavy oak window-shutters. The house stood on a green, which was surrounded by a wall not more than two feet high ; and to the left, barns, stables, stacks, and piles of wood, presented the appearance of a well-ordered farm. Miss von Spittergen and Vivian crossed a dyke from the plantation, and immediately passing through a large white wooden gate, with two hideous griffins grinning on the top of it, Marcus Aurelius dashed up to the stable door, followed by Max. They were instantly saluted by an immense Newfoundland, whose joyous bark was answered by a responsive neigh from his companion of the stable ; and in an instant, Triton was scrambling up Marcus Aurelius, for the pleasure of biting Miss von Spittergen's silver buttons, and licking her face with his great red tongue.

'Down—down, Triton !'

Triton obeyed very unwillingly, but turning round, felt himself greatly consoled for his rebuff, by seeing that he had to welcome a visitor. He flew up at Max's neck. The princely pet, unused to such rude embraces, showed certain signs of exclusiveness, which made Vivian exercise his whip across master Triton's back ; who, in his turn, was equally irate at this unusual and ungrateful reception of his caresses. The dog slunk from under Vivian's lash, and springing up behind Max, made him give a sudden and violent kick, which sent Vivian, unprepared as he was, head foremost into some low, thick bushes of box, which had been planted to screen a pigsty. It was fortunate for him that he did not make an

unexpected appearance in the abode of Miss von Spittergen's favourite Columbine—a Chinese lady-pig, with a young family of delicate daughters, all so exquisitely high-bred, that they were almost without heads, bones, or feet. Columbina's maternal fears might have inflicted on Vivian some wounds, which he escaped receiving in the yielding box—from which, indeed, he most quickly extricated himself—animated in his rapid exertions to regain the dignified perpendicular by the loud and unrestrained laughter of Miss von Spittergen, who saw that he had not received the slightest injury, and was therefore most unmercifully mirthful.

'Well, Mr. Grey! my father need not have been afraid of your inertness. I never met with a finer instance of agility. It is fortunate that I did not take Triton out with me, according to my usual custom, if this be a specimen of the result of your companionship. How came you to jump off your horse in such a hurry? You should have given Max a lesson, instead of leaving him to caper about by himself.'

'How came I to jump off!' said Vivian; 'in truth, Max was not courteous enough to offer me an alternative; but we must remember that he is not yet used to your treatment, and excuse a little ill-humour.'

A *Vis-à-vis* drove up to the door, just as Miss von Spittergen and Vivian were about to enter. They were met on the broad flight of steps by a very old white-headed domestic, who bowed low as he passed them to open the carriage door for his master. The door was opened, but no Dr. von Spittergen alighted. The old valet gently closed it again, but remained standing by the side of the vehicle.

'Well, Francis,' said Miss von Spittergen; 'why have you shut the door?'

'Please you, my young lady,' said the venerable attendant; 'my master is dozing: is it your pleasure that I should try to wake him?'

'Asleep, is he? oh! I'll wake him myself—Sir! here

is Mr. Grey, our visitor ; will not you come into the house ? ’

‘ Ah ! ah ! true ! which is he ? how much does he weigh ? more than me ? ’ asked the good doctor waking, his morning doze having presented to him an image, of which he was always either thinking or dreaming—a man larger than himself. This character Dr. von Spittergen had not yet been so fortunate as to meet ; though his first inquiry, on the mention of any stranger’s name, invariably was, ‘ how much does he weigh ? ’

Miss von Spittergen, perfectly aware that her father was not yet quite awake, only laughed at his question, and instead of replying to it, asked another.

‘ Whom have you seen to-day, Sir—and what news have you brought us ? ’

‘ News ! why, I have been in a confounded passion ; perhaps that is no news. ’

‘ What is all this about, Sir ? who has been disobeying orders ? ’

‘ If you ask twenty questions at the same time, I should like to know how I am to answer them ; let me out ! ’

The doctor descended, and leaning on the arm of his daughter, and followed by Vivian, he entered the house ; muttering the whole way without ceasing, much after the following fashion.

‘ My mind’s made up. I have said it before—most people make a great talk, and it ends in nothing—that’s not my way—when I say a thing, I do it. Melinda ! why haven’t you gathered the seed of that geranium ? it won’t be worth a kreuzer. How do you feel after your ride, Mr. Grey ? Don’t both speak at the same time—I can’t bear such a Babel in my ears—not that I believe there ever was such a thing ! Well, Sir ! you haven’t told me how you are, though—glad to go to your room, I suppose ? But, I say, Melinda—in spite of all I have said to the Grand Duke, here’s Madame Carolina ill again—that is, I don’t think there’s anything the matter

with her—some whim-wham ! though if she were to die, I shouldn't much wonder, breathing the same air over and over again every night, smothered up in that state-bed. I told the Grand Duke this morning, for the hundredth time, that bed-curtains were the origin of every disease, and that if he doesn't order away those heavy hangings, he may find a Court physician where he can. Where's Theresa, that she doesn't come to show Mr. Grey his room ? He's tired to death, I dare say ; just as I said—nothing of him ! no stamina ! Pray, Sir, what sort of man was your father ? how much did he weigh ?'

'This way, Sir, if you please,' said a little thin old woman, in a starched ruff and cap, as she led Vivian down a long passage. 'Mind the step, Sir, if you please ; these old houses are full of them ; master often talks of levelling them, but it's all talk with him, Sir. I have lived in this house fifty years without seeing any alteration. This is your room, Sir ; you will remember it by the great beau-pot, which I have put beside your toilet-table. I don't know whether you'll find the bed too high at the head, Sir ; we have no curtains, and master does not allow any of us to sleep under eider-down. He has his particularities, and there's no getting him out of an old way. This bottle is rose-water, Sir, for your face ; and this is eau de Cologne of my own making. There is a bell, Sir. I wish you good-day !'

Although Vivian's toilet was far from being a complicated one, a considerable time elapsed before it was completed. Indeed he found some difficulty even in taking off his coat ; for every exertion of his arms set him sliding a yard or two on the highly-polished floor, and in five minutes he had unwittingly described all the complicated figures of a first-rate skater. He first flew up against a large embroidered fire-screen, which the delicate fingers of some female von Spittergen had, ages ago, covered with carnations and ranunculuses ; and then whirling through the mazes of a figure of eight, he nearly drove

his elbow through a small pane of the heavy-framed window. A semicircle brought him in contact with the foot of his low bed, from which he bounded off at a right angle, and found himself seated in a high-backed, carved oaken chair. Here, while he sat forming plans for reaching the so often missed toilet-table, the sound of the dinner-bell made him desperate; and thinking that he could best secure his steps by walking fearlessly over the floor, he made a courageous advance, which ended in upsetting Mistress Theresa's beau-pot. Scarcely flattering himself that the good lady would suspect a favourite cat of the injury done to her toilet garniture, Vivian, in a precipitate retreat forgot the fatal step, of which he had been previously warned, and measured his length in the corridor.

## CHAPTER VI

‘WELL, Mr. Grey?’ said the Doctor, as Vivian entered ‘the dining-room, ‘have you been asleep after your ride, or has Mistress Theresa, according to her usual custom, been showing you the family curiosities?’

‘Neither the one nor the other, Doctor; but I was delayed in my room.’

‘Ah! I don’t want any explanation. I hate explanations. What sort of an appetite have you got?’

‘Oh! a very good one; and I have no doubt that I shall do full justice to——’

‘Ah! you need not tell me what you are going to do. Come, sit down to the table. Melinda, give me some soup—and Mr. Grey, I’ll thank you for an outside slice of that beef in it—and Francis, bring me some sour kraut, and those stewed apricots from the side table.’

While Miss von Spittergen was helping Vivian, the

Doctor proceeded to chop and mash up all these contracting viands in his large soup plate. Four spoonfuls emptied it, before his guest had tasted a mouthful; for, though in violation of all etiquette, Vivian could not take his eyes off the owner of the appetite. His astonishment did not escape notice.

‘What are you looking at?’ asked the Doctor, gruffly. ‘You had better eat your own dinner than stare at me.’

‘I beg pardon, but——’

‘Ah! don’t beg pardon. I hate apologies.’

Vivian, much confused, turned round to his fairer neighbour; and, to his horror, found that she was consuming her dinner after the same fashion, though it must be confessed not with equal rapidity of execution.

‘You see your dinner, Mr. Grey,’ said Miss von Spittergen. ‘We never consider any one a stranger. Shall I give you some more soup?’

‘More soup! what, is he going to dine off soup? Why don’t you give him some beef, and cream, and kid, and custard? He must eat.’

‘Yes, Doctor, I thank you; I will taste your good dishes—but not all at once.’

‘Pish! what should you know about it! You eat your dinner on a wrong principle, or rather on no principle at all. Take all that you want on your plate at once. I suppose, if you were set down to a venison pasty, you would eat the flour and water, and butter and balls, and eggs and truffles, and wine and spices, and fat and flesh, all separately! that’s your notion of feeding, is it? What are you laughing at?’

‘Do you, then, recommend, Doctor——’

‘Recommend! I recommend nothing! what’s the use of recommending? people never attend.’

‘But I will attend, Doctor,’ said Vivian. ‘Remember, I am already an obedient patient; therefore, I believe I shall trouble you, Miss von Spittergen, in the first place, for a small slice of that kid——’



'Couldn't take anything worse! no nourishment in it! How comes it here, Melinda?'

'Well then, Doctor, I'll follow your example and take some of the beef.'

'Ah! you should have begun with it at once: better late than never though. You have been badly managed, I see that! Stay with us a month; we'll soon get you round. Now, you must have some of your physic! Francis, give Mr. Grey the wine.'

'Perhaps I may have the honour of taking a glass with you, Miss von Spittergen?' asked Vivian.

'Taking a glass with her! what's the matter with her, that she is to take wine?'

'Possibly you are not aware, Mr. Grey,' said Miss von Spittergen, 'that in this house we never take wine, except as a medicine: let me join you in my usual beverage.'

'A glass of filtered water!' growled the Doctor; 'if you are a wise man, you'll make that your drink; that is, as soon as we have made something of you.'

'Filtered water!' exclaimed Vivian, with surprise.

'Yes, filtered water! who the deuce drinks water without filtering it? I suppose you are fond of fattening yourself with the scum of eels, vipers, lizards, newts, tadpoles, frogs, rats, and all other filth, animal and vegetable.'

'If water contain all these monsters and horrors,' said Vivian laughing, 'I should have thought that it would have been the favourite beverage of your system, Doctor. Is it not correct, then, to drink all things at once, as well as eat them? But surely,' continued Vivian, 'a glass of spring water must be free from all these disgusting appurtenances.'

'Pish! it shows how much you know about the matter. Did you ever see a drop of water through a microscope?—You havn't, eh?—I thought not. Melinda, after dinner show him the microscope. We'll amuse you as well as we can.'

Dinner being over, the Doctor retired to his study, and Miss von Spittergen and Vivian agreed to take a stroll.

‘Now, Mr. Grey,’ said the lady, ‘you must know that I am a great walker. Some dislike moving after dinner ; but if that be not your case, I propose taking you my usual round : and first of all, as I see Peter coming out of the stable, I wish to say a word to him about Marcus Aurelius.’ Miss von Spittergen proceeded to give directions for all her horse’s shoes to be taken off overnight, and his frogs looked to in the morning. ‘Now,’ continued she, ‘I must see how they go on with their wood-stacking. We have lately had a fall of beech-wood ; and although all of us have been busily picking and splitting for the last week, we have not yet finished. It is very important that the stacks should be well piled. Last year, when I was absent, and trusted the business to our neighbour’s steward, we had more than half our stock spoiled by the rains, and a great quantity besides fell over. I admire nothing more than a well-stacked pile of wood. It is always a sign of good management.’

‘I am ashamed to own,’ said Vivian, ‘how ignorant I am upon all these points ; though I assure you I do not the less admire your perfect acquaintance with the subject. To me, it is equally new and delightful to see a lady so completely interesting herself in her domestic economy.’

‘There is little merit in my exertions,’ said Miss von Spittergen. ‘Although I am, at the present moment, extremely fond of the life I lead, necessity, not choice, first made me mistress of these details. Their acquisition is, at least, a proof of the truth of my observation of this morning ; though, I suppose, according to your theory,’ continued Miss von Spittergen, smiling, ‘to direct a fall of wood or the thatching of a granary, which I must superintend to-morrow morning, are not very meritorious actions ; I being, in a great measure, enabled to interfere in such affairs, from the possession of that unfortunate physical strength, which, if you remember, Mr. Grey, is no proof of excellence.’

The walk lasted some hours ; there was much done—much said. The fields, the meadows, the orchards, the woods, all demanded some care, and received some superintendence. Many men were to be instructed, and ordered, and directed. One field was to lie fallow, another to be sown with different seed. The cattle were to change their meadows. Some woods were to be counted, some hills to be planted. On all these affairs, and on all these subjects, Miss von Spittergen was the directing head. No one applied to her, and returned unsatisfied : every one received a ready answer. Yet with all these calls upon her attention and her judgment, she did not fail to prove a most interesting companion. Her general conversation showed that her mind was highly cultivated and accomplished. She also detailed to Vivian, as passing objects gave rise to the subject, the various plans of her father and herself, for the amelioration of the condition of their tenants, which they wished principally to bring about by extricating them from the harassing restraints of the old feudal system, injurious alike to the landlord and the tenant. Her admiration of Nature also was sincere, and her taste refined. As they walked along, she called her companion's attention to any striking combination and effect—a peep at the distant country through an opening in a deep wood—the light of the declining sun, seen through the trunks of a grove of beeches—a waterfall caused by a strong brook dashing over some sand rocks, and cooling the boughs of the white-rind willows. Although Vivian, the latter years of his life, had actually lived in a forest, it seemed that he had gained more information on his much-loved trees in a few hours' walk with Miss von Spittergen, than he had during the whole time that he was roaming about Heidelberg. He was now strongly reminded of the great difference between reverie and observation. He remembered sitting for hours with his eyes fixed upon a tree, of whose nature he now found himself utterly ignorant ; for Miss von Spittergen spoke

of the physiology of trees ; and Vivian was ashamed when he confessed his want of knowledge. While he expressed his wonder and admiration of much that she said, she promised that in the evening the microscope should elucidate and reveal more. The air was mild and sweet—the exercise exhilarating—conversation never flagged. Without annoying such a woman with unmeaning compliments, Vivian properly evinced his admiration of Miss von Spittergen's accomplishments ; and delicately conveyed to her his sincere declarations that, for a long time, he had not passed a day so agreeably, and with such satisfaction.

‘I told you,’ continued Miss von Spittergen, ‘that necessity, not choice, first induced me to adopt a mode of life, which now has for me the greatest charms. I passed my earliest years with an uncle, an old baron, in a Gothic castle. A library full of romances soon convinced me that I was born to be a heroine, and that unless I were a heroine, life had no delight. For the commonplace realities of life I entertained a thorough disgust ; I rode all day through my uncle's park and forests in quest of a hero for the romance which I formed in my nightly reveries. I lived in a world of my own creation ; I conversed with no one. My mind was constantly occupied with an impossible idea. Passing my time thus, I formed no conception of the existence of duties. My fellow-creatures, if I thought of them at all, were merely the instruments by whose agency I was to pass my life in a constant state of excitement. Very short time elapsed before I was convinced that I was a peculiar being, and was ordained to occasion some singular revolution. I expected, every day, the crisis of my fate. About this time my dear and only brother died in battle ; and my mother, overcome by the loss, followed him in a few weeks to the grave. My desolate parent now demanded from my uncle his only remaining child. I left the castle with no reluctance, for I was firmly convinced that my career was now to begin. The appearance of my father, whom

I had seen regularly every year, was the first shock to my romance. He was so overwhelmed by his misery that his terrible grief called forth in me those natural sensations of the existence of which I was ignorant. You must know, Mr. Grey,' continued Miss von Spittergen, with a smile; 'that I am the most decided enemy of long stories, and therefore I shall cut my own very short. The result of my return to my home is evident to you. To be the consoler, and then the confidant, and then the assistant of my father, were quick decrees of my destiny. A mind naturally ardent and enthusiastic was now, I am sure, well directed; and has been, I trust, well employed. To my beloved and highly gifted parent I have endeavoured to be both wife, and son, and daughter. By my exertions, the loss of his dear connections has not disarranged the accustomed tenour of his life; nor has his mind been troubled by duties for which his temper and education have completely unfitted him. Under a rough exterior he conceals the most generous and beneficent of dispositions; and in spite of his quaint humour, you cannot live many days with him without discovering the cultivation of his intellect. I need not add that my romance was quickly dissipated, and my father has become to me the hero of my reality.'

Miss von Spittergen entered the house to arrange her dress for the evening. Vivian remained on the terrace. The red autumnal sun had just sunk over an immense extent of champaign country. The evening mists from the ruddy river were already ascending, and the towers and steeples of a neighbouring city rose black against the shining sky. Sunset is the time when memory is most keen; and as Vivian Grey sat on the marble wall, gazing on the wide landscape, his sorrowing mind was not inactive. Never, until this moment, had he felt how precious, how invaluable, were the possession and the performance of a duty! The simple tale of his late companion had roused a thousand thoughts. His early,

his insane career, flitted across his mind. He would have stifled the remembrance with a sigh ; but man is the slave of Memory. He, too, had thought himself a peculiar creature ; he, too, had lived in a world of his own creation ; he, too, had sacrificed himself to an idea : he, too, had looked upon his fellow-creatures as the puppets of his will. Would that his reveries had been as harmless as this maiden's ! Would that he could compensate for his errors, and forget his follies in a life of activity, of usefulness, of beneficence ! To the calm satisfaction and equal tenor of such a life, why had he madly preferred the wearing anxiety, the consuming care, the eternal vigilance, the constant contrivance, the agonising suspense, the distracting vicissitudes of his own career ? Alas ! it is our nature to sicken, from our birth, after some object of unattainable felicity — to struggle through the freshest years of our life in an insane pursuit after some indefinite good, which does not even exist ! But sure, and quick, is the dark hour which cools our doting frenzy in the frigid waves of the ocean of Oblivion ! We dream of immortality until we die. Ambition ! at thy proud and fatal altar we whisper the secrets of our mighty thoughts, and breathe the aspirations of our inexpressible desires. A clouded flame licks up the offering of our ruined souls, and the sacrifice vanishes in the sable smoke of Death.

But where are his thoughts wandering ? Had he forgot that day of darkest despair ? There had that happened to him which had happened to no other man. In the conflict of his emotions he ceased to reason. This moment he believed himself the slave of Destiny, and the next, the sport of Chance. Sad, and serious, and wavering, Vivian entered the house, uncertain of everything except his misery.

He found Dr. von Spittergen and his agreeable daughter at the tea-table.

‘Well, Mr. Grey,’ said the Doctor, ‘which do you prefer ? the *Ficki-tsiaa*, or the *Ben-tsiaa* ?’

‘Really, Sir, I am almost afraid to avow that I am perfectly ignorant of what you are talking about.’

‘Perfectly ignorant of what I am talking about! Why, Melinda, here is Mr. Grey drinking tea every day of his life, and does not know the proper name of it, even when he hears it mentioned; and he belongs to a tea-drinking nation too!’

‘Why, my good Sir, I know the difference between black and green tea.’

‘How do you know that there is a difference? Linnæus says there is: Thunberg says there is not. If you can decide, pray instruct us.’

‘I believe,’ said Vivian, ‘there is no nation which drinks more tea, and knows less of its nature and culture, than the English. We are always satisfied to take what is given us for black or green.’

‘You are not so easy to be dealt with about wine though,’ said the Doctor, laughing: ‘merely to be aware of the difference between red and white wine is, I imagine, information not sufficiently definite to tempt an Englishman to taste it; and why should you be less particular about tea? of which you receive in your country eight or nine different kinds. I suppose you are so indifferent about it, because you drink it twice a day, and wine only once! Ho! ho—o—o—o!’ This was the learned doctor’s laugh: something like the hoot of a facetious owl.

‘Well, my dear father,’ said Miss von Spittergen, ‘the best way to teach Mr. Grey the difference will be to give him a basin of your curious *Ficki-tsiaa*.’

‘Yes: and while you make it, I’ll tell him what it means.—As society is divided into three classes,’ continued the Doctor, ‘so are there three different gatherings of tea, suited to the quality of each. I suppose you know that tea is the leaf of a shrub? The first gathering commences in the beginning of March, when the leaves are small and tender, not more than four days’ growth. This kind you are going to drink—the *Ficki-tsiaa*, or

imperial, kept for the Court and people of quality. This was given to me by a young Prince of Orange, who sickened at our Court. No wonder ! He thought I had saved his life ; I only sent him home. The second gathering takes place in the beginning of April. The leaves are then pretty well grown. This they call *Too-tsiaa* : this infusion is good enough for the middling classes. And in June, all the leaves which have not been stripped off for their betters, get tough and pungent, and are left for the mob, and this they call *Ben-tsiaa* ; and I think it is the best of all. We always drink it ; don't we, Melinda ?'

Vivian, though very much amused by the Doctor's lecture, could not help watching his fair daughter, whose novel method of infusing this very rare beverage not a little surprised him. Miss von Spittergen first filled a cup with boiling water, and then threw into it a teaspoonful of powder, which she took out of a small porcelain vase. She stirred the powder in the water till the liquid began to foam, and then she offered the cup to Vivian.

'Drink it off !' said the Doctor ; 'and let us hear how you like *Ficki-tsiaa*.'

'But are not all these particles to settle first ?' asked Vivian, who was rather fearful of the boiling draught.

'I suppose,' said the Doctor, 'you let all your vegetables settle in your soup, before your delicacy can venture to sip it. Drink it off, man ! Perhaps you think it is like that confounded stuff made in England, called bohea, which deposits in every cup a mash of sloe-leaves !'

The Doctor drank plentifully of his favourite *Ben-tsiaa*, and praised the shrub in proportion to his enjoyment. He compared it with wine, on which latter beverage he wreaked his spleen without mercy, enumerating all the evils which the immoderate use of fermented liquors produces ; while tea, on the contrary, he declared would contribute more to the sobriety of a nation, than the severest laws, the most eloquent sermons, or the best



moral treatises. It was a perfect antidote to intemperance. The man who relishes tea seldom wants wine.

Vivian reminded Miss von Spittergen of her promise about the microscope and the trees ; and in a few minutes they were busily examining a cutting of ash. She first pointed out to him the bark, and described its uses ; and then explained the sap-vessels, the lymph-ducts, the great and lesser air-vessels, the pith, and the true wood. She also pointed out the annual rings which mark the age of the tree, and showed likewise a dissected leaf, exhibiting the nerves branching out into innumerable small threads ; and explained to him how the pores in the leaf served both for perspiration and absorption. Vivian was quite surprised to discover the proximity in the economy of vegetable and animal life. It appeared to him, that, with the exception of sensibility and motion, one system was nearly as complete as the other. Nor, while he found himself acquiring so much new information, could he help mournfully feeling how very different an acquaintance with the World is, to a knowledge of Nature.

## CHAPTER VII

THE acquaintance between Master Rodolph and Essper George had been renewed with as much cordiality as that between their respective masters. When one man is wealthy, and another agreeable, intimacy soon ensues. The Wit is delighted with the good dishes of the man of wealth, and the man of wealth with the good sayings of the Wit. Such friendships, in general, are as lasting, as they are quickly cemented. They are formed on equal terms. Each party has some failing to be excused, as each has some good quality to recommend him. While the pun of the Wit is bartered for the pasty of his host, he can endure the casual arrogance of the

master of the feast, provided he may occasionally indulge in a little malice of his own.

A place was never wanting for Essper George at the table of the former Steward of the Prince of Little Lilliput ; or, as he was now styled, the Intendant of his Excellency the Grand Marshal ; and as the worthy Master Rodolph pressed with vehemence his pursy sides, from a well-founded apprehension that his frequently-excited laughter might disturb the organisation of his stupendous system, he felt that the good stories of Essper George amply repaid him for his often-exercised hospitality. But it was not merely his laughter-loving humour that occasioned Essper's company to be acceptable to his friend the Intendant. Easily as Master Rodolph was tickled by a jest, and remarkable as was his quickness in detecting the point of a very evident joke, the facetious qualities of Essper George were not the only causes which gained our hero's valet a welcome reception at all times in the Steward's hall. Cæsar loved to be surrounded by *sleek* men ; the Intendant of the Grand Marshal by *short* ones. Five feet five inches, exactly Master Rodolph's own height, was, according to the worthy Steward's theory of the beautiful, a perfect altitude. Nevertheless, a stature somewhat beneath this model ever found favour in his sight. In short, a tall man was Master Rodolph's aversion ; and it was the study of his life, that his friends and boon companions should be shorter than himself. For many years his intimate friend was the late Princess of Little Lilliput's dwarf. When their mistress died, Master Rodolph's friend, either through grief for her loss, or from water in his head, it was never decided which, 'set also his foot within grim Charon's boat.' Master Rodolph was in despair. There was not a full-grown individual at Turriparva under six feet two ; and even the young Prince Maximilian, although still much beneath the due limit, grew so apace, that, as all were perpetually observing, there was a very fair chance of his rivalling in

height old Ernestus von Little Lilliput himself—the founder of the family—whose armour, still rusting in the Giant's Hall, proved that the stature of the great figures themselves was not ideal. The hospitable Prince himself could not therefore welcome the presence of his preserver in his own castle with greater joy than did Master Rodolph the presence of that preserver's valet. Essper George, he immediately determined, was a good three inches shorter than himself:—eternal friendship was the instant consequence. At first Essper, who of course could not be intuitively aware of the foible of Master Rodolph, seized every opportunity of maintaining and proving that the good Steward was much the shortest of the two; and as the knave could stand and walk on his toes the whole day, with the greatest facility, and without the least chance of detection, he found little difficulty, the first day, in making his kind host extremely miserable. But four-and-twenty hours could not elapse without Essper discovering that which was as constantly the subject of Master Rodolph's thought and conversation as the hitherto unseen, and unmet, and unheard of 'stouter man' was, of the dreams and researches of Dr. von Spittergen. Consequently, on the second day of his visit at Turriparva, Mr. Essper George sunk down to his natural height; confessed, and continually dwelt on the superiority of Master Rodolph; and was daily rewarded for the shortness of his stature, and the candour of his disposition, by the best wines and choicest dishes that Turriparva could afford.

On the day that his master dined with Dr. von Spittergen, Essper George had made a particular engagement with Mr. Intendant, to drink the health of the new Grand Marshal over a bottle of the very Burgundy, by the influence of which they had, a few weeks before, discovered his treason. Accordingly, about four hours after noon, Essper found himself in Master Rodolph's private room. He was introduced to two strangers—the first, Mr. Spiegelburg, was about five feet four inches

and a half high. He was a decayed gentleman-usher, who had retired on a pension of eighty dollars per annum. Although this stipend may be considered a very scanty one by some who incumber the civil list of this country, nevertheless Mr. Speigelburg contrived, not only to exist without incurring debts to his tradesmen or his friends, but even to procure the reputation of being a man who lived within his income; and this, too, without the suspicion of being a niggard. The full Court suit in which he now bowed to Essper George, although the very one in which he had assisted at the entrance of the Emperor Napoleon into Reisenberg, was still not unworthy of a Royal drawing-room. His shoes were the most highly polished in the city, his buckles the brightest, his linen the most pure. If the expenses of his wardrobe did not materially reduce his hard-earned pension of eighty crowns, assuredly the cost of living, naturally fond as Mr. Speigelburg was of good cheer, was likewise no great obstacle to his saving passion. A prudently-cherished friendship, of old standing, with the Court cook, insured the arrival of a welcome hamper more than once during the week, at his neat lodging; and besides this, Mr. Speigelburg was as systematic and as schooled a diner-out as if he had been born and bred in Brook Street. His former connection, and present acquaintance with the Court, allowed him to garnish his conversation with many details interesting to the females of the humbler bourgeoisie. With them, indeed, from his various little accomplishments, Mr. Speigelburg was an especial favourite; and a Sunday party to the Royal Retreat, or the Royal Farm, or a Sunday promenade on the Ramparts, or in the Public Gardens, was never thought complete without his presence. His highly polished and obliging manners, his facetious humour, his good stories, on which he very much prided himself, and in which frequent repetition had rendered him very perfect, and above all the dignified and rather consequential bearing which he knew well when to assume, made him as popular and

considered a personage with the men, as with their wives. But the brightest moment in Mr. Speigelburg's existence, was the apostasy of the Prince of Little Lilliput. In due time he had been introduced by the Intendant of his Excellency the Grand Chamberlain, to the Intendant of his Excellency the Grand Marshal ; and Master Rodolph no sooner set his eyes upon him, than he internally vowed that Mr. Speigelburg should dine at the Prince's expense as long as his master continued a great Officer of State, and he that master's Intendant. Such was one of the guests invited to meet our friend Essper George. The other was a still more singular-looking personage.

When Essper was introduced to Mr. Lintz, a considerable time elapsed before he perceived a figure, which he considered to be a child, bowing to him without ceasing, in the corner of the room. Had Essper George been a longer resident in Reisenberg, an introduction to Mr. Lintz would have been unnecessary. Indeed, that gentleman had already called upon Vivian, though hitherto, unfortunately, without succeeding in seeing him. Mr., or to use a title by which he was better known, Little Lintz, was one of those artists whose fame is indissolubly bound up with that of their native city ; and who seem to value no reputation which is not liberally shared with the place of their residence. The pencil of Mr. Lintz immortalised the public buildings of Reisenberg, and the public buildings of Reisenberg supported their artist. 'The Grand Square, the Royal Palace, the Public Gardens, and the Grand Hotel of the Four Nations'—these were the constant, the only subjects of Mr. Lintz's pencil. Few were the families in the city whose rooms, or whose collections, were not adorned or enriched with these accurate representations. Few were the travellers who sojourned at the Hotel, who were allowed to quit its hospitable roof unaccompanied by a set of Mr. Lintz's drawings. The discreet discrimination of the artist in the selection of his subjects, of course made the landlord of the Four Nations his sworn friend

and warmest patron. On quitting the house, it was as regular an affair to encourage the Arts as to fee the waiters. With this powerful patronage, Little Lintz of course flourished. Day after day passed over, only to multiply his already innumerable and favourite four views. Doubtless Little Lintz could have given a most faithful representation of every brick of the Great Square of Reisenberg with his eyes shut. In spite of his good fortune, and unlike most artists, Little Lintz was an extremely modest and moral personage. Not being much above four feet and a half high, Master Rodolph had, of course, immediately sunned him with the rays of his warmest patronage. Orders were showered down, and invitations sent in, with profusion and rapidity. Every member of the Grand Marshal's household was obliged, as a personal favour to the Intendant, to take a set of the four views. Every room in the Grand Marshal's house was graced by their eternal presence ; and as for the artist himself, free warren of cellar and larder was immediately granted him.

Perhaps a merrier party never met together than these four little men. Mr. Speigelsburg, who was well primed for the occasion, let off a good story before the first bottle was finished. The salute was immediately returned by Essper George. Master Rodolph presented the most ludicrous instance of ungoverned mirth ; and laying down his knife and fork, vowed that they were 'in truth a pair of most comical knaves.' Little Lintz said nothing, but he sat biting his lips, lest laughter should destroy his miniature lungs ; his diminutive hands and eyes, ever and anon raised up in admiration of the wit of his companions, and his heels resting on the bar of his chair. No one, at first, was more surprised and less pleased with Essper George's humour than Mr. Speigelsburg himself. A rival Wit is the most bitterly detested of mortals ; and the little old courtier, alarmed at the rapidity and point of Essper's narratives and repartees, began to think that the poacher on his manor might prove almost too strong for

the game laws ; and so Mr. Speigelburg drew up in his seat, and grew dull and dignified. But a very short time elapsed ere Mr. Speigelburg discovered that Essper George was neither envious of his reputation, nor emulous of rivalling it ; and that his jokes and jollity were occasioned rather by the o'erflowings of a merry spirit, than by any dark design to supersede him in the favour of their host. No one laughed at Mr. Speigelburg's stories with more thorough enthusiasm—no one detected the point of Mr. Speigelburg's jests with more flattering celerity, than the man whom he had at first mistaken for an odious and a dangerous rival. Mr. Speigelburg's present satisfaction was in proportion to his previous discontent, and he and Essper were soon on the most intimate terms.

The Burgundy in due time produced every regular effect, and the little men made noise enough for as many Brobdingnags. First they talked very loud, then they sang very loud ; then they talked all together very loud, then they sang all together very loud. Such are four of the five gradations of Burgundian inebriety ! Burgundy !—but we have had invocations enough ; it is a wine of which we know nothing in England. No man should presume to give an opinion upon Burgundy who has not got tipsy at Dijon. In the course of half-a-dozen hours, one of the party experienced some inconvenient symptoms of an approach to the fifth and final gradation. Master Rodolph began to get very drowsy ; the fat Chambertin was doing its duty. In order to rouse himself from his stupor, the Intendant proposed that they should amuse themselves with a little Zwicken ; but as this game was no favourite with Mr. Speigelburg, the party finally resolved to sit down to Whist.

The table was cleared, and Essper was Rodolph's partner. The Intendant managed to play through the game very well, and, to Mr. Speigelburg's mortification, won it. He would probably have been equally successful in the rubber, had he remained awake ; but invincible sleep at last crept over Master Rodolph's yielding senses,

and although he had two by honours in his own hand, he snored. Oh, Burgundy ! but I forgot—I will go on with my story.

No sooner had the nasal sound of Master Rodolph caught the ever-ready ear of Essper George, than that wicked knave quickly pressed his finger to his mouth, and winking to Mr. Speigeburg and Little Lintz, immediately obtained silence,—a silence which was not disturbed by the soundless whisper in which Essper spoke to both his companions. What he was detailing or suggesting, time will reveal ; his violent gesticulation, animated action, and the arch and mischievous expression of his countenance, promised much. Apparently the other guests readily acceded to his proposition, and Essper George accordingly extinguished the two candles. As there was no fire, and the shutters were closed, the room was now in perfect darkness.

‘Play !’ shouted Essper George in a loud voice, and he dashed his fist upon the table.

‘Play !’ hallooed Mr. Speigeburg.

‘Play !’ even screamed Little Lintz.

‘What, what, what’s the matter ?’ mumbled Master Rodolph, rubbing his eyes and fumbling for his cards.

‘Play !’ again shouted Essper George.

‘Play !’ again hallooed Mr. Speigeburg.

‘Play !’ again screamed Little Lintz.

‘Play !’ said Master Rodolph, who was now pretty well awake. ‘Play !—play what ?’

‘Why, a diamond if you have got one,’ said Essper George. ‘Can’t you see ? Are you blind ? Hasn’t Mr. Speigeburg led a diamond ?’

‘A diamond !’ said Master Rodolph.

‘Yes, a diamond to be sure ; why what’s the matter with you ? I thought you played the last trick very queerly.’

‘I can’t see,’ said Master Rodolph, in a very doleful voice.

‘Come come !’ said Essper ; ‘let us have no joking. It is much too important a point in the game to warrant



a jest. Play a diamond if you have one, and if not, trump!’

‘You have no right to tell your partner to trump,’ said Mr. Speigeburg, with mock indignation; for he had entered into the conspiracy with readiness, as he now saw a chance, by its concoction, of saving himself from losing the rubber.

‘He has a right to tell his partner anything,’ said Master Rodolph, equally indignant at this interference; ‘But I tell you I can’t see.’

‘Can’t see!’ said Essper George; ‘what do you mean?’

‘I mean exactly what I say,’ said Master Rodolph somewhat testy. ‘I can’t see; I am not joking the least. I can’t see a single pip of a single card. Have I been asleep?’

‘Asleep!’ said Essper George, in a tone of extreme surprise. ‘It’s an odd thing for a man to be asleep, and play every card as regularly as you have done, and as well too. I never remember you playing so well as you have done to-night;—that finesse with the spade last trick, was quite admirable. Had you only played half as well, the night you and I sat against Long Halbert and Sax the pikeman, the night, you remember, in the yellow room at Turripurva, I should not have lost a silver dollar. But what has having been asleep to do with it?’ continued Essper. ‘Had you slept for a century, your eyes are open wide enough now. Why you stare like a pig four and twenty hours before salting. Speigeburg, did you ever see a man stare so in all your life? Little Lintz, did you?’

‘Never!’ said Speigeburg with enthusiasm; the rubber was now certainly saved.

‘Never!’ screamed Little Lintz.

‘I have been asleep,’ said Master Rodolph, in a very loud, and rather angry voice; ‘I have been asleep—I am asleep—you are all asleep—we are all talking in our sleep—a’n’t we?’

‘Talking in our sleep!’ said Essper George, affecting to be stifled with laughter; ‘well! this is what I call carrying a joke rather too far. Come, Master Rodolph, play like a man.’

‘Yes, yes!’ said Mr. Spiegelburg; ‘play, play.’

‘Yes, yes!’ said Little Lintz; ‘play, play.’

‘How can I play?’ said Master Rodolph, his anger now turning into alarm.

‘Why with your hands to be sure!’ said Essper George.

‘Good Master Rodolph,’ said Mr. Spiegelburg, in rather a grave tone, as if he were slightly offended; ‘be kind enough to remember that cards were your own proposition. I have no wish to continue playing if it be disagreeable to you; nor have I any objection, if it be your pleasure, although I have a very good hand, to throw up my cards altogether. What say you, Mr. Lintz?’

‘No objection at all,’ said the little man; biting his lips in the dark with renewed vigour.

‘Thank you, Mr. Spiegelburg,’ said Essper George; ‘but I, and my partner, have a great objection to your throwing up your cards. If you are satisfied with your hand, so much the better: I am satisfied with mine. I am sure, however, your partner cannot be with his; for I see nothing but twos and threes in it. Now, do me the favour, Mr. Lintz, to hold your cards nearer to you. There is nothing I detest so much as seeing my adversary’s hand. I say this, I assure you, not out of any affected admiration of fair play; but the truth is, it really puzzles me. I derive no benefit from this improper knowledge. Now, do hold your cards up: you really are a most careless player. Nearer, nearer, nearer still!’

These matter-of-fact observations and requests of Essper George, effectually settled Master Rodolph’s brain; never very acute, and now muddled with wine.

‘Do you mean to say,’ asked he, in a most tremulous

and quavering voice, 'Do you mean to say that you are all seeing at this very moment?'

'To be sure!' was the universal shout.

'Every one of us!' continued Essper; 'why, what maggot have you got into your brain! I actually begin to believe that you are not joking after all. Cannot you really see? and yet you stare so! did you ever see a man stare so, Speigelburg? and now that I look again the colour of your eyes is changed!'

'Is it, indeed?' asked Master Rodolph, with gasping breath.

'Oh! decidedly; but let us be quite sure. Little Lintz, put that candle nearer to Master Rodolph. Now I can see well; the light just falls on the pupil. Your eyes, Sir, are changing as fast as the skin of chameleon; you know they are green; your eyes, if you remember, are green, Master Rodolph.'

'Yes, yes!' agreed the Intendant, almost unable to articulate.

'They *were* green, rather,' continued Essper George; 'and now they are crimson; and now they are a whitish brown; and now they are as black as a first day's mourning!'

'Alack — and alack - a - day! it has come at last,' exclaimed Master Rodolph in a voice of great terror. 'We have blindness in our family, if I remember right; if indeed I can remember anything at this awful moment, and my mind has not left me as well as my eye-sight; we have blindness in our family. There was my uncle, black Hunsdrich the trooper, the father of that graceless varlet who lives with his lordship of Schoss Johannisberger, whom never shall I see again. What would I now give for one glimpse at his nose! There is blindness in our family!' continued Master Rodolph, weeping very bitterly; 'blindness in our family! Black Hunsdrich the trooper, the father of that graceless varlet, my good uncle Black Hunsdrich, what would he now say to see his dearly beloved nephew,

the offspring of his excellent sister my good mother, to whom he was much affected,—what would he say now, were he to see his dearly beloved nephew in this sad and pitiable condition ! Weep for me, my friends !—weep and grieve ! How often has my dear uncle, Hunsdrich the trooper, how often has he dandled me on his knee ! There is blindness in our family,’ continued the poor Intendant. ‘Black Hunsdrich the trooper, my uncle, my dearly beloved uncle, kind Hunsdrich, who was much affected to me. How much I repent at this sad hour, the many wicked tricks I have played unto my dear uncle ! Take example by me, my dear friends ! I would give my place’s worth, that I had not set fire to my dear uncle’s pig-tail ; and it sits heavy on my heart at this dark moment, the thought that in privacy and behind his back, I was wickedly accustomed to call him *Shag-face*. A kind man was Black Hunsdrich the trooper ! His eyes were put out by a pike, fighting against his own party by mistake in the dark—there was always blindness in our family !’

Here Master Rodolph was so overcome by his misfortune, that he ceased to speak, and began to moan very piteously ; Essper George was not less affected, and sobbed bitterly ; Mr. Speigelsburg groaned ; Little Lintz whimpered. Essper at length broke silence.

‘I have been many trades, and learnt many things in my life,’ said he, with a very subdued voice ; ‘and I am not altogether ignorant of the economy of our visual nerves. I will essay, good Master Rodolph, my dear friend, my much-beloved friend. I will essay, and examine, whether some remnants of a skill once not altogether inglorious, may not produce benefit unto thy good person. Dry thine eyes, my dear Mr. Speigelsburg ; and thou, Little Mr. Lintz, compose thyself. We cannot control fate ; we are not the masters of our destiny. Terrible is this visitation ; but it becomes us to conduct ourselves like men ; to struggle against misfortune ; and verily to do our best to counteract evil. Good Mr.

Speigelburg, do thou hold up and support the head of our much-valued friend ; and thou, kind and Little Mr. Lintz, arrange the light, so that it fall full upon his face. (Here Essper, overpowered by grief, paused for a moment.) Well placed, Mr. Lintz ! exceedingly well placed ! and yet, a little more to the right. Now I will examine these dear eyes.' So saying, Essper, groping his way round Mr. Speigelburg's chair, reached Master Rodolph. 'There is hope,' continued he, after a pause of a few minutes ; 'hope for our much beloved friend. It is not a cataract, and methinks that the sight is not lost. The attack,' continued Essper, in a tone of confident pomposity ; 'the attack is either bilious or nervous. From the colour of our friend's eyes, I at first imagined that it was a sudden rush of bile ; but on examining them more minutely, I am inclined to think otherwise. Give me thy pulse, Master Rodolph ! Hum ! nervous, I think. Show me thy tongue, good Master Rodolph.—Hum ! very nervous ! Does that affect your breath ?' asked Essper ; and he gave the little lusty Intendant a stout thrust in his paunch. 'Does that affect thy breath, beloved friend ?'

'In truth,' answered Master Rodolph, but with great difficulty, for he gasped for breath from the effects of the punch ; 'in truth it very much affects me.'

'Hum ! decidedly nervous !' said Essper George ; 'and a little on the lungs—the nerves of the lungs slightly touched : indeed, your whole nervous system is disarranged. Fear not, my good friend, I perfectly understand your case. We will soon cure you. The first thing to be done, is to apply a lotion of a simple, but very peculiar nature,—the secret was taught me by a Portuguese—and then I must bind your eyes up.'

Essper now dipped his handkerchief in water, and then bandaged Master Rodolph's eyes with it very tightly. When he had decidedly ascertained that the Intendant's sight was completely suppressed, he sought his way to the door with becoming caution, and soon re-entered the

room with a lamp. The extinguished candles were immediately relit. Master Rodolph continued the whole time moaning without ceasing. 'Alack-a-day—and alack, that it should come to this! Oh! Burgundy is a vile wine! Often have I said to myself that I would never try another bottle of Burgundy. Why have I deserted, like an ungrateful traitor, my own country liquors! Alack-a-day, and alack! the whole house will now go to ruin! Tall Halbert will always be back in his accounts; and as for that rascally Vienna bottle-merchant, he will ever be cheating me in the exchanges. Much faith have I in thee, good Essper—truly much faith. Thy skill is great, and also thy kindness, good Mr. Spiegelburg;—and thou too, my little friend; never more shall I see thy pleasing views of this fair town!'

'Now, Mr. Spiegelburg,' said Essper, 'and thou also, kind Mr. Lintz, assist me in moving away the table, and in placing our dearly beloved and much-afflicted friend in the centre of the room; so that we may all of us have a fair opportunity of witnessing the progress or alteration of his disorder, the shifting of the symptoms, and indeed the general appearance of the case.'

They accordingly placed Master Rodolph, who was seated in his large easy chair, in the very centre of the room.

'How feel you now, dear friend?' asked Essper George.

'In truth, very low in spirits, but confiding much in thy skill, good Essper. Hast thou hope, I pray thee tell me, or recommendest thou that I should send for some learned professor of this city? Methinks, in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom!'

'Yes! and in the multitude of fees there is ruin. I tell thee, much-loved Master Rodolph, that I undertake thy cure—fear not—and thy purse shall suffer as little as thy body. But I must find in thee a ready, satisfied, tractable, and confiding patient. The propriety of my

directions must not be questioned, and my instructions must be strictly obeyed.'

'In truth, thou hast only to command, good Essper ; but might I not part with this bandage ? Methinks thy lotion, simple as thou dost profess it to be, has already produced very marvellous effects ; and I already feel my sight, as it were, struggling through the folds of this linen cincture.'

'Take off that bandage,' said Essper, 'and you are stone-blind for life !'

'Alack-a-day !' exclaimed Master Rodolph ; 'how awful ! In truth there is blindness in our family. Black Hunsdrich the trooper——'

'Silence !' said the physician ; 'I must seal your mouth for the present.'

'Alack-a-day !' said Master Rodolph ; 'in truth, without conversation, life appears to me like a prince without a steward !'

'Hush ! hush !' again exclaimed Essper ; 'your attack, good Rodolph, is decidedly nervous, and your cure must be effected by causing an instantaneous re-action of your whole system.' Here Essper whispered to Mr. Spiegelburg, 'who immediately quitted the room. 'You are perhaps not aware,' continued Essper, 'of the intimate connection which exists in the human frame, between the pupils of the eyes and the calves of the legs ?'

'Alack-a-day !' exclaimed the simple Intendant.

'Silence ! silence ! you must listen, not answer : now,' continued he, 'the attack in your eyes, good Rodolph, has been occasioned by a sort of cramp in your legs ; and before any of my remedies can produce an effect upon you, a prior effect must be produced by yourself upon the dormant nerves of the calves of your legs. This must be produced also by manual friction before a large fire.' This fire was now being lighted by Mr. Lintz, under Essper's directions.

'Alack-a-day !' again burst forth Master Rodolph.

‘Silence ! silence !’

‘I tell you, good Essper, I cannot be silent ; I must speak, if I be blind for it for my whole life. I rub the calves of my legs ! I tell you it would be an easier task for me to rub the Grand Duke’s, or Madame Carolina’s. I rub the calves of my legs ! Why, my dear Essper, I cannot even reach them. It was only last Wednesday, that walking through the Great Square, I saw his Excellency approaching me, when my shoe-string was most unluckily untied. There was no idle boy near to help me, and from the greatness of the exertion, I sank down upon a step. Much fear I that my good Prince credited that I had smelt the wine-cup before dinner. In truth, I think I must again betake myself to buckles. I rub my calves, indeed ! Impossible, my dear Essper !’

‘Choose then, between a little temporary inconvenience and eternal blindness. I pledge myself to cure you, but it must be by my own remedies. Implicit obedience on your part is the condition of your cure : decide at once !’

‘If then it must be so,’ said Master Rodolph, in a very doleful voice ; ‘if then it must be so, I must even obey thee. Pray for me, my good friends, I am much afflicted. Awful is this visitation—and great this fatigue !’

In truth the fatigue was great. Imagine an unwieldy being like Master Rodolph, stooping down before a blazing fire, and rubbing his calves with unceasing rapidity ; Essper George standing over him, and preventing him, by constant threats and ever ready admonitions, from flagging in the slightest degree from his indispensable exertions. Poor Master Rodolph ! how he puffed and panted, sighed, and sobbed, and groaned ! What rivers of perspiration coursed down his ample countenance ! But in the midst of his agony, this faithful steward never, for one moment, ceased deploring the anticipated peculations of tall Halbert, and the certain cheater of the Vienna merchant.

While he was in this condition, and thus active, Mr. Spiegelburg returned ; and it was with difficulty that the little man could suppress his laughter, when he witnessed



his simple host performing this singular ceremony, and making these unusual and almost impossible exertions. Nor was he assisted in his painful struggle to stifle his indecent mirth, by his eyes lighting on Little Lintz, who was blowing the fire with unparalleled vigour, and raising his eyes to heaven with increasing wonder at Essper George, who stood opposite Master Rodolph, lolling out his great red tongue at him, winking his eyes, twisting his nose, and distorting his countenance into the most original grimaces. Mr. Speigelburg brought some cigars, and a large jar of hot water. The cigars were immediately lighted, and one placed in each side of Master Rodolph's mouth; tobacco, according to Essper, being a fine stimulant. Little Lintz was set to trim them, and every five minutes he shook off the grey ashes. Master Rodolph was never allowed for a moment to cease exciting the dormant nerves of the calves of his legs.

The clock struck eleven.

'All the symptoms, I am happy to say,' observed Essper, 'are good. I have no hesitation in declaring that it is my firm conviction, that our much-valued friend will be reinstated in the possession of one of the greatest blessings of life. Before midnight, I calculate, if he be wise enough to obey all my directions, that he will find his sight restored.'

'I shall die first,' said Master Rodolph, in a very faint voice; 'I feel sinking every moment; Adieu, my dear friends! Little did I think this jovial afternoon, that it would end in this. Adieu!'

'We cannot think of quitting you, dearest Master Rodolph!' said Essper. 'Do not despair! exert yourself I beseech you: and never cease from exciting the dormant nerves of your calves, until it strike twelve o'clock. The reaction will then have taken place; but mind you rub low, good Rodolph: reach well down; you cannot rub too low. I stake my reputation upon your cure. Think of this, and do not despair. Shave that cigar, and mend the fire, Little Lintz; and now, good Mr. Speigelburg, it

is time for the last remedy ; and then, my good friends, the most profound silence. Not a word from either of you ; you must not even answer a single question.'

Mr. Spiegelburg wanted no fresh instructions, and a stream of warm water was poured down the nape of poor Master Rodolph's neck, with the continuity of a cataract, so that the good steward at last fairly thought that he was born to be drowned. When the great jar was emptied, the confederates sat down to Boston ; the patient, the whole time, continuing his exertions, though almost exhausted, and having no idea that he was not unceasingly watched by his gifted physician and faithful nurses.

At length Essper rose, and again felt Master Rodolph's pulse. 'The important moment is at hand, my dear friend,' said he ; 'and I rejoice to say that the symptoms could not be better. Your pulse has recovered, your nerves are rebraced. There !' he cried, jerking off the bandage.

Master Rodolph gave a loud shout, and in spite of his previous exertions, and without speaking a syllable, jumped upon his legs, and began dancing and hallooing with the most ungoverned enthusiasm. He would have stood upon his head, had not Essper George prevented him ; but the interference of his physician called him a little to himself, and he embraced his preserver without mercy. Truly that affectionate hug of Master Rodolph, revenged all his previous suffering ! The good Intendant was fairly beside himself. He gave Mr. Spiegelburg such a joyous slap on his back, that the Courtsuit suffered more in that one moment, than it had for years ; and as for Little Lintz, he insisted upon putting him in the empty jar. The dwarf ran round the room for his life ; and would decidedly have been potted, had it not been for the stout interference of Mr. Spiegelburg. The little men ended by dancing in a circle, hand-in-hand : no one kicked his heels about with greater spirit than Master Rodolph, and supper was immediately ordered, to celebrate his miraculous recovery.

## CHAPTER VIII

VIVIAN quitted the von Spittergens with regret, and with a promise of a speedy return. He would gladly indeed have lengthened his stay at the present moment ; but a fête which was to be given this evening by his Excellency the Grand Marshal, rendered his return necessary.

After dining with the doctor and his interesting daughter, Vivian mounted Max, and took care not to return to the city by a cross road. He met Emilius von Aslingen in his ride through the gardens. As that distinguished personage at present patronised the English nation, and astounded the Reisenberg natives by driving an English mail, riding English horses, and ruling English grooms, he condescended to be exceedingly polite to our hero, whom he had publicly declared at the soirée of the preceding night, to be ‘a very bearable being.’ Such a character from such a man, raised Vivian even more in the estimation of the Reisenberg world, than his flattering reception by the Grand Duke, and his cordial greeting by Madame Carolina.

‘Shall you be at his Excellency the Grand Marshal’s, to-night?’ asked Vivian.

‘Who is he?’ inquired Mr. Emilius von Aslingen ; ‘ah ! that is the new man—the man who was mediatised, is not it?’

‘The Prince of Little Lilliput, I mean.’

‘Yes!’ drawled out Mr. von Aslingen ; ‘a barbarian who lived in a castle in a wood. I shall go if I have courage enough ; but they say his servants wear skins, and he has got a tail. Good morning to you ! I believe he is your friend.’

The ball-room was splendidly illuminated. Vivian never recollected witnessing a more brilliant scene. The

whole of the Royal Family was present, and did honour to their new Officer of state. His Royal Highness was all smiles, and his Consort all diamonds. Stars and uniforms, ribands and orders abounded. All the diplomatic characters wore the different State dresses of their respective Courts. Emilius von Aslingen having given out in the morning, that he should appear as a Captain in the Royal Guards, all the young lords and fops of fashion were consequently *ultra militaires*. They were not a little annoyed when, late in the evening, their model lounged in, wearing the rich scarlet uniform of a Knight of Malta; of which newly-revived order, von Aslingen, who had served half a campaign against the Turks, was a member.

The Royal Family had arrived only a few minutes: dancing had not yet commenced. Vivian was at the top of the room, honoured by the notice of Madame Carolina, who complained of his yesterday's absence from the palace. Suddenly the universal hum and buzz, which are always sounding in a crowded room, were stilled; and all present, arrested in their conversation and pursuits, stood with their heads turned towards the great door. Thither also Vivian looked, and wonderstruck, beheld—Mr. Beckendorff. His singular appearance, for with the exception of his cavalry boots, he presented the same figure as when he first came forward to receive the Prince of Little Lilliput and Vivian on the lawn, immediately attracted universal attention; but in this crowded room, there were a few who, either from actual experience, or accurate information, were not ignorant that this personage was the Prime Minister. The report spread like wildfire. Even the etiquette of a German ball-room, honoured as it was by the presence of the Court, was no restraint to the curiosity and wonder of all present. Yes! even Emilius von Aslingen raised his glass to his eye, and then,—shrugging his shoulders,—his eyes to heaven! But great as was Vivian's astonishment, it was not only occasioned by this un-

expected appearance of his former host. Mr. Beckendorff was not alone: a female was leaning on his left arm. A quick glance in a moment convinced Vivian, that she was not the original of the mysterious picture. The companion of Beckendorff was very young. Her full voluptuous growth gave you, for a moment, the impression that she was somewhat low in stature; but it was only for a moment, for the lady was by no means short. Her beauty it is impossible to describe. It was of a kind that baffles all phrases, nor have I a single simile at command, to make it more clear, or more confused. Her luxurious form, her blonde complexion, her silken hair, would have all become the languishing Sultana; but then her eyes,—they banished all idea of the Seraglio, and were the most decidedly European, though the most brilliant, that ever glanced: eagles might have proved their young at them. To a countenance which otherwise would have been calm, and perhaps pensive, they gave an expression of extreme vivacity and unusual animation, and perhaps of restlessness and arrogance—it might have been courage. The lady was dressed in the costume of a Chanoinesse of a *Couvent des dames nobles*; an institution to which Protestant and Catholic ladies are alike admitted. The orange-coloured cordon of her canonry, was slung gracefully over her plain black silk dress, and a diamond cross hung below her waist.

Mr. Beckendorff and his fair companion were instantly welcomed by the Grand Marshal; and Arnelm, and half a dozen Chamberlains, all in new uniforms, and extremely agitated, did their utmost, by their exertions in clearing the way, to prevent the Prime Minister of Reisenberg from paying his respects to his Sovereign. At length, however, Mr. Beckendorff reached the top of the room, and presented the young lady to his Royal Highness, and also to Madame Carolina. Vivian had retired on their approach, and now found himself among a set of young officers—idolaters of von Aslingen, and of white hats

lined with crimson. 'Who can she be?' was the universal question. Though all by the query acknowledged their ignorance, yet it is singular that, at the same time, every one was prepared with a response to it. Such are the sources of accurate information!

'And that is Beckendorff, is it?' exclaimed the young Count of Eberstein; 'and his daughter of course! Well; there is nothing like being a plebeian and a Prime Minister! I suppose Beckendorff will bring an anonymous friend to Court next.'

'She cannot be his daughter,' said Bernstorff. 'To be a Chanoinesse of that order, remember she must be noble.'

'Then she must be his niece,' answered the young Count of Eberstein. 'I think I do remember some confused story about a sister of Beckendorff, who ran away with some Württemberg Baron. What was that story, Gernsbach?'

'No, it was not his sister,' said the Baron of Gernsbach; 'it was his aunt, I think.'

'Beckendorff's aunt, what an idea! as if he ever had an aunt! Men of his calibre make themselves out of mud. They have no relations. Well, never mind; there was some story, I am sure, about some woman or other. Depend upon it, that this girl is the child of that woman; whether she be aunt, niece, or daughter. I shall go and tell every one that I know the whole business; this girl is the daughter of some woman or other.'—So saying, away walked the young Count of Eberstein, to disseminate in all directions the important conclusion to which his logical head had allowed him to arrive.

'Von Weinbren,' said the Baron of Gernsbach, 'how can you account for this mysterious appearance of the Premier?'

'Oh! when men are on the decline, they do desperate things. I suppose it is to please the renegado.'

'Hush! there's the Englishman behind you.'

‘On dit, another child of Beckendorff.’

‘Oh no!—secret mission.’

‘Ah! indeed.’

‘Here comes von Aslingen! Well, great Emilius! how solve you this mystery?’

‘What mystery? Is there one?’

‘I allude to this wonderful appearance of Beckendorff.’

‘Beckendorff! what a name! who is he?’

‘Nonsense! the Premier.’

‘Well!’

‘You have seen him of course; he is here. Have you just come in?’

‘Beckendorff here!’ said von Aslingen, in a tone of affected horror; ‘I did not know that the fellow was to be visited. It is all over with Reisenberg. I shall go to Vienna to-morrow.’

But hark! the sprightly music calls to the dance: and first the stately Polonaise, an easy gradation between walking and dancing. To the surprise of the whole room, and the indignation of many of the high nobles, the Crown Prince of Reisenberg led off the Polonaise with the unknown fair one. Such an attention to Beckendorff was a distressing proof of present power and favour. The Polonaise is a dignified promenade, with which German balls invariably commence. The Cavaliers, with an air of studied grace, offer their right hands to their fair partners; and the whole party, in a long file, accurately follow the leading couple through all their scientific evolutions, as they wind through every part of the room. Waltzes in sets speedily followed the Polonaise; and the unknown, who was now an object of universal attention, danced with Count von Sohnspeer—another of Beckendorff’s numerous progeny, if the reader remember. How scurvily are poor single gentlemen, who live alone, treated by the candid tongues of their fellow-creatures! The Commander-in-chief of the Reisenberg troops was certainly a partner of a very different complexion to the young lady’s previous one. The Crown

Prince had undertaken his duty with reluctance, and had performed it without grace: not a single word had he exchanged with his partner during the promenade, and his genuine listlessness was even more offensive than affected apathy. Von Sohnspeer, on the contrary, danced in the true Vienna style, and whirled like a dervish. All our good English prejudices against the soft, the swimming, the sentimental, melting, undulating, dangerous waltz, would quickly disappear, if we only executed the dreaded manœuvres in the true Austrian style. As for myself, far from trembling for any of my daughters, although I particularly pride myself upon my character as a father, far from trembling for any of my daughters while joining in the whirling waltz, I should as soon expect them to get sentimental in a swing.

Vivian did not choose to presume upon his late acquaintance with Mr. Beckendorff, as it had not been sought by that gentleman, and he consequently did not pay his respects to the Minister. Mr. Beckendorff continued at the top of the room, standing between the state chairs of his Royal Highness and Madame Carolina, and occasionally addressing an observation to his Sovereign, and answering one of the lady's. Had Mr. Beckendorff been in the habit of attending balls nightly, he could not have exhibited more perfect nonchalance. There he stood, with his arms crossed behind him, his chin resting on his breast, and his raised eyes glancing!

'My dear Prince,' said Vivian to the Grand Marshal, 'you are just the person I wanted to speak to. How came you to invite Beckendorff—and how came he to accept the invitation?'

'My dear friend,' said his Highness, shrugging his shoulders, 'wonders will never cease. I never invited him; I should just as soon have thought of inviting old Schoss Johannisberger.'

'Were not you aware, then, of his intention?'

'Not the least! you should rather say *attention*; for I



assure you, I consider it a most particular one. It is quite astonishing, my dear friend, how I mistook that man's character. He really is one of the most gentlemanly, polite, and excellent persons I know: no more mad than you are! And as for his power being on the decline, we know the nonsense of that!

'Better than most persons, I suspect. Sievers, of course, is not here?'

'No! you have heard about him, I suppose.'

'Heard!—heard what?'

'Not heard! well—he told me yesterday, and said he was going to call upon you directly to let you know.'

'Know what?'

'He is a very sensible man, Sievers; and I am very glad at last that he is likely to succeed in the world. All men have their little imprudencies, and he was a little too hot once. What of that?—He has come to his senses—so have I; and I hope you will never lose yours!'

'But pray, my dear Prince, tell me what has happened to Sievers.'

'He is going to Vienna immediately, and will be very useful there I have no doubt. He has got a very good place, and I am sure he will do his duty. They cannot have an abler man.'

'Vienna! well—that is the last city in the world in which I should expect to find Mr. Sievers. What place can he have?—and what services can he perform there?'

'Many! he is to be Editor of the Austrian Observer, and Censor of the Austrian Press. I thought he would do well at last. All men have their imprudent day. I had. I cannot stop now—I must go and speak to the Countess von S——.'

As Vivian was doubting whether he should most grieve or laugh, at this singular termination of Mr. Sievers' career, his arm was suddenly seized, and on turning round, he found it was by Mr. Beckendorff.

'There is another very strong argument, Sir,' said the Minister, without any of the usual phrases of recognition;

‘there is another very strong argument against your doctrine of Destiny.’ And then Mr. Beckendorff, taking Vivian by the arm, began walking up and down part of the saloon with him; and in a few minutes, quite forgetting the scene of the discussion, he was involved in the deepest metaphysics. This incident created another great sensation, and whispers of ‘secret mission—Secretary of State—decidedly a son,’ etc. etc. were in an instant afloat in all parts of the room.

The approach of his Royal Highness extricated Vivian from an argument, which was as profound as it was interminable; and as Mr. Beckendorff retired with the Grand Duke into a recess in the ball-room, Vivian was requested by von Neuwied to attend his Excellency the Grand Marshal.

‘My dear friend,’ said the Prince, ‘I saw you talking with a certain person; now is not he what you call a proper man,—gentlemanly, polite, and exceedingly attentive? I did not say anything to you when I passed you before; but to tell you the truth now, I was a little annoyed that he had not spoken to you. I knew you were as proud as Lucifer, and would not salute him yourself; and between ourselves I had no great wish you should; for, not to conceal it, he did not even mention your name. But the reason of this, is now quite evident, and you must confess he is remarkably attentive. You know, if you remember, we thought that incognito was a little affected—rather annoying, if you recollect. I remember in the green lane, you gave him a gentle cut about it: you have not forgot you told me, perhaps? It was very kind of you, very spirited, and I daresay, did good. Well!—what I was going to say about that, is this,—I daresay now, after all,’ continued his Excellency, with a very knowing look, ‘a certain person had very good reasons for that: not that he ever told them to me, nor that I have the slightest idea of them; but when a person is really so exceedingly polite and attentive, I always think he would never do anything disagreeable

without a cause,—and it was exceedingly disagreeable, if you remember, my dear friend. I never knew to whom he was speaking. Von Philipson indeed! hah! hah! hah! when one does remember certain things in one's life—hah! hah! hah! eh Grey?—you remember that cucumber? and Owlface, eh? hah! hah! hah! and Madame Clara, eh? Well! we did not think, the day we were floundering down that turf road, that it would end in this. Grand Marshal! rather a more brilliant scene than the Giants' Hall at Turriparva, I think, eh? —hah! hah! hah! But all men have their imprudent days; the best way is to forget them. There was poor Sievers: who ever did more imprudent things than he? and now it is very likely he will do very well in the world, eh? Well! there is no end to talking so. What I want of you, my dear fellow, is this. There is that girl who came with Beckendorff: who the deuce she is, I don't know:—let us hope the best! We must pay her every attention. I daresay she is his daughter. You have not forgotten the portrait, I daresay. Well! we all were gay once, you know, Grey. All men have their imprudent day; why should not Beckendorff?—speaks rather in his favour, I think. Well, this girl, you know;—His Royal Highness very kindly made the Crown Prince walk the Polonaise with her—very kind of him, and very proper. What attention can be too great for the daughter or friend of such a man!—a man who, in two words, may be said to have made Reisenberg. For what was Reisenberg before Beckendorff? Ah! what? Perhaps we were happier then, after all: and then there was no Royal Highness to bow to; no person to be condescending, except ourselves. But never mind! we'll forget. After all, this life has its charms. What a brilliant scene!—but I ramble so—this girl—every attention should be paid her, of course. The Crown Prince was so kind as to walk the Polonaise with her;—and von Sohnspeer—he is a brute, to be sure; but then he is a Field Marshal. I did not know, till to-day, that in public processions the

Grand Marshal takes precedence of the Field Marshal ! That is, I walk before von Sohnspeer : and what is more just ?—precisely as it should be. Ah ! I never shall come to the point—this girl,—every attention should be paid her ; and I think, considering what has taken place between Beckendorff and yourself, and the very polite, and marked, and flattering, and particularly attentive manner in which he recognised you,—I think, that after all this, and considering everything, the etiquette is for you, my dear Grey, particularly as you are a foreigner, and my personal friend—indeed my most particular friend, for in fact I owe everything to you—my life, and more than my life,—I think, I repeat, considering all this, that the least you can do is to ask her to dance with you ; and I, as the host, will introduce you. I am sorry, my dear friend,’ continued his Excellency, with a look of great regret, ‘to introduce you to—— ; but we will not speak about it. We have no right to complain of Mr. Beckendorff. No person could possibly behave to us in a manner more polite, and gentlemanly, and attentive.’

After an introductory speech, in his Excellency’s happiest manner, and in which an eulogium of Vivian, and a compliment to the fair unknown, got almost as completely entangled as the origin of slavery, and the history of the feudal system, in his more celebrated harangue ; Vivian found himself waltzing with the anonymous beauty. The Grand Marshal, during the process of introduction, had given the young lady every opportunity of declaring her name ; but every opportunity was thrown away. ‘She must be incog.’ whispered his Excellency : ‘*Miss* von Philipson, I suppose ?’

Vivian was extremely desirous of discovering the nature of the relationship, or connection, between Beckendorff and his partner. The rapid waltz allowed no pause for conversation ; but after the dance, Vivian seated himself at her side, with the determination of not very quickly deserting it. The lady did not even allow him the satisfaction of commencing the conversation ; for no

sooner was she seated, than she begged to know who the person was with whom she had previously waltzed. The history of Count von Sohnspeer exceedingly amused her ; and no sooner had Vivian finished his anecdote, than the lady said, 'Ah ! I see you are an amusing person. Now tell me the history of everybody in the room.'

'Really,' said Vivian, 'I fear I shall forfeit my reputation of being amusing very speedily ; for I am almost as great a stranger at this Court as you appear to be yourself ! Count von Sohnspeer is too celebrated a personage at Reisenberg, to have allowed even me to be long ignorant of his history ; and, as for the rest, as far as I can judge, they are most of them as obscure as myself, and not nearly as interesting as you are !'

'Are you an Englishman ?' asked the lady.

'I am.'

'I supposed so, both from your travelling and your appearance : I think the English countenance is very peculiar.'

'Indeed ! we do not flatter ourselves so at home.'

'Yes ! it is peculiar,' said the lady, in a tone which seemed to imply that contradiction was unusual ; 'and I think that you are all handsome ! I admire the English, which in this part of the world is singular ; in the South, you know, we are generally *francisé*.'

'I am aware of that,' said Vivian. 'There, for instance,' pointing to a very pompous-looking personage, who at that moment strutted by ; 'there, for instance, is the most *francisé* person in all Reisenberg ! that is our Grand Chamberlain. He considers himself a most felicitous copy of Louis the Fourteenth ! He allows nothing in his opinions and phrases, but what is orthodox. As it generally happens in such cases, his orthodoxy is rather obsolete.'

'Who is that knight of Malta ?' asked the lady.

'The most powerful individual in the room,' answered Vivian.

'Who can he be ?' asked the lady with eagerness.

‘Behold him, and tremble!’ rejoined Vivian: ‘for with him it rests to decide, whether you are civilised, or a savage; whether you are to be abhorred, or admired; idolised, or despised. Nay, do not be alarmed! there are a few heretics, even in Reisenberg, who, like myself, value from conviction, and not from fashion; and who will, be ever ready, in spite of a von Aslingen anathema, to evince our admiration where it is due.’

The lady pleaded fatigue, as an excuse for not again dancing; and Vivian, of course, did not quit her side. Her lively remarks, piquant observations, and very singular questions, highly amused him; and he was equally flattered by the evident gratification which his conversation afforded her. It was chiefly of the principal members of the Court that she spoke: she was delighted with Vivian’s glowing character of Madame Carolina, whom she said she had this evening seen for the first time. Who this unknown could be, was a question which often occurred to him; and the singularity of a man like Beckendorff, suddenly breaking through his habits, and outraging the whole system of his existence, to please a daughter, or niece, or female cousin, did not fail to strike him.

‘I have the honour of being acquainted with Mr. Beckendorff,’ said Vivian. This was the first time that the Minister’s name had been mentioned.

‘I perceived you talking with him,’ was the answer.

‘You are staying, I suppose, at Mr. Beckendorff’s?’

‘Not at present.’

‘You have, of course, been at his retreat—delightful place!’

‘Very elegant!’

‘Are you an ornithologist?’ asked Vivian, smiling.

‘Not at all scientific; but I, of course, can now tell a lory from a Java sparrow—and a bullfinch from a canary. The first day I was there, I never shall forget the surprise I experienced, when, after the noon meal being finished, the aviary door was opened. After that, I always let the creatures out myself; and one day I opened all the cages

at once. If you could but have witnessed the scene ! I am sure *you* would have been quite delighted with it. As for poor Mr. Beckendorff, I thought even he would have gone out of his mind ; and when I brought in the white peacock, he actually left the room in despair. Pray how do you like Madame Clara, and Owlface too ? Which do you think the most beautiful ? I am no great favourite with the old lady. Indeed, it was very kind of Mr. Beckendorff to bear with everything as he did : I am sure he is not much used to lady visitors.'

'I trust that your visit to him will not be very short ?'

'My stay at Reisenberg will not be very long' : said the young lady, with rather a grave countenance. 'Have you been here any time ?'

'About a fortnight : it was a mere chance my coming at all. I was going on straight to Vienna.'

'To Vienna ! indeed ! Well, I am glad you did not miss Reisenberg ; you must not quit it now. You know that this is not the Vienna season ?'

'I am aware of it ; but I am such a restless person, that I never regulate my movements by those of other people.'

'But surely you find Reisenberg very agreeable ?'

'Very much so ; but I am a confirmed wanderer.'

'Why are you ?' asked the lady, with great naïveté.

Vivian looked grave ; and the lady, as if she were sensible of having unintentionally occasioned him a painful recollection, again expressed her wish that he should not immediately quit the Court, and trusted that circumstances would not prevent him acceding to her desire.

'It does not even depend upon circumstances,' said Vivian ; 'the whim of the moment is my only principle of action, and therefore I may be off to-night, or be here a month hence.'

'Oh ! pray stay then,' said his companion, eagerly ; 'I expect you to stay now. If you could only have an idea what a relief conversing with you is, after having

been dragged by the Crown Prince, and whirled by that von Sohnspeer! Heigho! I could almost sigh at the very remembrance of that doleful Polonaise.'

The lady ended, with a faint laugh, a sentence which apparently had been commenced in no light vein. She did not cease speaking, but continued to request Vivian to remain at Reisenberg at least as long as herself. Her frequent requests were perfectly unnecessary, for the promise had been pledged at the first hint of her wish; but this was not the only time during the evening, that Vivian had remarked, that his interesting companion occasionally talked without apparently being sensible that she was conversing.

The young Count of Eberstein, who, to use his own phrase, was 'sadly involved,' and consequently very desirous of being appointed a forest Councillor, thought that he should secure his appointment, by condescending to notice the person whom he delicately styled 'the Minister's female relative.' To his great mortification and surprise, the honour was declined; and 'the female relative,' being unwilling to dance again, but perhaps feeling it necessary to break off her conversation with her late partner, it having already lasted a most unusual time, highly gratified his Excellency the Grand Marshal by declaring that she would dance with Prince Maximilian. 'This, to say the least, was very attentive of Miss von Philipson.'

Little Max, who had just tact enough to discover, that to be the partner of the fair incognito was the place of honour of the evening, now considered himself by much the most important personage in the room. In fact, he was only second to Emilius von Aslingen. The evident contest which was ever taking place between his natural feelings as a boy, and his acquired habits as a courtier, made him a very amusing companion. He talked of the Gardens, and the Opera, in a style not unworthy of the young Count of Eberstein. He thought that Madame Carolina was as charming as usual



to-night; but, on the contrary, that the Countess von S—— was looking rather ill—and this put him in mind of her ladyship's new equipage; and then, à propos of equipages, what did his companion think of the new fashion of the Hungarian harness? His lively and kind companion encouraged the boy's tattle; and, emboldened by her good-nature, he soon forgot his artificial speeches, and was quickly rattling on about Turriparva, and his horses, and his dogs, and his park, and his guns, and his grooms. Soon after the waltz, the lady, taking the arm of the young Prince, walked up to Mr. Beckendorff. He received her with very great attention, and led her to Madame Carolina, who rose, seated Mr. Beckendorff's 'female relative' by her side, and evidently said something extremely agreeable.

Mr. Beckendorff had been speaking to von Sohnspeer, who was now again dancing; and the Minister was standing by himself, in his usual attitude, and quite abstracted. Young Maximilian, who seemed to be very much struck by the Minister's appearance, continued, after losing his partner, to eye Mr. Beckendorff with a very scrutinising glance. By degrees he drew nearer and nearer to the object of his examination, sometimes staring at him with intensesness, and occasionally casting his eyes to the ground as if he thought he was observed. At length he had come up quite close to the Premier, and waiting for an instant until he had caught his eye, he made a most courteous bow, and said in a very agitated voice, as if he already repented his rash venture, 'I think, Sir, that you have dropped the pin out of this part of your dress.'

Here the young Prince pointed with a shaking finger to the part of the breast in Mr. Beckendorff's costume, where the small piece of flannel waistcoat invariably made its appearance.

'You think so, Sir, do you?' said the Prime Minister of Reisenberg. 'Pray, at what o'clock do you go to bed?'

If you have ever seen a barking dog, reached by the dexterous lash of some worried equestrian, suddenly slink away ; his annoying yell instantaneously silenced, and his complacent grin of ludicrous importance changed into a doleful look of unexpected discomfiture ; you may form some idea of the shuffling rapidity with which the young Prince Maximilian disappeared from the presence of Mr. Beckendorff ; and the countenance of actual alarm with which he soon sought refuge in another part of the room. In the fright of the moment, the natural feelings of the child all returned ; and, like all frightened children, he sought a friend—he ran to Vivian.

‘I know something !’ said the boy.

‘What ?’

‘I’ll tell you a secret : you must not say a word though—upon your honour ?’

‘Oh, certainly !’

‘Put your ear down lower : anybody looking ?’

‘No, no !’

‘Sure nobody can hear ?’

‘Certainly not !’

‘Then I’ll tell you what : lean down a little lower—sure nobody is listening ?—I—I—I don’t like that Mr. Beckendorff !’

## CHAPTER IX

VIVIAN had promised Madame Carolina a second English lesson on the day after the Grand Marshal’s fête. The great progress which the lady had made, and the great talent which the gentleman had evinced during the first, had rendered Madame the most enthusiastic of pupils, and Vivian, in her estimation, the ablest of instructors. Madame Carolina’s passion was patronage. To discover concealed merit, to en-

courage neglected genius, to reveal the mysteries of the world to a novice in mankind ; or in short, to make herself very agreeable to any one whom she fancied to be very interesting ; was the great business, and the great delight, of her existence. No sooner had her eyes lighted on Vivian Grey, than she determined to patronise. His country, his appearance, the romantic manner in which he had become connected with the Court, all pleased her lively imagination. She was intuitively acquainted with his whole history, and in an instant he was the hero of a romance, of which the presence of the principal character compensated, we may suppose, for the somewhat indefinite details. His taste, and literary acquirements, completed the spell by which Madame Carolina was willingly enchanted. A low Dutch professor, whose luminous genius rendered unnecessary the ceremony of shaving ; and a dumb dwarf, in whose interesting appearance was forgotten its perfect idiotism ; a prosy 'improvisatore, and a South American savage, were all superseded on the appearance of Vivian Grey.

As Madame Carolina was, in fact, a very delightful woman, our hero, had no objection to humour her harmless foibles ; and not contented with making notes in an interleaved copy of her Charlemagne, he even promised to read Haroun Al Raschid in manuscript. The consequence of his courtesy, and the reward of his taste, was unbounded favour. Apartments in the palace were offered him, and declined ; and when Madame Carolina had become acquainted with sufficient of his real history, to know that, on his part, neither wish nor necessity existed to return immediately to his own country, she tempted him to remain at Reisenberg by an offer of a place at Court ; and doubtless, had he been willing, Vivian might in time have become a Lord Chamberlain, or perhaps even a Field Marshal.

On entering the room, the morning in question, he found Madame Carolina writing. At the end of the apartment, a lady ceased, on his appearance, humming

an air to which she was dancing, and at the same time imitating castanets. Madame received Vivian with expressions of the greatest delight, saying also, in a very peculiar and confidential manner, that she was just sealing up a packet for him, the preface of Haroun; and then she introduced him to 'the Baroness!' Vivian turned and bowed: the lady who was lately dancing, came forward. It was his unknown partner of the preceding night. 'The Baroness' extended her hand to Vivian, and unaffectedly expressed her great pleasure at seeing him again. Vivian trusted that she was not fatigued by the fête, and asked after Mr. Beckendorff. Madame Carolina was busily engaged at the moment in duly securing the precious preface. The Baroness said that Mr. Beckendorff had returned home, but that Madame Carolina had kindly insisted upon her staying at the palace. She was not the least wearied. Last night had been one of the most agreeable she had ever spent, at least she supposed she ought to say so: for if she had experienced a tedious or mournful feeling for a moment, it was hardly for what was then passing, so much as for——

'Pray, Mr. Grey,' said Madame Carolina, interrupting them, 'have you heard about our new ballet?'

'No!'

'I do not think you have ever been to our Opera. To-morrow is Opera night, and you must not be again away. We pride ourselves here very much upon our Opera.

'We estimate it even in England,' said Vivian, 'as possessing perhaps the most perfect orchestra now organised.'

'The orchestra is very perfect. His Royal Highness is such an excellent musician, and he has spared no trouble nor expense in forming it: he has always superintended it himself. But I confess, I admire our ballet department still more. I expect you to be delighted with it. You will perhaps be gratified to know, that

the subject of our new splendid ballet, which is to be produced to-morrow, is from a great work of your illustrious poet—my Lord Byron.’

‘From which of his works?’

‘The Corsair. Ah! what a sublime work!—what passion!—what energy!—what knowledge of feminine feeling!—what contrast of character!—what sentiments!—what situations! Oh! I wish this was Opera night—Gulnare! oh! my favourite character—beautiful! beautiful! beautiful! How do you think they will dress her?’

‘Are you an admirer of our Byron?’ asked Vivian of the Baroness.

‘I think he is a very handsome man. I once saw him at the carnival at Venice.’

‘But his works—his grand works! *ma chère petite*,’ said Madame Carolina, in her sweetest tone; ‘you have read his works?’

‘Not a line,’ answered the Baroness, with great naiveté; ‘I never saw them.’

‘Oh! *pauvre enfant*!’ said Madame Carolina; ‘I will employ you then while you are here.’

‘I never read,’ said the Baroness; ‘I cannot bear it. I like poetry and romances, but I like somebody to read to me.’

‘Very just!’ said Madame Carolina; ‘We can judge with greater accuracy of the merit of a composition, when it reaches our mind merely through the medium of the human voice. The soul is an essence,—invisible and indivisible. In this respect, the voice of man resembles the principle of his existence; since few will deny, though there are some materialists who will deny everything, that the human voice is both impalpable, and audible only in one place at the same time. Hence, I ask, is it illogical to infer its indivisibility? The soul and the voice then, are similar in two great attributes; there is a secret harmony in their spiritual construction. In the earliest ages of mankind a beautiful tradition was

afloat, that the soul and the voice, were one and the same. We may perhaps recognise in this fanciful belief, the effect of the fascinating and imaginative philosophy of the East; that mysterious portion of the globe,' continued Madame Carolina with renewed energy, 'from which we should frankly confess that we derive everything: for the South is but the pupil of the East, through the mediation of Egypt. Of this opinion,' said Madame with increased fervour, 'I have no doubt: of this opinion,' continued the lady with additional enthusiasm, 'I have boldly avowed myself a votary in a dissertation appended to the second volume of Haroun: for this opinion I would die at the stake! Oh, lovely East! Why was I not oriental! Land where the voice of the nightingale is never mute! Land of the cedar and the citron, the turtle and the myrtle—of ever-blooming flowers, and ever-shining skies! Illustrious East! Cradle of Philosophy! Oh, my dearest Baroness, why do not you feel as I do! From the East we obtain everything!'

'Indeed!' said the Baroness, with great simplicity; 'I thought we only got Cachemere shawls.'

This puzzling answer was only noticed by Vivian; for the truth is, Madame Carolina was one of those individuals who never attend to any person's answers. Always thinking of herself, she only asked questions that she herself might supply the responses. And now having made, as she flattered herself, a very splendid display to her favourite critic, she began to consider what had given rise to her oration. Lord Byron and the ballet again occurred to her; and as the Baroness, at least, was not unwilling to listen, and as she herself had no manuscript of her own which she particularly wished to be perused, she proposed that Vivian should read to them part of the *Corsair*, and in the original tongue. Madame Carolina opened the volume at the first prison scene between Gulnare and Conrad. It was her favourite. Vivian read with care and feeling. Madame was in raptures, and the Baroness, although she did not understand a

single syllable, seemed almost equally delighted. At length Vivian came to this passage—

My love stern Seyd's ! Oh—no—no—not my love !—  
 Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove  
 To meet his passion—but it would not be.  
 I felt—I feel—love dwells with—with the free—  
 I am a slave, a favour'd slave at best,  
 To share his splendour, and seem very blest !  
 Oft must my soul the question undergo,  
 Of—'Dost thou love ?' and burn to answer 'No !'  
 Oh ! hard it is that fondness to sustain,  
 And struggle not to feel averse in vain ;  
 But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,  
 And hide from one—perhaps another there ;—  
 He takes the hand I give not nor withhold—  
 Its pulse nor check'd—nor quicken'd—calmly cold :  
 And when resign'd, it drops a lifeless weight  
 From one I never lov'd enough to hate.  
 No warmth these lips return by his imprest,  
 And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest.  
 Yes—had I ever proved that passion's zeal,  
 The change to hatred were at least to feel :  
 But still—he goes unmourn'd—returns unsought—  
 And oft when present—absent from my thought.  
 Or when reflection comes, and come it must—  
 I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring disgust ;  
 I am his slave—but, in despite of pride,  
 'Twere worse than bondage to become his bride.

'Oh ! how superb !' said Madame, in a voice of enthusiasm ; 'how true ! what passion ! what energy ! what sentiments ! what knowledge of feminine feeling ! Read it again, I pray : it is my favourite passage.'

'What is this passage about ?' asked the Baroness with great anxiety ; 'tell me ?'

'I have a French translation, *ma mignonne*,' said Madame ; 'you shall have it afterwards.'

'No ! I detest reading,' said the young lady, with a very imperious air ; 'translate it to me at once.'

'You are rather a self-willed, petted, little beauty !' thought Vivian ; 'but your eyes are so brilliant that nothing must be refused you !' and so he did translate it.

On its conclusion, Madame was again in raptures.

The Baroness was not less affected, but she said nothing. She appeared extremely agitated ; she changed colour—raised her beautiful eyes with an expression of great sorrow—looked at Vivian very earnestly, and then walked to the other end of the room. In a few moments she returned to her seat.

‘I wish you would tell me the story,’ she said, with great earnestness.

‘I have a French translation, *ma belle* !’ said Madame Carolina ; ‘at present I wish to trouble Mr. Grey with a few questions.’ Madame Carolina led Vivian into a recess.

‘I am sorry we are troubled with this sweet little savage ; but I think she has talent, though evidently quite uneducated. We must do what we can for her. Her total ignorance of all breeding is amusing, but then I think she has a natural elegance. We shall soon polish her. His Royal Highness is so anxious that every attention should be paid to her. Beckendorff, you know, is a man of the greatest genius. (Madame Carolina had lowered her tone about the Minister since the Prince of Little Lilliput’s apostasy.) The country is greatly indebted to him. This, between ourselves, is his daughter. At least *I* have no doubt of it. Beckendorff was once married—to a lady of great rank—died early—beautiful woman—very interesting ! His Royal Highness had a great regard for her. The Premier, in his bereavement, turned humourist, and has brought up this lovely girl in the oddest possible manner—nobody knows where. Now that he finds it necessary to bring her forward, he, of course, is quite at a loss. His Royal Highness has applied to me. There was a little coldness before between the Minister and myself. It is now quite removed. I must do what I can for her. I think she must marry von Sohnspeer, who is no more Beckendorff’s son than you are : or young Eberstein—or young Bernstorff—or young Gernsbach. We must do something for her. I offered her last night to Emilius von Aslingen ; but he



said, that unfortunately he was just importing a savage or two of his own from the Brazils, and consequently was not in want of her.'

A Chamberlain now entered, to announce the speedy arrival of his Royal Highness. The Baroness, without ceremony, expressed her great regret that he was coming, as now she should not hear the wished-for story. Madame Carolina reproved her, and the reproof was endured rather than submitted to.

His Royal Highness entered, and was accompanied by the Crown Prince. He greeted the young lady with great kindness; and even the Crown Prince, inspired by his father's unusual warmth, made a shuffling kind of bow, and a stuttering kind of speech. Vivian was about to retire on the entrance of the Grand Duke; but Madame Carolina prevented him, and his Royal Highness turning round, very graciously seconded her desire, and added that Mr. Grey was the very gentleman with whom he was desirous of meeting.

'I am anxious,' said he to Vivian, in rather a low tone, 'to make Reisenberg agreeable to Mr. Beckendorff's fair friend. As you are one of the few who are honoured by his intimacy, and are familiar with some of our State secrets,' added the Grand Duke with a smile; 'I am sure it will give you pleasure to assist me in the execution of my wishes.'

His Royal Highness proposed that the ladies should ride; and he himself, with the Crown Prince and Mr. Grey, would attend them. Madame Carolina expressed her willingness; but the Baroness, like all forward girls unused to the world, suddenly grew at the same time both timid and disobliging. She looked sullen and discontented, and coolly said that she did not feel in the humour to ride for, at least, these two hours. To Vivian's surprise, even the Grand Duke humoured her fancy, and declared that he should then be happy to attend them after the Court dinner. Until that time Vivian was amused by Madame; and the Grand Duke ex-

clusively devoted himself to the Baroness. His Royal Highness was in his happiest mood ; and his winning manners and elegant conversation, soon chased away the cloud which, for a moment, had settled on the young lady's fair brow.

## CHAPTER X

THE Grand Duke of Reisenberg was an enthusiastic lover of music, and his people were consequently music mad. The whole city were fiddling day and night, or blowing trumpets, oboes, and bassoons. Sunday, however, was the most harmonious day in the week. The Opera amused the Court and the wealthiest bourgeoisie ; and few private houses could not boast their family concert, or small party of performers. In the guinguettes, or tea-gardens, of which there were many in the suburbs of the city, bearing the euphonious, romantic, and fashionable titles of Tivoli, Arcadia, and Vauxhall, a strong and amateur orchestra was never wanting. Strolling through the city on a Sunday afternoon, many a pleasing picture of innocent domestic enjoyment might be observed. In the arbour of a garden a very stout man, with a fair, broad, good-natured, solid German face, may be seen perspiring under the scientific exertion of the French horn ; himself wisely disembarassed of the needless encumbrance of his pea-green coat and showy waistcoat, which lay neatly folded by his side ; while his large and sleepy blue eyes actually gleam with enthusiasm. His daughter, a soft and delicate girl, touches the light guitar ; catching the notes of the music from the opened opera, which is placed before the father on a massy music stand. Her voice joins in melody with her mother ; who, like all German mothers, seems only her daughter's self, subdued by an additional twenty

years. The bow of one violin is handled, with the air of a master, by an elder brother ; while a younger one, an University student, grows sentimental over the flute. The same instrument is also played by a tall and tender-looking young man in black, who stands behind the parents, next to the daughter, and occasionally looks off his music-book to gaze on his young mistress' eyes. He is a clerk in a public office ; and on next Michaelmas Day, if he succeed, as he hopes, in gaining a small addition to his salary, he will be still more entitled to join in the Sunday family concert. Such is one of the numerous groups, the sight of which must assuredly give pleasure to every man who delights in seeing his fellow-creatures refreshed after their weekly labours by such calm and rational enjoyment. I would gladly linger among such scenes, which to me have afforded, at many an hour, the most pleasing emotions ; and, moreover, the humours of a guinguette are not unworthy of our attention : but I must introduce the reader to a more important party, and be consoled for leaving a scene where I fain would loiter, by flattering myself that my attention is required to more interesting topics.

The Court chapel and the Court dinner are over. We are in the Opera-house of Reisenberg ; and, of course, rise as the Royal party enters. The house, which is of a moderate size—perhaps of the same dimensions as our small theatres—was fitted up with great splendour ; I hardly know whether I should say with great taste ; for although, not merely the scenery, but indeed every part of the house, was painted by eminent artists, the style of the ornaments was rather patriotic than tasteful. The house had been built immediately after the war, at a period when Reisenberg, flushed with the success of its thirty thousand men, imagined itself to be a great military nation. Trophies, standards, cannon, eagles, consequently appeared in every corner of the Opera-house ; and quite superseded lyres, and timbrels, and tragic daggers, and comic masks. The

Royal box was constructed in the form of a tent, and held nearly fifty persons. It was exactly in the centre of the house, its floor over the back of the pit, and its roof reaching to the top of the second circle ; its crimson hangings were restrained by ropes of gold, and the whole was surmounted by a large and radiant crown. The house was, of course, merely lighted by a chandelier from the centre.

The Opera for the evening was Rossini's *Otello*. As soon as the Grand Duke entered, the overture commenced ; his Royal Highness coming forward to the front of the box, and himself directing the musicians ; keeping time earnestly with his right hand, in which was a very long black opera-glass. This he occasionally used, but merely to look at the orchestra ; not, assuredly, to detect a negligent or inefficient performer ; for in the schooled orchestra of Reisenberg, it would have been impossible even for the eagle eye of his Royal Highness, assisted as it was by his long black opera-glass, or for his fine ear, matured as it was by the most complete study, to discover there either inattention or feebleness. The house was perfectly silent ; for when the Monarch directs the orchestra, the world goes to the Opera to listen. Perfect silence at Reisenberg then, was etiquette and the fashion ; and being etiquette and the fashion was thought no hardship ; for at our own Opera-house, or at the Academie at Paris, or the Pergola, or La Scala, or San Carlo, we do not buzz, and chatter, and rattle, and look as if to listen to the performance were rank heresy ; either because music is disagreeable, or to buzz, chatter, and rattle, the reverse ; but in truth, merely because there, to listen to the performer is not etiquette and the fashion ; and to buzz, chatter, and rattle, is. Emilius von Aslingen was accustomed to say that at Reisenberg he went to the Chapel in the morning to talk, and to the Opera, in the evening, to pray. Between the acts of the Opera, however, the Ballet was performed ; and then everybody might talk, and laugh, and remark, as much as they chose.

The Opera, I have said, was *Otello*. The Grand Duke prided himself as much upon the accuracy of his scenery and dresses and decorations, as upon the exquisite skill of his performers. In truth, an Opera at Reisenberg was a spectacle which could not fail to be interesting to a man of taste. When the curtain drew up, the first scene presented a view of old Brabantio's house. It was accurately copied from one of the sumptuous structures of Scamozzi, or Sansovino, or Palladio, which adorn the Grand Canal of Venice. In the distance rose the domes of St. Mark, and the lofty Campanile. Vivian could not fail to be delighted with this beautiful work of art, for such indeed it should be styled. He was more surprised, however, but not less pleased, on the entrance of *Othello* himself. In England we are accustomed to deck this adventurous Moor in the costume of his native country—but is this correct? The Grand Duke of Reisenberg thought not. *Othello* was an adventurer; at an early age he entered, as many foreigners did, into the service of Venice. In that service he rose to the highest dignities—became General of their armies, and of their fleets; and finally the Viceroy of their favourite kingdom. Is it natural to suppose that such a man should have retained, during his successful career, the manners and dress of his original country? Ought we not rather to admit, that, had he done so, his career would, in fact, not have been successful? In all probability, he imitated to affectation the manners of the country which he had adopted. It is not probable that in such, or in any age, the turbaned Moor would have been treated with great deference by the common Christian soldier of Venice—or indeed, that the scandal of a heathen leading the armies of one of the most powerful of European States, would have been tolerated for an instant by indignant Christendom. If *Shylock* even, the Jew merchant, confined to his quarter, and herding with his own sect, were bearded on the Rialto,—in what spirit would the Venetians have witnessed their doge and nobles, whom

they ranked above kings, holding equal converse, and loading with the most splendid honours of the Republic, a follower of Mahound? Such were the sentiments of the Grand Duke of Reisenberg on this subject, a subject interesting to Englishmen; and I confess I think that they are worthy of attention. In accordance with his opinions, the actor who performed Othello appeared in the full dress of a Venetian magnifico of the Middle Ages; a fit companion for Cornaro, or Grimani, or Barberigo, or Foscari.

The first act of the Opera was finished. The Baroness expressed to Vivian her great delight at its being over; as she was extremely desirous of learning the story of the ballet, which she had not yet been able to acquire. His translation of yesterday had greatly interested her. Vivian shortly gave her the outline of the story of Conrad. She listened with great attention, but made no remark.

The ballet at Reisenberg was not merely a vehicle for the display of dancing. It professed by gesture and action, aided by music, to influence the minds of the spectators not less than the regular drama. Of this exhibition dancing was a casual ornament, as it is of life. It took place, therefore, only on fitting occasions, and grew out, in a natural manner, from some event in the history represented. For instance, suppose the story of Othello the subject of the ballet. The dancing, in all probability, would be introduced at a grand entertainment, given in celebration of the Moor's arrival at Cyprus. All this would be in character. Our feelings would not be outraged by a husband chasseying forward to murder his wife; or by seeing the pillow pressed over the innocent Desdemona by the impulse of a pique. In most cases, therefore, the chief performers in this species of spectacle are not even dancers. This, however, may not always be the case. If Diana be the heroine, poetical probability will not be offended by the goddess joining in the chaste dance with her huntress nymphs; and were

the Bayadère of Goethe made the subject of a ballet, the Indian dancing girl would naturally be the heroine, both of the drama and the poem. I know, myself, no performance more affecting than the serious pantomime of a master. In some of the most interesting situations, it is in fact even more natural than the oral drama—logically, it is more perfect. For the soliloquy is actually *thought* before us; and the magic of the representation not destroyed by the sound of the human voice, at a moment when we all know man never speaks.

The curtain again rises. Sounds of revelry and triumph are heard from the Pirate Isle. They celebrate recent success. Various groups, accurately attired in the costume of the Greek islands, are seated on the rocky foreground. On the left rises Medora's tower, on a craggy steep; and on the right gleams the blue Ægean. A procession of women enters. It heralds the presence of Conrad and Medora: they honour the festivity of their rude subjects. The pirates and the women join in the national dance; and afterwards, eight warriors, completely armed, move in a warlike measure, keeping time to the music with their bucklers and clattering sabres. Suddenly the dance ceases; a sail is in sight. The nearest pirates rush to the strand, and assist the disembarkation of their welcome comrades. The commander of the vessel comes forward with an agitated step and gloomy countenance. He kneels to Conrad and delivers him a scroll, which the chieftain reads with suppressed agitation. In a moment the faithful Juan is at his side—the contents of the scroll revealed—the dance broken up, and preparations made to sail in an hour's time to the city of the Pacha. The stage is cleared, and Conrad and Medora are alone. The mysterious leader is wrapt in the deepest abstraction. He stands with folded arms, and eyes fixed on the yellow sand. A gentle pressure on his arm calls him back to recollection: he starts, and turns to the intruder with a gloomy brow. He sees Medora—and his frown sinks

into a sad smile. 'And must we part again! this hour—this very hour; it cannot be!' She clings to him with agony and kneels to him with adoration. No hope! no hope! a quick return promised with an air of foreboding fate. His stern arm encircles her waist. He chases the heavy tear from her fair cheek, and while he bids her be glad in his absence with her handmaids, peals the sad thunder of the signal gun. She throws herself upon him. The frantic quickness of her motion strikingly contrasts with the former stupor of her appearance. She will not part. Her face is buried in his breast; her long fair hair floats over his shoulders. He is almost unnerved; but at this moment the ship sails on: the crew and their afflicted wives enter: the page brings to Lord Conrad his cloak, his carbine, and his bugle. He tears himself from her embrace, and without daring to look behind him, bounds over the rocks, and is in the ship. The vessel moves—the wives of the Pirates continue on the beach, waving their scarfs to their desolate husbands. In the foreground Medora, motionless, stands rooted to the strand; and might have inspired Phidias with a personification of despair.

In a hall of unparalleled splendour, stern Seyd reclines on innumerable pillows, placed on a carpet of golden cloth. His bearded Chiefs are ranged around. The rooms are brilliantly illuminated with large coloured lamps; and an opening at the further end of the apartments exhibits a portion of the shining city, and the glittering galleys. Gulnare, covered with a silver veil, which reaches even to her feet, is ushered into the presence of the Pacha. Even the haughty Seyd rises to honour his beautiful favourite. He draws the precious veil from her blushing features, and places her on his right hand. The dancing girls now appear; and then are introduced the principal artists. Now takes place the scientific part of the ballet; and here might Bias, or Noblet, or Ronzi Vestris, or her graceful husband, or the classical Albert, or the bounding Paul, vault without stint, and attitudinize without restraint;



and not the least impair the effect of the tragic tale. The Dervise, of course, appears ; the galleys, of course, are fired ; and Seyd, of course, retreats. A change in the scenery gives us the blazing Harem—the rescue of its inmates—the deliverance of Gulnare—the capture of Conrad.

It is the prison scene. On a mat, covered with irons, lies the forlorn Conrad. The flitting flame of a solitary and ill-fed lamp hardly reveals the heavy bars of the huge grate that forms the entrance to its cell. For some minutes nothing stirs. The mind of the spectator is allowed to become fully aware of the hopeless misery of the hero. His career is ended—secure is his dungeon—trusty his guards—overpowering his chains. To-morrow he wakes to be impaled. A gentle noise, so gentle that the spectator almost deems it unintentional, is now heard. A white figure appears behind the dusky gate : is it a guard, or a torturer ? The gate softly opens, and a female comes forward. Gulnare was represented by a young girl, with the body of a Peri and the soul of a Poetess. The Harem Queen advances with an agitated step : she holds in her left hand a lamp, and in the girdle of her light dress is a dagger. She reaches, with a soundless step, the captive. He is asleep. Ay ! he sleeps, while thousands are weeping his ravage or his ruin ; and she, in restlessness, is wandering here ! A thousand thoughts are seen coursing over her flushed brow,—she looks to the audience, and her dark eye asks why this Corsair is so dear to her ? She turns again and raises the lamp with her long white arm, that the light may fall on the captive's countenance. She gazes, without moving, on the sleeper—touches the dagger with a slow and tremulous hand, and starts from the contact with terror. She again touches it ; it is drawn from her vest—it falls to the ground. He wakes—he stares with wonder : he sees a female not less fair than Medora. Confused, she tells him her station : she tells him that her pity is as certain as his doom. He avows his readiness

to die ; he appears undaunted—he thinks of Medora—he buries his face in his hands. She grows pale as he avows he loves—another. She cannot conceal her own passion. He, wondering, confesses that he supposed her love was his enemy's—was Seyd's. Gulnare shudders with horror at the name : she draws herself up to her full stature—she smiles in bitterness :—

My love stern Seyd's !—Oh ! no, no, not my love !

The acting was perfect. The enthusiastic house burst out into unusual shouts of admiration. Madame Carolina applauded with her little finger on her fan. The Grand Duke himself gave the signal of applause. Vivian never felt before that words were useless. His hand was violently pressed. He turned round—it was the Baroness. She was leaning back in her chair ; and though she did her utmost to conceal her agitated countenance, a tear coursed down her cheek, big as the miserable Medora's !

## CHAPTER XI

ON the evening of the Opera, arrived at Court part of the suite of the young Archduchess, the betrothed of the Crown Prince of Reisenberg. These consisted of an old grey-headed General, who had taught her Imperial Highness the manual exercise ; and her tutor and confessor, an ancient and toothless Bishop. Their youthful mistress was to follow them in a few days ; and this arrival of such a distinguished portion of her suite was the signal for the commencement of a long series of sumptuous festivities. After interchanging a number of compliments, and a few snuff-boxes, the new guests were invited by his Royal Highness to attend a Review, which was to take place the next morning, of five thousand troops, and fifty Generals.

The Reisenberg army was the best appointed in Europe. Never were men seen with breasts more plumply padded, mustachios better trained, or gaiters more spotless. The Grand Duke himself was a military genius, and had invented a new cut for the collars of the Cavalry. His Royal Highness was particularly desirous of astonishing the old grey-headed governor of his future daughter, by the skilful evolutions and imposing appearance of his legions. The affair was to be of the most refined nature; and the whole was to be concluded by a mock battle, in which the spectators were to be treated by a display of the most exquisite evolutions and complicated movements which human beings ever yet invented to destroy others, or to escape destruction. Field Marshal Count von Sohnspeer, the Commander-in-chief of all the Forces of His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Reisenberg, condescended, at the particular request of his Sovereign, to conduct the whole affair himself.

At first it was rather difficult to distinguish between the army and the staff; for Darius, in the straits of Issus, was not more sumptuously and numerously attended than Count von Sohnspeer. Wherever he moved he was followed by a train of waving plumes and radiant epaulettes, and foaming chargers, and shining steel. In fact he looked like a large military comet. Had the fate of Reisenberg depended on the result of the day, the Field Marshal, and his Generals, and Aide-de-camps, and Orderlies, could not have looked more agitated and more in earnest. Von Sohnspeer had not less than four horses in the field, on every one of which he seemed to appear in the space of five minutes. Now he was dashing along the line of the Lancers on a black charger, and now round the column of the Cuirassiers on a white one. He exhorted the Tirailleurs on a chestnut, and added fresh courage to the ardour of the Artillery on a bay.

It was a splendid day. The bands of the respective regiments played the most triumphant tunes, as each marched on the field. The gradual arrival of the troops

was very picturesque. Distant music was heard, and a corps of Infantry soon made its appearance. A light bugle sounded, and a body of Tirailleurs issued from the shade of a neighbouring wood. The kettle-drums and clarions heralded the presence of a troop of Cavalry ; and an advanced guard of Light Horse told that the Artillery were about to follow. The arms and standards of the troops shone in the sun ; military music sounded in all parts of the field ; unceasing was the bellow of the martial drum, and the blast of the blood-stirring trumpet. Clouds of dust, ever and anon excited in the distance, denoted the arrival of a regiment of Cavalry. Even now, one approaches—it is the Red Lancers. How gracefully their Colonel, the young Count of Eberstein, bounds on his barb ! Has Theseus turned Centaur ? His spur and bridle seem rather the emblems of sovereignty than the instruments of government : he neither chastises nor directs. The rider moves without motion, and the horse judges without guidance. It would seem that the man had borrowed the beast's body, and the beast the man's mind. His regiment has formed upon the field, their stout lances erected like a young and leafless grove : but although now in line, it is with difficulty that they can subject the spirit of their warlike steeds. The trumpet has caught the ear of the horses ; they stand with open nostrils, already breathing war, ere they can see an enemy ; and now dashing up one leg, and now the other, they seem to complain of Nature that she has made them of anything earthly.

The troops have all arrived ; there is an unusual bustle in the field. Von Sohnspeer is again changing his horse, giving directions while he is mounting, to at least a dozen Aide-de-camps. Orderlies are scampering over every part of the field. Another flag, quite new, and of immense size, is unfurled by the Field Marshal's pavilion. A signal gun ! the music in the whole field is hushed : a short silence of agitating suspense—another gun—and another ! All the bands of all the regiments burst forth at

the same moment into the national air: the Court dash into the field!

Madame Carolina, the Baroness, the Countess von S——, and some other ladies, wore habits of the uniform of the Royal Guards. Both Madame and the Baroness were perfect horsewomen; and the excited spirits of Mr. Beckendorff's female relative, both during her ride, and her dashing run over the field, amidst the firing of cannon, and the crash of drums and trumpets, very strikingly contrasted with her agitation and depression of the preceding night.

'Your Excellency loves the tented field, I think!' said Vivian, who was at her side.

'I love war! it is a diversion fit for kings!' was the answer. 'How fine the breast-plates and helmets of those Cuirassiers glisten in the sun?' continued the lady. 'Do you see von Sohnspeer? I wonder if the Crown Prince be with him?'

'I think he is.'

'Indeed! ah! can he interest himself in anything? He seemed Apathy itself at the Opera last night. I never saw him smile, or moved, and have scarcely heard his voice: but if he love war, if he be a soldier, if he be thinking of other things than a pantomime and a ball, 'tis well!—very well for his country! Perhaps he is a hero?'

At this moment, the Crown Prince, who was of von Sohnspeer's staff, slowly rode up to the Royal party.

'Rudolph!' said the Grand Duke; 'do you head your regiment to-day?'

'No,' was the muttered answer.

The Grand Duke moved his horse to his son, and spoke to him in a low tone, evidently very earnestly. Apparently he was expostulating with him: but the effect of the royal exhortation was only to render the Prince's brow more gloomy, and the expression of his withered features more sullen and more sad. The Baroness

watched the father and son as they were conversing with the most intense attention. When the Crown Prince, in violation of his father's wishes, fell into the party, and allowed his regiment to be headed by the Lieutenant-colonel, the young lady raised her lustrous eyes to heaven, with that same beautiful expression of sorrow or resignation which had so much interested Vivian on the morning that he had translated to her the moving passage in the *Corsair*.

But the field is nearly cleared, and the mimic war has commenced. On the right appears a large body of Cavalry, consisting of Cuirassiers and Dragoons. A vanguard of Light Cavalry and Lancers, under the command of the Count of Eberstein, is ordered out, from this body, to harass the enemy, a strong body of Infantry supposed to be advancing. Several squadrons of Light Horse immediately spring forward; they form themselves into line, they wheel into column, and endeavour, by well-directed manœuvres, to out-flank the strong wing of the advancing enemy. After succeeding in executing all that was committed to them, and after having skirmished in the van of their own army, so as to give time for all necessary dispositions of the line of battle, the vanguard suddenly retreats between the brigades of the Cavalry of the line; the prepared battery of cannon is unmasked; and a tremendous concentric fire opened on the line of the advancing foe. Taking advantage of the confusion created by this unexpected salute of his Artillery, von Sohnspeer, who commands the Cavalry, gives the word to 'Charge!'

The whole body of Cavalry immediately charge in masses—the extended line of the enemy is as immediately broken. But the Infantry, who are commanded by one of the royal relatives and visitors, the Prince of Pike and Powdren, dexterously form into squares and commence a masterly retreat in square battalions. At length they take up a more favourable position than the former one. They are again galled by the Artillery, who have pro-

portionately advanced, and again charged by the Cavalry in their huge masses. And now the squares of Infantry partially give way. They admit the Cavalry, but the exulting Horse find to their dismay that the enemy are not routed, but that there are yet inner squares formed at salient angles. The Cavalry for a moment retire, but it is only to give opportunity to their Artillery to rake the obstinate foes. The execution of the battery is fearful. Headed by their Commander, the whole body of Cuirassiers and Dragoons again charge with renewed energy and concentrated force. The Infantry are thrown into the greatest confusion, and commence a rout, increased and rendered irremediable by the Lancers and Hussars, the former vanguard; who now, seizing on the favourable moment, again rush forward, increasing the effect of the charge of the whole army, overtaking the fugitives with their lances, and securing the prisoners.

The victorious von Sohnspeer, followed by his staff, now galloped up to receive the congratulations of his Sovereign.

‘Where are your prisoners, Field Marshal?’ asked His Royal Highness, with a flattering smile.

‘What is the ransom of our unfortunate guest?’ asked Madame Carolina.

‘I hope we shall have another affair,’ said the Baroness, with a flushed face and glowing eyes.

But the Commander-in-chief must not tarry to bandy compliments. He is again wanted in the field. The whole troops have formed in line. Some most scientific evolutions are now executed. With them I will not weary the reader, nor dilate on the comparative advantages of forming *en crémaillère* and *en échiquier*; nor upon the duties of *Tirailleurs*, nor upon concentric fires and eccentric movements, nor upon deploying, nor upon enfilading, nor upon oblique points, nor upon *échelons*. The day finished by the whole of the troops again forming in line, and passing in order before the Commander-in-chief, to give him an oppor-

tunity of observing their discipline and inspecting their equipments.

The Review being finished, Count von Sohnspeer and his staff joined the royal party ; and after walking their horses round the field, they proceeded to his pavilion, where refreshments were prepared for them. The Field Marshal, flattered by the interest which the young Baroness had taken in the business of the day, and the acquaintance which she evidently possessed of the more obvious details of military tactics, was inclined to be particularly courteous to her, but the object of his admiration did not encourage attentions, by which half the ladies of the Court would have thought themselves as highly honoured as by those of the Grand Duke himself ;—so powerful a person was the Field Marshal, and so little inclined by temper to cultivate the graces of the fair sex !

‘In the tent keep by my side’ : said the Baroness to Vivian. ‘Although I am fond of heroes, von Sohnspeer is not to my taste. I know not why I flatter you so by my notice, for I suppose like all Englishmen you are not a soldier ? I thought so.—Never mind ! you ride well enough for a Field Marshal. I really think I could give you a commission without much stickling of my conscience.—No no ! I should like you nearer me. I have a good mind to make you my Master of the Horse,—that is to say when I am entitled to have one.’

As Vivian acknowledged the young Baroness’s compliment by becoming emotion, and vowed that an office near her person would be the consummation of all his wishes, his eye caught the lady’s : she blushed deeply, looked down upon her horse’s neck, and then turned away her head.

Von Sohnspeer’s pavilion excellently became the successful leader of the army of Reisenberg. Trophies taken from all sides decked its interior. The black eagle of Austria formed part of its roof, and the brazen eagle of Gaul supported part of the side. The grey-headed General looked rather grim when he saw a flag belonging



to a troop, which perhaps he had himself once commanded. He vented his indignation to the toothless Bishop, who crossed his breast with his fingers, covered with diamonds, and preached temperance and moderation in inarticulate sounds.

During the collation, the conversation was principally military. Madame Carolina, who was entirely ignorant of the subject of discourse, enchanted all the officers present by appearing to be the most interested person in the tent. Nothing could exceed the elegance of her eulogium of '*petit guerre*.' The old grey General talked much about 'the good old times,' by which he meant the thirty years of plunder, bloodshed, and destruction, which were occasioned by the French Revolution. He gloated on the recollections of horror, which he feared would never occur again. The Archduke Charles and Prince Schwartzenburg were the gods of his idolatry ; and Nadasti's hussars and Wurmser's dragoons, the inferior divinities of his bloody heaven. One evolution of the morning, a discovery made by von Sohnspeer himself, in the deploying of cavalry, created a great sensation ; and it was settled that it would have been of great use to Dessaix and Clairfayt in the Netherlands affair of some eight and twenty years ago ; and was not equalled even by Seidlitz's cavalry in the affair with the Russians at Zorndroff. In short, every 'affair' of any character during the late war, was fought over again in the tent of Field Marshal von Sohnspeer. At length from the Archduke Charles, and Prince Schwartzenburg, the old grey-headed General got to Polybius and Monsieur Folard ; and the Grand Duke now thinking that the 'affair' was taking too serious a turn, broke up the party. Madame Carolina and most of the ladies used their carriages on their return. They were nearly fifteen miles from the city ; but the Baroness, in spite of the most earnest solicitations, would remount her charger. Her singularity attracted the attention of Emilius von Aslingen, who immediately joined her party. As a

captain in the Royal Guards, he had performed his part in the day's horrors ; and the Baroness immediately complimented him upon his exertions and his victory.

'It was an excellent affair !' said the lady ; 'I should like a mock battle every day during peace.'

'A mock battle !' said Emilius von Aslingen, with a stare of great astonishment ; 'has there been a battle to-day ? My memory, I fear, is failing me ; but now that your Excellency has recalled it to my mind, I have a very faint recollection of a slight squabble ?'

They cantered home—the Baroness in unusual spirits—Vivian thinking very much of his fair companion. Her character puzzled him. That she was not the lovely simpleton that Madame Carolina believed her to be, he had little doubt. Some people have great knowledge of society, and very little of mankind. Madame Carolina was one of these. She viewed her species through only one medium. That the Baroness was a woman of acute feeling, Vivian could not doubt. Her conduct at the Opera, which had escaped every one's attention, made this evident. That she had seen more of the world than her previous conversation had given him to believe, was equally clear by her conduct and conversation this morning. He determined to become more acquainted with her character. Her evident partiality to his company would not render the execution of his purpose difficult. At any rate, if he discovered nothing, it was something to do : it would at least amuse him.

In the evening he joined a large party at the palace. He looked immediately for the Baroness. She was surrounded by all the dandies, in consequence of the flattering conduct of Emilius von Aslingen in the morning. Their attentions she treated with contempt, and ridiculed their compliments without mercy. Without obtruding himself on her notice, Vivian joined her circle, and witnessed her demolition of the young Count of Eberstein with great amusement. Emilius von Aslingen was not there ;

for having now made the interesting savage the fashion, she was no longer worthy of his attention, and consequently deserted. The young lady soon observed Vivian ; and saying, without the least embarrassment, that she was delighted to see him, she begged him to share her chaise-longue. Her envious levée witnessed the preference with dismay ; and as the object of their attention did not now notice their remarks, even by her expressed contempt, one by one fell away. Vivian and the Baroness were left alone, and conversed together the whole evening. The lady displayed, on every subject, the most engaging ignorance ; and requested information on obvious topics with the most artless naiveté. Vivian was convinced that her ignorance was not affected, and equally sure that it could not arise from imbecility of intellect ; for while she surprised him by her crude questions, and her want of acquaintance with all those topics which generally form the staple of conversation ; she equally amused him with her poignant wit, and the imperious and energetic manner in which she instantly expected satisfactory information on every possible subject.

## CHAPTER XII

ON the day after the Review, a fancy-dress ball was to be given at Court. It was to be an entertainment of a very peculiar nature. The lively genius of Madame Carolina, wearied of the commonplace effect generally produced by this species of amusement—in which usually a stray Turk, and a wandering Pole, looked sedate and singular among crowds of Spanish girls, Swiss peasants, and gentlemen in uniforms—had invented something novel. Her idea was ingenious. To use her own sublime phrase, she determined that the party should represent ‘an age!’ Great difficulty was

experienced in fixing upon the century which was to be honoured. At first a poetical idea was started of having something primeval—perhaps antediluvian,—but Noah, or even Father Abraham, were thought characters, hardly sufficiently romantic for a fancy-dress ball; and consequently the earliest postdiluvian ages were soon under consideration. Nimrod, or Sardanapalus, were distinguished personages, and might be well represented by the Master of the Stagounds, or the Master of the Revels; but then the want of an interesting lady-character was a great objection. Semiramis, though not without style in her own way, was not sufficiently Parisian for Madame Carolina. New ages were proposed, and new objections started; and so the ‘Committee of Selection,’ which consisted of Madame herself, the Countess von S——, and a few other dames of fashion, gradually slid through the four great empires. Athens was not aristocratic enough, and then the women were nothing. In spite of her admiration of the character of Aspasia, Madame Carolina somewhat doubted the possibility of persuading the ladies of the Court of Reisenberg to appear in the characters of *ἐταῖραι*. Rome presented great capabilities, and greater difficulties. Finding themselves, after many days sitting and study, still very far from coming to a decision, Madame called in the aid of the Grand Duke, who proposed ‘something national.’ The proposition was plausible: but, according to Madame Carolina, Germany, until her own time, had been only a land of barbarism and barbarians; and therefore, in such a country, in a national point of view, what could there be interesting? The Middle Ages, as they are usually styled, in spite of the Emperor Charlemagne—‘that oasis in the desert of barbarism’—to use her own eloquent and original image—were her particular aversion. ‘The age of chivalry is past!’ was as constant an exclamation of Madame Carolina, as it was of Mr. Burke. ‘The age of chivalry is past—and very fortunate that it is. What resources could they have had in the age of chivalry?—

an age without either moral or experimental philosophy ; an age in which they were equally ignorant of the doctrine of association of ideas, and of the doctrine of electricity ; and when they were as devoid of a knowledge of the incalculable powers of the human mind, as of the incalculable powers of steam !' Had Madame Carolina been the Consort of an Italian Grand Duke, selection would not be difficult ; and, to inquire no farther, the Court of the Medicis alone would afford them everything they wanted. But Germany never had any character, and never produced, nor had been the resort of illustrious men, and interesting persons. What was to be done ? The age of Frederick the Great was the only thing ; and then that was so recent, and would offend the Austrians ; it could not be thought of.

At last, when the 'Committee of Selection' was almost in despair, some one proposed a period, which not only would be German—not only would compliment the House of Austria,—but, what was of still greater importance, would allow of every contemporary character of interest of every nation—the age of Charles the Fifth ! The suggestion was received with enthusiastic shouts, and adopted on the spot. 'The Committee of Selection' was immediately dissolved, and its members as immediately formed themselves into a 'Committee of Arrangement.' Lists of all the persons of any fame, distinction, or notoriety, who had lived either in the Empire of Germany, the Kingdoms of Spain, Portugal, France, or England, the Italian States, the Netherlands, the Americas, and, in short, in every country in the known world, were immediately formed. Von Chronicle, rewarded for his last historical novel by a riband and the title of Baron, was appointed Secretary to the 'Committee of Costume.' All guests who received a card of invitation, were desired, on or before a certain day, to send in the title of their adopted character, and a sketch of their intended dress, that their plans might receive the sanction of the ladies of the 'Committee of Arrangement,' and their

dresses the approbation of the Secretary of Costume. By this method, the chance and inconvenience of two persons selecting and appearing in the same character, were destroyed and prevented. After exciting the usual jealousies, intrigues, dissatisfaction, and ill-blood, by the influence and imperturbable temper of Madame Carolina, everything was arranged — Emilius von Aslingen being the only person who set both the Committees of Arrangement and Costume at defiance ; and treated the repeated applications of their respected Secretary, with the most contemptuous silence. The indignant Baron von Chronicle entreated the strong interference of the ‘Committee of Arrangement’ ; but Emilius von Aslingen was too powerful an individual to be treated by others as he treated them. Had the fancy-dress ball of the Sovereign been attended by all his subjects, with the exception of this Captain in his Guards, the whole affair would have been a failure ; would have been dark, in spite of the glare of ten thousand lamps, and the glories of all the jewels of his State ; would have been dull, although each guest were wittier than Pasquin himself ; and very vulgar, although attended by lords of as many quarterings as the ancient shield of his own antediluvian house. Oh Fashion !—I have no time for invocations. All, therefore, that the ladies of the ‘Committee of Arrangement’ could do, was to enclose to the rebellious von Aslingen a list of the expected characters, and a resolution passed in consequence of his contumacy ; that no person, or persons, was, or were, to appear as either or any of these characters, unless he, or they, could produce a ticket, or tickets, granted by a member of the ‘Committee of Arrangement,’ and countersigned by the secretary of the ‘Committee of Costume.’ At the same time that these vigorous measures were resolved on, no persons spoke of Emilius von Aslingen’s rebellious conduct in terms of greater admiration than the ladies of the Committee themselves. If possible, he, in consequence, became even a more influential and popular personage than before ; and

his conduct procured him almost the adoration of persons, who, had they dared to imitate him, would have been instantly crushed ; and would have been banished society principally by the exertions of the very individual whom they had the presumption to mimic. Oh Fashion !—I forgot.

In the gardens of the palace was a spacious amphitheatre, cut out in green seats for the spectators of the plays which, during the summer months, were sometimes performed there by the Court. There was a stage in the same taste, with rows of trees for side-scenes, and a great number of arbours and summer-rooms, surrounded by lofty hedges of laurel, for the actors to retire and dress in. Connected with this 'rural Theatre,' for such was its title, were a number of labyrinths and groves, and arched walks in the same style. Above twelve large fountains were in the immediate vicinity of this theatre. At the end of one walk a sea-horse spouted its element through its nostrils ; and in another, Neptune turned an Ocean out of a vase. Seated on a rock, Arcadia's half-goat god, the deity of silly sheep and silly poets, sent forth trickling streams through his rustic pipes ; and in the centre of a green grove, an enamoured Salmacis, bathing in a pellucid basin, seemed watching for her Hermaphrodite.

It was in this rural Theatre, and its fanciful confines, that Madame Carolina and her councillors resolved, that their magic should, for a night, not only stop the course of time, but recall past centuries. It was certainly rather late in the year for choosing such a spot for the scene of their enchantment ; but the season, as I have often had occasion to remark in the course of these volumes, was singularly fine ; and indeed at the moment of which I am speaking, the nights were as warm, and as clear from mist and dew, as they are during an Italian midsummer.

But it is eight o'clock—we are already rather late. Is that a figure by Holbein, just started out of the canvas, that I am about to meet ? Stand aside ! It is a page of the Emperor Charles the Fifth ! The Court is on its

way to the theatre. The theatre and the gardens are brilliantly illuminated. The effect of the thousands of coloured lamps, in all parts of the foliage, is very beautiful. The moon is up, and a million stars ! If it be not quite as light as day, it is just light enough for pleasure. You could not perhaps endorse a bill of exchange, or engross a lawyer's parchment, by this light ; but then it is just the light to read a love-letter by, and do a thousand other things besides—I have a long story to tell, and so——guess them !

All hail to the Emperor ! I would give his costume, were it not rather too much in the style of the von Chronicles. Reader ! you have seen a portrait of Charles by Holbein : very well—what need is there of a description ? No lack was there in this gay scene of massy chains and curious collars, nor of cloth of gold, nor of cloth of silver ! No lack was there of trembling plumes, and costly hose ! No lack was there of crimson velvet, and russet velvet, and tawny velvet, and purple velvet, and plunket velvet, and of scarlet cloth, and green taffeta, and cloth of silk embroidered ! No lack was there of garments of estate, and of quaint chemises, nor of short crimson cloaks, covered with pearls and precious stones. No lack was there of party-coloured splendour, of purple velvet embroidered with white, and white satin dresses embroidered with black. No lack was there of splendid koyfes of damask, or kerchiefs of fine Cyprus ; nor of points of Venice silver of ducat fineness, nor of garlands of friars' knots, nor of coloured satins, nor of bleeding hearts embroidered on the bravery of dolorous lovers, nor of quaint sentences of wailing gallantry. But for the details, are they not to be found in those much-neglected and much-plundered persons, the old chroniclers ? and will they not sufficiently appear in the most inventive portion of the next great historical novel ?

The Grand Duke looked the Emperor. Our friend the Grand Marshal was Francis the First ; and Arnelm, and von Neuwied, figured as the Marshal Montmorency,



and the Marshal Lautrec. The old toothless Bishop did justice to Clement the Seventh ; and his companion, the ancient General, looked grim as Pompeo Colonna. A prince of the House of Nassau, one of the royal visitors, represented his adventurous ancestor the Prince of Orange. Von Sohnspeer was that haughty and accomplished rebel, the Constable of Bourbon. The young Baron Gernsbach was worthy of the Seraglio, as he stalked along as Solymán the Magnificent, with all the family jewels, belonging to his old dowager mother, shining in his superb turban. Our friend the Count of Eberstein personified chivalry, in the person of Bayard. The younger Bernstorff, the intimate friend of Gernsbach, attended his sumptuous sovereign as that Turkish Paul Jones, Barbarossa. An Italian Prince was Andrew Doria. The Grand Chamberlain, our *francisé* acquaintance, and who affected a love of literature, was the Protestant Elector of Saxony. His train consisted of the principal littérateurs of Reisenberg : the Editor of the 'Attack-all-Review,' who originally had been a Catholic, but who had been skilfully converted some years ago, when he thought Catholicism was on the decline, was Martin Luther,—an individual whom, both in his apostasy and brutality, he much and only resembled ; on the contrary, the Editor of the 'Praise-all-Review,' appeared as the mild and meek Melancthon. Mr. Sievers, not yet at Vienna, was Erasmus. Ariosto, Guicciardini, Ronsard, Rabelais, Machiavel, Pietro Aretino, Garcilasso de la Vega, Sannazaro, and Paracelsus, afforded names to many nameless critics. Two Generals, brothers, appeared as Cortez and Pizarro. The noble Director of the Gallery was Albert Dürer ; and his deputy, Hans Holbein. The Court painter, a wretched mimic of the modern French school, did justice to the character of Correggio ; and an indifferent sculptor looked sublime as Michel Angelo.

Von Chronicle had persuaded the Prince of Pike and Powdren, one of his warmest admirers, to appear as Henry the Eighth of England. His Highness was one of those true north German patriots who think their own country

a very garden of Eden, and verily believe that original sin is to be finally put an end to, in a large sandy plain between Berlin and Hanover. The Prince of Pike and Powdren passed his whole life in patriotically sighing for the concentration of all Germany into one great nation, and in secretly trusting that if ever the consummation took place, the North would be rewarded for their condescending union, by a monopoly of all the privileges of the empire. Such a character was of course extremely desirous of figuring to-night in a style peculiarly national. The persuasions of von Chronicle, however, prevailed, and induced his Highness of Pike and Powdren to dismiss his idea of appearing as the ancient Arminius ; although it was with great regret that the Prince gave up his plan of personating his favourite hero, with hair down to his middle and skins up to his chin. Nothing would content von Chronicle, but that his kind patron should represent a crowned head : anything else was beneath him. The patriotism of the Prince disappeared before the flattery of the novelist, like the bloom of a plum before the breath of a boy, when he polishes the powdered fruit ere he devours it. No sooner had his Highness agreed to be changed into bluff Harry, than the secret purpose of his adviser was immediately detected. No Court confessor, seduced by the vision of a red hat, ever betrayed the secrets of his sovereign with greater fervour, than did von Chronicle labour for the Cardinal's costume, which was the consequence of the Prince of Pike and Powdren undertaking the English monarch. To-night, proud as was the part of the Prince as regal Harry, his strut was a shamle compared with the imperious stalk of von Chronicle as the arrogant and ambitious Wolsey. The Cardinal in Rienzi was nothing to him ; for to-night Wolsey had as many pages, as the other had petticoats !

But, most ungallant of scribblers ! Place aux dames ! Surely Madame Carolina, as the beautiful and accomplished Margaret of Navarre, might well command, even without a mandate, your homage and your admiration !

The lovely Queen seemed the very Goddess of smiles and repartee: young Max, as her page, carried at her side a painted volume of her own poetry. The arm of the favourite sister of Francis, who it will be remembered once fascinated even the Emperor, was linked in that of Caesar's natural daughter—her beautiful namesake, the bright-eyed Margaret of Austria. Conversing with these royal dames, and indeed apparently in attendance upon them, was a young gallant of very courtly bearing, and attired in a very fantastic dress. It is Clement Marot, the 'Poet of Princes, and the Prince of Poets,' as he was styled by his own admiring age; he offers to the critical inspection of the nimble-witted Navarre a few lines in celebration of her beauty, and the night's festivity; one of those short Marotique poems once so celebrated—perhaps a page culled from those gay and airy psalms, which, with characteristic gallantry, he dedicated 'to the Dames of France!' Observe well the fashionable bard! Marot was a true poet, and in his day not merely read by queens, and honoured by courtiers: observe him, I say, well; for the character is supported by one who is a great favourite with myself, and I trust also with you, sweet reader,—our Vivian Grey. It was with great difficulty that Madame Carolina had found a character for her favourite, for the lists were all filled before his arrival at Reisenberg. She at first wished him to appear as some celebrated Englishman of the time, but no character of sufficient importance could be discovered. All our countrymen in contact or connection with the Emperor Charles were churchmen and civilians; and Sir Nicholas Carew and the other fops of the reign of Henry the Eighth, who, after their visit to Paris, were even more ridiculously *francisé* than the Grand Chamberlain of Reisenberg himself, were not, after mature deliberation, considered entitled to the honour of being ranked in Madame Carolina's age of Charles the Fifth.

But who is this, surrounded by her ladies and her chamberlains and her secretaries? Four pages in dresses

of cloth of gold, and each the son of a prince of the French blood, support her train ; a crown encircles locks, grey, as much from thought as from time ; but which require no show of royalty to prove that they belong to a mother of princes :—that ample forehead, aquiline nose, and the keen glance of her piercing eye, denote the Queen, as much as the regality of her gait and her numerous and splendid train. The young Queen of Navarre hastens to proffer her duty to the mother of Francis, the celebrated Louise of Savoy ; and exquisitely did the young and lovely Countess of S—— personate the most celebrated of female diplomatists.

I have forgotten one character : the repeated commands of his father, and the constant entreaties of Madame Carolina, had at length prevailed upon the Crown Prince to shuffle himself into a fancy dress. No sooner had he gratified them by his hard-wrung consent, than Baron von Chronicle called upon him with drawings of the costume of the Prince of Asturias, afterwards Philip the Second of Spain. If I for a moment forgot so important a personage as the future Grand Duke, it must have been because he supported his character so ably, that no one for an instant believed that it was an assumed one :—standing near the side scenes of the amphitheatre, with his gloomy brow, sad eye, protruding under lip, and arms hanging straight by his sides—he looked a bigot without hope, and a tyrant without purpose.

The first hour is over, and the guests are all assembled. As yet, they content themselves with promenading round the amphitheatre ; for before they can think of dance or stroll, each of them must be duly acquainted with the other's dress. Certainly it was a most splendid scene. The Queen of Navarre has now been presented to the Emperor ; and leaning on his arm, they head the promenade. The Emperor had given the hand of Margaret of Austria to his legitimate son ; but the Crown Prince, though he continued in silence by the side of the young Baroness, soon resigned a hand which did not

struggle to retain his. Clement Marot was about to fall back into a less conspicuous part of the procession ; but the Grand Duke, witnessing the regret of his loved Consort, condescendingly said, 'We cannot afford to lose our poet'; and so Vivian found himself walking behind Madame Carolina, and on the left side of the young Baroness. Louise of Savoy followed with her son, the King of France ; most of the ladies of the Court, and a crowd of officers, among them Montmorency and De Lautrec, after their Majesties. The King of England moves by ; his state unnoticed in the superior magnificence of Wolsey. Pompeo Colonna apologises to Pope Clement for having besieged his Holiness in the Castle of St. Angelo. The Elector of Saxony and the Prince of Orange follow. Solyman the Magnificent is attended by his Admiral ; and Bayard's pure spirit almost quivers at the whispered treason of the Constable of Bourbon. Luther and Melancthon, Erasmus and Rabelais, Cortez and Pizarro, Correggio and Michel Angelo, and a long train of dames and dons of all nations, succeed ;—so long that the amphitheatre cannot hold them ; and the procession, that all may walk over the stage, makes a short progress through an adjoining summer-room.

Just as the Emperor and the fair Queen are in the middle of the stage, a wounded warrior, with a face pale as an eclipsed moon ; a helmet, on which is painted the sign of his sacred order ; a black mantle thrown over his left shoulder, but not concealing his armour ; a sword in his right hand, and an outstretched crucifix in his left ;—rushes on the scene. The procession suddenly halts—all recognise Emilius von Aslingen ! and Madame Carolina blushes through her rouge, when she perceives that so celebrated, 'so interesting a character' as Ignatius Loyola, the Founder of the Jesuits, has not been included in the all-comprehensive lists of her committee.

## CHAPTER XIII

**H**ENRY of England led the polonaise with Louise of Savoy ; Margaret of Austria would not join in it : waltzing quickly followed. The Emperor seldom left the side of the Queen of Navarre, and often conversed with her Majesty's poet. The Prince of Asturias hovered for a moment round his father's daughter, as if he were summoning resolution to ask her to waltz. Once indeed, he opened his mouth. Could it have been to speak ? but the young Margaret gave no encouragement to this unusual exertion ; and Philip of Asturias looking, if possible, more sad and sombre than before, skulked away. The Crown Prince left the gardens, and now a smile lit up every face, except that of the young Baroness. The gracious Grand Duke, unwilling to see a gloomy countenance anywhere to-night, turned to Vivian, who was speaking to Madame Carolina, and said, 'Gentle poet, would that thou hadst some chanson or courtly compliment, to chase the cloud which hovers on the brow of our much-loved daughter of Austria ! Your popularity, Sir,' continued the Grand Duke, dropping his mock heroic vein, and speaking in a much lower tone ; 'your popularity, Sir, among the ladies of the Court, cannot be increased by any panegyric of ours ; nor are we insensible, believe us, to the assiduity and skill with which you have complied with our wishes, in making our Court agreeable to the relative of a man, to whom we owe so much as Mr. Beckendorff. We are informed, Mr. Grey,' continued his Royal Highness, 'that you have no intention of very speedily returning to your country ; we wish that we could count you among our peculiar attendants. If you have an objection to live in our palace, without performing your quota of duty to the State, we shall have no difficulty

in finding you an office, and clothing you in our official costume. Think of this !' So saying, with a gracious smile, his Royal Highness, leading Madame Carolina, commenced a walk round the gardens.

The young Baroness did not follow them. Solyman the Magnificent, and Bayard the irreproachable, and Barbarossa the pirate, and Bourbon the rebel, immediately surrounded her. Few persons were higher ton than the Turkish Emperor and his Admiral—few persons talked more agreeable nonsense than the Knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*—no person was more important than the warlike Constable ; but their attention, their amusement, and their homage, were to-night thrown away on the object of their observance. The Baroness listened to them without interest, and answered them with brevity. She did not even condescend, as she had done before, to enter into a war of words, to mortify their vanity or exercise their wit. She treated them neither with contempt nor courtesy. If no smile welcomed their remarks, at least her silence was not scornful, and the most shallow-headed prater that fluttered around her, felt that he was received with dignity and not with disdain. Awed by her conduct, not one of them dared to be flippant, and every one of them soon became dull. The ornaments of the Court of Reisenberg, the arbiters of ton and the lords of taste, stared with astonishment at each other, when they found, to their mutual surprise, that at one moment, in such a select party, universal silence pervaded. In this state of affairs, every one felt that his dignity required his speedy disappearance from the lady's presence. The Orientals, taking advantage of Bourbon's returning once more to the charge, with an often unanswered remark, coolly walked away : the Chevalier made an adroit and honourable retreat, by joining a passing party ; and the Constable was the only one, who, being left in solitude and silence, was finally obliged to make a formal bow, and retire discomfited, from the side of the only woman with whom he had ever condescended to fall in love. Leaning against

the trunk of a tree at some little distance, Vivian Grey watched the formation and dissolution of the young Baroness's levée with the liveliest interest. His eyes met the lady's, as she raised them from the ground, on von Sohnspeer quitting her. She immediately beckoned to Vivian, but without her usual smile. He was directly at her side, but she did not speak. At last he said, 'I think this is a most brilliant scene!'

'You think so—do you?' answered the lady, in a tone and manner which almost made Vivian believe for a moment that his friend Mr. Beckendorff was at his side.

'Decidedly his daughter!' thought he.

'You do not seem in your usual spirits to-night?' said Vivian.

'I hardly know what my usual spirits are,' said the lady, in a manner which would have made Vivian imagine that his presence was as disagreeable to her as that of Count von Sohnspeer, had not the lady herself invited his company.

'I suppose the scene is very brilliant,' continued the Baroness, after a few moments' silence. 'At least all here seem to think so,—except two persons.'

'And who are they?' asked Vivian.

'Myself, and—the Crown Prince. I am almost sorry that I did not dance with him. There seems a wonderful similarity in our dispositions.'

'You are pleased to be severe to-night!'

'And who shall complain when the first person that I satirise is myself?'

'It is most considerate in you,' said Vivian, 'to undertake such an office; for it is one which you, yourself, are alone capable of fulfilling. The only person that can ever satirise your Excellency is yourself; and I think even then, that in spite of your candour, your self-examination must please us with a self-panegyric.'

'Nay, a truce to compliments: at least, let me hear better things from you. I cannot any longer endure the glare of these lamps and dresses; your arm! Let us walk



for a few minutes in the more retired and cooler parts of the gardens.'

The Baroness and Vivian left the amphitheatre, by a different path to that by which the Grand Duke and Madame Carolina had quitted it. They found the walks quite solitary ; for the royal party, which was very small, contained the only persons who had yet left the stage.

Vivian and his companion strolled about for some time, conversing on subjects of casual interest. The Baroness, though no longer absent either in her manner or her conversation was not in her accustomed spirits ; and Vivian, while he flattered himself that he was more entertaining than usual, felt, to his mortification, that the lady was not entertained.

'I am afraid you find it very dull here,' said he ; 'shall we return ?'

'Oh, no ; do not let us return ! We have so short a time to be together, that we must not allow even one hour to be dull.'

As Vivian was about to reply, he heard the joyous voice of young Maximilian ; it sounded very near ; the royal party was approaching. The Baroness expressed her earnest desire to avoid it ; and as to advance or to retreat, in these labyrinthine walks, was almost equally hazardous, they retired into one of those green recesses which I have before mentioned ; indeed, it was the very evergreen grove, in the centre of which the Nymph of the Fountain watched for her loved Carian youth. A shower of moonlight fell on the marble statue, and showed the Nymph in an attitude of consummate skill : her modesty struggling with her desire, and herself crouching in her hitherto pure waters, while her anxious ear listens for the bounding step of the regardless huntsman.

'The air is cooler here,' said the Baroness, 'or the sound of the falling water is peculiarly refreshing to my senses. They have passed ; I rejoice that we did not return ; I do not think that I could have remained among

those lamps another moment. How singular, actually to view with aversion a scene which appears to enchant all !’

‘A scene which I should have thought would have been particularly charming to you,’ said Vivian ; ‘you are dispirited to-night ?’

‘Am I ?’ said the Baroness. ‘I ought not to be ; not to be more dispirited than I ever am. To-night I expected pleasure ; nothing has happened which I did not expect, and everything which I did. And yet I am sad ! Do you think that happiness can ever be sad ? I think it must be so. But whether I am sorrowful, or happy, I can hardly tell ; for it is only within these few days that I have known either grief or joy.’

‘It must be counted an eventful period in your existence, which reckons in its brief hours a first acquaintance with such passions ?’ said Vivian, with a searching eye and inquiring voice.

‘Yes ; an eventful period—certainly an eventful period,’ answered the Baroness ; with a thoughtful air and in measured words.

‘I cannot bear to see a cloud upon that brow !’ said Vivian. ‘Have you forgotten how much was to be done to-night ? How eagerly you looked forward to its arrival ? How bitterly we were to regret the termination of the mimic empire ?’

‘I have forgotten nothing ; would that I had ! I will not look grave. I will be gay ; and yet when I remember how soon other mockery, besides this splendid pageant, must be terminated, why should I look gay ?—why may I not weep ?’

‘Nay, if we are to moralise on worldly felicity, I fear, that instead of inspiring you, which is my wish, I shall prove but a too congenial companion ; but such a theme is not for you.’

‘And why should it be for one who, though he lecture me with such gravity and gracefulness, can scarcely be entitled to play the part of Mentor by the weight of

years?' said the Baroness, with a smile; 'for one, who, I trust—who, I should think, as little deserved, and ~~was~~ as little inured to sorrow as myself!'

'To find that you have cause to grieve,' said Vivian; 'and to learn from you, at the same time, your opinion of my own lot, prove what I have too often had the sad opportunity of observing; that the face of man is scarcely more genuine and less deceitful, than these masquerade dresses which we now wear.'

'But you are not unhappy?' asked the Baroness with a quick voice.

'Not now,' said Vivian.

His companion seated herself on the marble balustrade which surrounded the fountain: she did not immediately speak again, and Vivian was silent, for he was watching her motionless countenance as her large brilliant eyes gazed with earnestness on the falling water sparkling in the moonlight. Surely it was not the mysterious portrait at Beckendorff's that he beheld! How came he not to remark this likeness before!

She turned—she seized his hand—she pressed it with warmth.

'Oh friend! too lately found; why have we met to part?'

'To part, dearest!' said he, in a low and rapid voice; 'to part! and why should we part?—why——'

'Oh! ask not, ask not; your question is agony!' She tried to withdraw her hand, he pressed it with renewed energy, it remained in his,—she turned away her head, and both were silent.

'Oh! lady,' said Vivian, as he knelt at her side; 'why are we not happy?'

His arm is round her waist—gently he bends his head—their speaking eyes meet, and their trembling lips cling into a kiss!

A seal of love and purity and faith!—and the chaste moon need not have blushed as she lit up the countenances of the lovers.

‘Oh! lady, why are we not happy?’

‘We are, we are: is not this happiness—is not this joy—is not this bliss? Bliss,’ she continued, in a low broken voice, ‘to which I have no right, no title. Oh! quit, quit my hand! Happiness is not for me!’ She extricated herself from his arm, and sprang upon her feet. Alarm, rather than affection, was visible on her agitated features. It seemed to cost her a great effort to collect her scattered senses; the effort was made with pain, but with success.

‘Forgive me, forgive me,’ she said, in a hurried and indistinct tone; ‘forgive me! I would speak, but cannot,—not now at least; we have been long away, too long; our absence will be remarked to-night; to-night we must give up to the gratification of others, but I will speak. For your’s, for my own sake, let us—let us go. You know that we are to be very gay to-night, and gay we will be. Who shall prevent us? At least the present hour is our own; and when the future ones must be so sad, why, why trifle with this?’

## CHAPTER XIV

THE reader is not to suppose that Vivian Grey thought of the young Baroness merely in the rapid scenes which I have sketched. There were few moments in the day in which her image did not occupy his thoughts, and which, indeed, he did not spend in her presence. From the first, her character had interested him. His accidental but extraordinary acquaintance with Beckendorff, made him view any individual connected with that singular man, with a far more curious feeling than could influence the young nobles of the Court, who were ignorant of the Minister’s personal character. There was an evident mystery about the

character and situation of the Baroness, which well accorded with the eccentric and romantic career of the Prime Minister of Reisenberg. Of the precise nature of her connection with Beckendorff, Vivian was wholly ignorant. The world spoke of her as his daughter, and the affirmation of Madame Carolina confirmed the world's report. Her name was still unknown to him; and although, during the few moments that they had enjoyed an opportunity of conversing together alone, Vivian had made every exertion, of which good breeding, impelled by curiosity, is capable, and had devised many little artifices, with which a schooled address is well acquainted, to obtain it, his exertions had hitherto been perfectly unsuccessful. If there were a mystery, the young lady was perfectly competent to preserve it; and with all her naiveté, her interesting ignorance of the world, and her evidently uncontrollable spirit, no hasty word ever fell from her cautious lips which threw any light on the objects of his inquiry. Though impetuous, she was never indiscreet, and often displayed a caution which was little in accordance with her youth and temper. The last night had witnessed the only moment in which her passions seemed for a time to have struggled with, and to have overcome, her judgment; but it was only for a moment. That display of overpowering feeling had cost Vivian a sleepless night; and he is at this instant pacing up and down the chamber of his hotel, thinking of that which he had imagined could exercise his thought no more.

She was beautiful—she loved him;—she was unhappy! To be loved by any woman is flattering to the feelings of every man, no matter how deeply he may have quaffed the bitter goblet of worldly knowledge. The praise of a fool is incense to the wisest of us; and though we believe ourselves broken-hearted, it still delights us to find that we are loved. The memory of Violet Fane was still as fresh, as sweet, to the mind of Vivian Grey, as when he pressed her blushing cheek, for the first and

only time. To love again—really to love as he had done—he once thought was impossible ; he thought so still. The character of the Baroness, as I have said, had interested him from the first. Her ignorance of mankind, and her perfect acquaintance with the most polished forms of society ; her extreme beauty, her mysterious rank, her proud spirit and impetuous feelings ; her occasional pensiveness, her extreme waywardness,—had astonished, perplexed, and enchanted him. But he had never felt in love. It never, for a moment, had entered into his mind, that his lonely bosom could again be a fit resting-place for one so lovely and so young. Scared at the misery which had always followed in his track, he would have shuddered ere he again asked a human being to share his sad and blighted fortunes. The partiality of the Baroness for his society, without flattering his vanity, or giving rise to thoughts more serious than how he could most completely enchant for her the passing hour, had certainly made the time passed in her presence the least gloomy which he had lately experienced. At the same moment that he left the saloon of the palace, he had supposed that his image quitted her remembrance ; and if she had again welcomed him with cheerfulness and cordiality, he had felt that his reception was owing to not being, perhaps, quite as frivolous as the Count of Eberstein, and being rather more amusing than the Baron of Gernsbach.

It was therefore with the greatest astonishment that, last night, he had found that he was loved—loved too by this beautiful and haughty girl, who had treated the advances of the most distinguished nobles with ill-concealed scorn ; and who had so presumed upon her dubious relationship to the bourgeois Minister, that nothing but her own surpassing loveliness, and her parent's all-engrossing influence, could have excused or authorised her conduct.

Vivian had yielded to the magic of the moment, and had returned the love, apparently no sooner proffered than

withdrawn. Had he left the gardens of the palace the Baroness's plighted lover, he might perhaps have deplored his rash engagement; and the sacred image of his first and hallowed love might have risen up in judgment against his violated affection—but how had he and the interesting stranger parted? He was rejected, even while his affection was returned; and while her flattering voice told him that he alone could make her happy, she had mournfully declared that happiness could not be hers. How was this? Could she be another's? Her agitation at the Opera, often the object of his thought, quickly occurred to him. It must be so. Ah! another's! and who this rival?—this proud possessor of a heart which could not beat for him! Madame Carolina's declaration that the Baroness must be married off, was at this moment remembered: her marked observation, that von Sohnspeer was no son of Beckendorff's, not forgotten. The Field Marshal too was the valued friend of the Minister; and it did not fail to occur to Vivian that it was not von Sohnspeer's fault that his attendance on the Baroness was not as constant as his own. Indeed, the unusual gallantry of the Commander-in-chief had been the subject of many a joke among the young lords of the Court; and the reception of his addresses by their unmerciful object, not unobserved or unspared. But as for poor von Sohnspeer, what could be expected, as Emilius von Aslingen observed, 'from a man whose softest compliment was as long, loud, and obscure as a birthday salute!'

No sooner was the affair clear to Vivian—no sooner was he convinced that a powerful obstacle existed to the love or union of himself and the Baroness, than he began to ask, what right the interests of third persons had to interfere between the mutual affection of any individuals. He thought of her in the moonlit garden, struggling with her pure and natural passion. He thought of her exceeding beauty—her exceeding love. He beheld this rare and lovely creature in the embrace of von Sohnspeer. He turned from the picture in disgust and indignation. She

was his—Nature had decreed it. She should be the bride of no other man. Sooner than yield her up, he would beard Beckendorff himself in his own retreat, and run every hazard, and meet every danger, which the ardent imagination of a lover could conceive. Was he madly to reject the happiness which Providence or Destiny, or Chance had at length offered him? If the romance of boyhood could never be realised, at least with this engaging being for his companion, he might pass through his remaining years in calmness and in peace. His trials were perhaps over. Alas! this is the last delusion of unhappy men!

Vivian called at the palace, but the fatigues of the preceding night prevented either of the ladies from being visible. In the evening, he joined a very small and select circle. The party, indeed, only consisted of the Grand Duke, Madame, their visitors, and the usual attendants, himself and von Sohnspeer. The quiet of the little circle did not more strikingly contrast with the noise, and glare, and splendour of the last night, than did Vivian's subdued reception by the Baroness, with her agitated demeanour in the garden. She was cordial, but calm. He found it quite impossible to gain even one moment's private conversation with her. Madame Carolina monopolised his attention, as much to favour the views of the Field Marshal, as to discuss the comparative merits of Pope, as a moralist and a poet; and Vivian had the mortification of observing his odious rival, whom he now thoroughly detested, discharge, without ceasing, his royal salutes in the impatient ear of Beckendorff's lovely daughter.

Towards the conclusion of the evening, a Chamberlain entered the room, and whispered his mission to the Baroness. She immediately rose, and quitted the apartment. As the party was breaking up, she again entered. Her countenance was very agitated. Madame Carolina was being overwhelmed with the compliments of the Grand Marshal, and Vivian seized the opportunity of reaching the Baroness. After a few very hurried



sentences she dropped her glove. Vivian gave it her. So many persons were round them that it was impossible to converse except on the most common topics. The glove was again dropped.

‘I see,’ said the Baroness, with a very meaning look, ‘that you are but a recreant knight, or else you would not part with a lady’s glove so easily.’

Vivian gave a rapid glance round the room. No one was observing him, and the glove was immediately in his pocket. He hurried home, rushed up the staircase of the hotel, ordered lights, locked the door, and with a sensation of indescribable anxiety, tore the precious glove out of his pocket; seized, opened, and read the enclosed, and following note. It was written in pencil, in a very hurried hand, and some of the words were repeated.

‘I leave the Court to-night. He is here himself. No art can postpone my departure. Much, much, I wish to see you; to say—to say—to you. He is to have an interview, with the Grand Duke to-morrow morning. Dare you come to his place in his absence? You know the private road. He goes by the high road, and calls in his way on a Forest Councillor: I forget his name, but it is the white house by the barrier; you know it? Watch him to-morrow morning; about nine or ten I should think—here, here;—and then for heaven’s sake let me see you. Dare everything! Fail not, fail not! Mind, by the private road—by the private road:—beware the other! You know the ground. God bless you!

SYBILLA.’

## CHAPTER XV

VIVIAN read the note over a thousand times. He could not retire to rest. He called Essper George, and gave him all necessary directions for the morning. About three o’clock Vivian lay down on a

sofa, and slept for a few hours. He started often, in his short and feverish slumber. His dreams were unceasing and inexplicable. At first von Sohnspeer was their natural hero; but soon the scene shifted. Vivian was at Ems—walking under the well-remembered lime trees, and with the Baroness. Suddenly, although it was mid-day, the Sun became very large, blood-red, and fell out of the heavens—his companion screamed—a man rushed forward with a drawn sword. It was the idiot Crown Prince of Reisenberg. Vivian tried to oppose him, but without success. The infuriate ruffian sheathed his weapon in the heart of the Baroness. Vivian shrieked, and fell upon her body—and to his horror, found himself embracing the cold corpse of Violet Fane!

Vivian and Essper mounted their horses about seven o'clock. At eight, they had reached a small inn near the Forest Councillor's house, where Vivian was to remain until Essper had watched the entrance of the Minister. It was a very few minutes past nine, when Essper returned, with the joyful intelligence that Owlface and his master had been seen to enter the courtyard. Vivian immediately mounted Max, and telling Essper to keep a sharp watch, he set spurs to his horse.

'Now, Max, my good steed, each minute is golden—serve thy master well!' He patted the horse's neck—the animal's erected ears proved how well it understood its master's wishes; and taking advantage of the loose bridle, which was confidently allowed it, the horse sprang, rather than galloped to the Minister's residence. Nearly an hour, however, was lost in gaining the private road, for Vivian, after the caution in the Baroness's letter, did not dare the high road.

He is galloping up the winding rural lane, where he met Beckendorff on the second morning of his visit. He has reached the little gate, and following the example of the Grand Duke, ties Max at the entrance. He dashes over the meadows, not following the path, but crossing straight through the long and dewy grass—he leaps over

the light iron railing ; he is rushing up the walk ; he takes a rapid glance in passing at the little summer-house—the blue passion-flower is still blooming—the house is in sight ; a white handkerchief is waving from the drawing-room window ! He sees it ; fresh wings are added to his course ; he dashes through a bed of flowers, frightens the white peacock, darts through the library window, is in the drawing-room !

The Baroness was there : pale and agitated she stood beneath the mysterious picture, with one arm leaning on the old carved mantelpiece. Overcome by her emotions, she did not move forward to meet him as he entered ; but Vivian observed neither her constraint nor her agitation.

‘Sybilla ! dearest Sybilla ! say you are mine !’

He caught her in his arms. She struggled not to disengage herself ; but as he dropped upon one knee, she suffered him gently to draw her down upon the other. Her head sank upon her arm, which rested upon his shoulder. Overpowered, she sobbed convulsively. He endeavoured to calm her, but her agitation increased ; and many, many minutes elapsed, ere she seemed to be even sensible of his presence. At length she became more calm, and apparently making a struggle to compose herself, she raised her head.

‘Are you better, dearest ?’ asked Vivian, with a voice of the greatest anxiety.

‘Much ! much ! quite, quite well ! Let us walk for a moment about the room !’

As Vivian was just raising her from his knee, he was suddenly seized by the throat with a strong grasp. He turned round—it was Mr. Beckendorff, with a face deadly white, his full eyes darting from their sockets like a hungry snake’s, and the famous Italian dagger in his right hand.

‘Villain !’ said he, in the low voice of fatal passion. ‘Villain ! is this your Destiny ?’

Vivian’s first thoughts were for the Baroness ; and turning his head from Beckendorff, he looked with the

eye of anxious love to his companion. But, instead of fainting, instead of being overwhelmed by this terrible interruption, she seemed, on the contrary, to have suddenly regained her natural spirit and self-possession. The blood had returned to her hitherto pale cheek, and the fire to an eye before dull with weeping. She extricated herself immediately from Vivian's encircling arm ; and by so doing, enabled him to spring upon his legs, and to have struggled, if it had been necessary, more equally with the powerful grasp of his assailant.

'Stand off, Sir !' said the Baroness, with an air of inexpressible dignity, and a voice which even at this crisis seemed to anticipate that it would be obeyed. 'Stand off, Sir ! stand off, I command you !'

Beckendorff, for one moment, was motionless : he then gave her a look of the most piercing earnestness, threw Vivian, rather than released him, from his hold, and flung the dagger, with a bitter smile, into the corner of the room. 'Well, madam !' said he, in a choking voice, 'you are obeyed !'

'Mr. Grey,' continued the Baroness, 'I regret that this outrage should have been experienced by you, because you have dared to serve me. My presence should have preserved you from this contumely ; but what are we to expect from those who pride themselves upon being the sons of slaves ! You shall hear further from me.' So saying, the lady, bowing to Vivian and sweeping by the Minister, with a glance of indescribable disdain, quitted the apartment. As she was on the point of leaving the room, Vivian was standing against the wall, with a pale face and folded arms,—Beckendorff with his back to the window, his eyes fixed on the ground—and Vivian to his astonishment perceived, what escaped the Minister's notice, that while the lady bade him adieu with one hand, she made rapid signs with the other to some unknown person in the garden.

Mr. Beckendorff and Vivian were left alone, and the latter was the first to break silence.

‘Mr. Beckendorff,’ said he, in a calm voice, ‘considering the circumstances under which you have found me in your house this morning, I should have known how to excuse, and to forget, any irritable expressions which a moment of ungovernable passion might have inspired. I should have passed them over unnoticed. But your unjustifiable behaviour has exceeded that line of demarcation, which sympathy with human feelings allows even men of honour to recognise. You have disgraced both me, and yourself, by giving me a blow. It is, as that lady well styled it, an outrage—an outrage which the blood of any other man but yourself could only obliterate from my memory; but while I am inclined to be indulgent to your exalted station, and your peculiar character, I at the same time expect, and now wait for an apology.’

‘An apology!’ said Beckendorff, now beginning to stamp up and down the room; ‘An apology! Shall it be made to you, Sir, or the Archduchess?’

‘The Archduchess!’ said Vivian; ‘Good God!—what can you mean! Did I hear you right?’

‘I said, the Archduchess,’ answered Beckendorff with firmness; ‘a Princess of the House of Austria, and the pledged wife of his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Reisenberg. Perhaps you may now think that other persons have to apologise?’

‘Mr. Beckendorff,’ said Vivian, ‘I am overwhelmed; I declare, upon my honour——’

‘Stop, Sir!—you have said too much already——’

‘But, Mr. Beckendorff, surely you will allow me to explain——’

‘Sir! there is no need of explanation. I know everything—more than you do yourself. You can have nothing to explain to me; and I presume you are now fully aware of the impossibility of again speaking to her. It is at present within an hour of noon. Before sunset, you must be twenty miles from the Court—so far you will be attended. Do not answer me—you know my

power. A remonstrance only, and I write to Vienna : your progress shall be stopped throughout the South of Europe. For her sake, this business will be hushed up. An important and secret mission will be the accredited reason of your leaving Reisenberg. This will be confirmed by your official attendant, who will be an Envoy's Courier—farewell !’

As Mr. Beckendorff quitted the room, his confidential servant, the messenger to Turriparva, entered ; and with the most respectful bow, informed Vivian that the horses were ready. In about three hours' time, Vivian Grey, followed by the Government messenger, stopped at his hotel. The landlord and waiters bowed with increased obsequiousness, on seeing him so attended ; and in a few minutes, Reisenberg was ringing with the news, that his appointment to the Under-Secretaryship of State, was now ‘a settled thing.’



*BOOK THE EIGHTH*





## CHAPTER I

THE landlord of the Grand Hotel of the Four Nations at Reisenberg, was somewhat consoled for the sudden departure of his distinguished customer, by selling the Plenipotentiary a travelling carriage, lately taken for a doubtful bill from a gambling Russian General, at one hundred per cent profit. In this convenient vehicle, in the course of a couple of hours after his arrival in the city, was Mr. Vivian Grey borne through the gate of the Allies. Essper George, who had reached the hotel about half an hour after his master, followed behind the carriage on his hack, leading Max. The Courier cleared the road before, and expedited the arrival of the special Envoy of the Grand Duke of Reisenberg at the point of his destination, by ordering the horses, clearing the barriers, and paying the postilions in advance. Vivian had never travelled before with such style and speed.

Our hero covered himself up with his cloak, and drew his travelling cap over his eyes, though it was one of the hottest days of this singularly hot autumn ; but the very light of heaven was hateful to him. Perfectly overwhelmed with this last crushing misfortune, he was unable even to moralise :—to reflect, or to regret, or even to remember. Entranced in a reverie, the only figure that occurred to his mind was the young Archduchess, and the only sound that dwelt on his ear, were the words of Beckendorff :—but neither to the person of

the first, nor to the voice of the second, did he annex any definite idea.

After nearly three hours travelling, which to Vivian seemed both an age and a minute, he was roused from his stupor by the door of his calèche being opened. He shook himself as a man does, who has wakened from a benumbing and heavy sleep, although his eyes were the whole time wide open. The disturbing intruder was his courier; who bowing, with his hat in hand, informed his Excellency that he was now twenty miles from Reisenberg, and that the last postilions had done their duty so exceedingly well, that he trusted his Excellency would instruct his servant to give them double the tariff. Here he regretted that he was under the necessity of quitting his Excellency, and he begged to present his Excellency with his passport. 'It is made out for Vienna,' continued the messenger. 'A private pass, Sir, of the Prime Minister, and will entitle you to the greatest consideration.' The messenger receiving a low bow for his answer and reward, took his leave.

The carriage was soon again advancing rapidly to the next post-house; when, after they had proceeded about half a mile, Essper George, calling loudly from behind, the drivers suddenly stopped. Just as Vivian, to whose tortured mind the rapid movement of the carriage was some relief—for it produced an excitement which prevented thought—was about to inquire the cause of this stoppage, Essper George rode up to the calèche.

'Kind Sir!' said he, with a very peculiar look, 'I have a packet for you.'

'A packet! from whom? speak! give it me!'

'Hush! hush! hush! softly, softly, good master. Here am I about to commit rank treason for your sake; and a hasty word is the only reward of my rashness.'

'Nay, nay, good Essper try me not now.'

'I will not, I will not, kind Sir; but the truth is, I could not give you the packet while that double-faced knave was with us, or even while he was in sight. "In

good truth," as Master Rodolph was wont to say, ah, when shall I see his Sleekness again !'

'But of this packet ?'

"Fair and softly, fair and softly," good Sir ! as Hunsdrich the porter said, when I would have drank the mulled wine, while he was on the cold staircase——'

'Essper ! do you mean to enrage me ?'

"By St. Hubert !" as that worthy gentleman, the Grand Marshal, was in the habit of swearing, I——'

'This is too much,—what are the idle sayings of these people to me ?'

'Nay, nay, kind Sir, they do but show that each of us has his own way of telling a story ; and that he who would hear a tale, must let the teller's breath come out of his own nostrils.'

'Well, Essper, speak on ! Stranger things have happened to me than to be reproved by my own servant.'

'Nay, nay, my kind master, say not a bitter word to me, because you have slipped out of a scrape with your head on your shoulders. The packet is from Mr. Beckendorff's daughter.'

'Ah ! why did not you give it to me before ?'

'Why do I give it you now ? Because I'm a fool—that's why. What ! you wanted it when that double-faced scoundrel was watching every eyelash of yours, as it moved from the breath of a fly ?—a fellow who can see as well at the back of his head, as from his face. I should like to poke out his front eyes, to put him on an equality with the rest of mankind. He it was, who let the old gentleman know of your visit this morning, and I shrewdly suspect that he has been nearer your limbs of late than you have imagined. Every dog has his day, and the oldest pig must look for his knife ! The Devil was once cheated on Sunday, and I have been too sharp for Puss in boots and his mousetrap ! Prowling about the Forest Councillor's house, I saw your new servant, Sir, gallop in, and his old master soon gallop out ; I was off

as quick as they, but was obliged to leave my horse within two miles of the house, and then trust to my legs. I crept through the shrubs like a land tortoise; but, of course, too late to warn you. However, I was in for the death, and making signs to the young lady, who directly saw that I was a friend,—bless her! she is as quick as a partridge,—I left you to settle it with papa, and after all, did that which I suppose your Highness intended to do yourself—made my way into the young lady's—bedchamber.'

'Hold your tongue, you rascal! and give me the packet.'

'There it is, Sir, and now we will go on; but we must stay an hour at the next post, if your honour pleases not to sleep there; for both Max and my own hack have had a sharp day's work.'

Vivian tore open the packet. It contained a long letter, written on the night of her return to Beckendorff's; she had stayed up the whole night writing. It was to have been forwarded to Vivian, in case of their not being able to meet. In the enclosure were a few hurried lines, written since the catastrophe. They were these;—'May this safely reach you! Can you ever forgive me? The enclosed, you will see, was intended for you, in case of our not meeting. It anticipated sorrow; yet what were its anticipations to our reality!'

The Archduchess's letter was evidently written under the influence of the most agitated feelings. I omit it; because, as the mystery of her character is now explained, a great portion of her communication would be irrelevant to our tale. She spoke of her exalted station as a woman—that station which so many women envy—in a spirit of the most agonising bitterness. A royal princess is only the most flattered of state victims. She is a political sacrifice, by which enraged Governments are appeased, wavering allies conciliated, and ancient amities confirmed. Debarred by her rank and her education from looking forward to that exchange of equal affection, which is the

great end and charm of female existence ; no individual finds more fatally, and feels more keenly, that pomp is not felicity, and splendour not content.

Deprived of all those sources of happiness which seem inherent in woman, the wife of the Sovereign sometimes seeks in politics and in pleasure, a means of excitement which may purchase oblivion. But the political queen is a rare character ; she must possess an intellect of unusual power, and her lot must be considered as an exception in the fortunes of female royalty. Even the political queen generally closes an agitated career with a broken heart. And for the unhappy votary of pleasure, who owns her cold duty to a royal husband, we must not forget, that even in the most dissipated courts, the conduct of the queen is expected to be decorous ; and that the instances are not rare, where the wife of the monarch has died on the scaffold, or in a dungeon, or in exile, because she dared to be indiscreet, where all were debauched. But for the great majority of royal wives, they exist without a passion ; they have nothing to hope—nothing to fear—nothing to envy—nothing to want—nothing to confide—nothing to hate—and nothing to love. Even their duties, though multitudinous, are mechanical ; and while they require much attention, occasion no anxiety. Amusement is their moment of greatest emotion, and for them amusement is rare ; for amusement is the result of equal companionship. Thus situated, they are doomed to become frivolous in their pursuits, and formal in their manners : and the Court chaplain, or the Court confessor, is the only person who can prove they have a soul, by convincing them that it will be saved.

The young Archduchess had assented to the proposition of marriage with the Crown Prince of Reisenberg without opposition ; as she was convinced that requesting her assent, was only a courteous form of requiring her compliance. There was nothing outrageous to her feelings in marrying a man whom she had never seen ; because her education, from her tenderest years, had daily prepared

her for such an event. Moreover, she was aware that, if she succeeded in escaping from the offers of the Crown Prince of Reisenberg, she would soon be under the necessity of assenting to those of some other suitor ; and if proximity to her own country, accordance with its sentiments and manners, and previous connection with her own house, were taken into consideration, an union with the family of Reisenberg was even desirable. It was to be preferred, at least, to one which brought with it a foreign husband, and a foreign clime ; a strange language, and strange customs. The Archduchess—a girl of ardent feelings and lively mind—had not, however, agreed to become that all-commanding slave—a Queen—without a stipulation. She required that she might be allowed, previous to her marriage, to visit her future Court, incognito. This singular and unparalleled proposition was not easily acceded to : but the opposition with which it was received, only tended to make the young Princess more determined to be gratified in her caprice. Her Imperial Highness did not pretend that any end was to be obtained by this unusual procedure, and indeed she had no definite purpose in requesting it to be permitted. It was originally the mere whim of the moment, and had it not been strongly opposed, it would not have been strenuously insisted upon. As it was, the young Archduchess persisted, threatened, and grew obstinate ; and the grey-headed negotiators of the marriage, desirous of its speedy completion, and not having a more tractable tool ready to supply her place, at length yielded to her bold importunity. Great difficulty, however, was experienced in carrying her wishes into execution. By what means, and in what character she was to appear at Court, so as not to excite suspicion or occasion discovery, were often discussed, without being resolved upon. At length it became necessary to consult Mr. Beckendorff. The upper lip of the Prime Minister of Reisenberg curled, as the Imperial Minister detailed the caprice and contumacy of the Princess ; and treating

with the greatest contempt, this girlish whim, Mr. Beckendorff ridiculed those by whom it had been humoured, with no suppressed derision. The consequence of his conduct was an interview with the future Grand Duchess, and the consequence of his interview, an unexpected undertaking on his part to arrange the visit, according to her Highness's desires.

The Archduchess had not yet seen the Crown Prince; but six miniatures, and a whole length portrait had prepared her for not meeting an Adonis, or a Baron Trenck; and that was all—for never had the Correggio of the age of Charles the Fifth, better substantiated his claims to the office of Court painter, than by these accurate semblances of his Royal Highness; in which his hump was subdued into a Grecian bend, and his lack-lustre eyes seemed beaming with tenderness and admiration. His betrothed bride stipulated with Mr. Beckendorff, that the fact of her visit should be known only to himself, and the Grand Duke; and before she appeared at Court, she had received the personal pledge, both of himself, and his Royal Highness, that the affair should be kept a complete secret from the Crown Prince.

Most probably, on her first introduction to her future husband, all the romantic plans of the young Archduchess, to excite an involuntary interest in his heart, vanished—but how this may be, it is needless for us to inquire: for that same night introduced another character into her romance, for whom she was perfectly unprepared, and whose appearance totally disorganised its plot.

Her inconsiderate, her unjustifiable conduct, in tampering with that individual's happiness and affection, was what the young and haughty Archduchess deplored in the most energetic, the most feeling, and the most humble spirit; and anticipating, that after this painful disclosure, they would never meet again, she declared, that for his sake alone she regretted what had passed—and praying that he might be happier than herself, she supplicated to be forgiven, and forgotten.



Vivian read the Archduchess's letter over, and over again ; and then put it in his breast. At first he thought that he had lived to shed another tear ; but he was mistaken. In a few minutes he found himself quite roused from his late overwhelming stupor—quite light-hearted—almost gay. Remorse, or regret for the past—care, or caution for the future, seemed at the same moment to have fled from his mind. He looked up to Heaven, with a wild smile—half of despair, and half of defiance. It seemed to imply, that Fate had now done her worst ; and that he had at last the satisfaction of knowing himself to be the most unfortunate and unhappy being that ever existed. When a man, at the same time, believes in, and sneers at his Destiny, we may be sure that he considers his condition past redemption.

## CHAPTER II

THEY stopped for an hour at the next post, according to Essper's suggestion. Indeed he proposed resting there for the night, for both men and beasts much required repose ; but Vivian panted to reach Vienna, to which city two days' travelling would now carry him. His passions were so roused, and his powers of reflection so annihilated, that while he had determined to act desperately, he was unable to resolve upon anything desperate. Whether, on his arrival at the Austrian capital, he should plunge into dissipation, or into the Danube, was equally uncertain. He had some thought of joining the Greeks or Turks—no matter which—probably the latter—or perhaps of serving in the Americas. The idea of returning to England never once entered his mind : he expected to find letters from his father at Vienna, and he almost regretted it ; for, in

his excessive misery, it was painful to be conscious that a being still breathed, who was his friend.

It was a fine moonlight night, but the road was very mountainous ; and in spite of all the encouragement of Vivian, and all the consequent exertions of the postilion, they were upwards of two hours and a half going these eight miles. To get on any farther to-night was quite impossible. Essper's horse was fairly knocked up, and even Max visibly distressed. The post-house was fortunately an Inn. It was not at a village ; and, as far as the travellers could learn, not near one ; and its appearance did not promise very pleasing accommodation. Essper, who had scarcely tasted food for nearly eighteen hours, was not highly delighted with the prospect before them. His anxiety, however, was not merely selfish : he was as desirous that his young master should be refreshed by a good night's rest, as himself ; and anticipating that he should have to exercise his skill in making a couch for Vivian in the carriage, he proceeded to cross-examine the post-master on the possibility of his accommodating them. The host was a most pious-looking personage, in a black velvet cap, with a singularly meek and charitable expression of countenance. His long black hair was very exquisitely braided ; and he wore round his neck a collar of pewter medals, all which had been recently sprinkled with holy water, and blessed under the petticoat of the saintly Virgin ; for the post-master had only just returned from a pilgrimage to the celebrated shrine of the Black Lady of Altoting.

'Good friend !' said Essper, looking him cunningly in the face ; 'I fear that we must order horses on : you can hardly accommodate two ?'

'Good friend !' answered the innkeeper, and he crossed himself very reverently at the same time ; 'it is not for man to fear, but to hope.'

'If your beds were as good as your adages,' said Essper George laughing, 'in good truth, as a friend of mine would say, I would sleep here to-night.'

‘Prithee, friend,’ continued the innkeeper, kissing a medal of his collar very devoutly, ‘what accommodation dost thou lack?’

‘Why,’ said Essper, ‘in the way of accommodation, little—for two excellent beds will content us; but in the way of refreshment—by St. Hubert! as another friend of mine would swear—he would be a bold man, who would engage to be as hungry before his dinner, as I shall be after my supper.’

‘Friend!’ said the innkeeper, ‘Our Lady forbid that thou shouldst leave our walls to-night: for the accommodation, we have more than sufficient; and as for the refreshment—by Holy Mass! we had a priest tarry here last night, and he left his rosary behind: I will comfort my soul, by telling my beads over the kitchen-fire; and for every Paternoster, my wife shall give thee a rasher of kid, and for every Ave, a tumbler of Augsburg; which, Our Lady forget me! if I did not myself purchase, but yesterday’s evening, from the pious fathers of the Convent of St. Florian!’

‘I take thee at thy word, honest Sir,’ said Essper. ‘By the creed! I liked thy appearance from the first: nor wilt thou find me unwilling, when my voice has taken its supper, to join thee in some pious hymn or holy canticle. And now for the beds?’

‘There is the green room—the best bedroom in my house,’ said the innkeeper. ‘Holy Mary forget me! if in that same bed have not stretched their legs, more valorous generals, more holy prelates, and more distinguished councillors of our Lord the Emperor, than in any bed in all Austria.’

‘That then, for my master—and for myself?—’

‘H—u—m!’ said the host, looking very earnestly in Essper’s face; ‘I should have thought that thou wert one more anxious after dish and flagon, than curtain and eiderdown!’

‘By my Mother! I love good cheer,’ said Essper earnestly; ‘and want it more at this moment than any

knave that ever yet starved : but if thou hast not a bed to let me stretch my legs on, after four and twenty hours' hard riding, by holy Virgin ! I will have horses on to Vienna.'

'Our Black Lady forbid !' said the innkeeper, with a quick voice, and with rather a dismayed look—'said I that thou shouldst *not* have a bed ? St. Florian desert me ! if I and my wife would not sooner sleep in the chimney-corner, than that thou shouldst miss one wink of thy slumbers !'

'In one word, have you a bed ?'

'Have I a bed ? Where slept, I should like to know, the Vice-Principal of the Convent of Molk, on the day before the last holy Ascension ? The waters were out in the morning ; and when will my wife forget, what his Reverence was pleased to say, when he took his leave !—“Good woman !” said he, “my duty calls me ; but the weather is cold ; and between ourselves, and I am used to great feasts ; and I should have no objection, if I were privileged, to stay, and to eat again of thy red cabbage and cream !”—what say you to that ? Do you think we have got beds now ? You shall sleep to-night, Sir, like an Aulic Councillor !'

This adroit introduction of the red cabbage and cream settled everything—when men are wearied and famished, they have no inclination to be incredulous—and in a few moments Vivian was informed by his servant, that the promised accommodation was satisfactory ; and having locked up the carriage, and wheeled it into a small out-house, he and Essper were ushered by their host into a room, which, as is usual in small German inns in the South, served at the same time both for kitchen and saloon. The fire was lit in a platform of brick, raised in the centre of the floor :—the sky was visible through the chimney, which, although of a great breadth below, gradually narrowed to the top. A family of wandering Bohemians, consisting of the father and mother, and three children, were seated on the platform when Vivian

entered : the man was playing on a coarse wooden harp, without which the Bohemians seldom travel. The music ceased, as the new guests came into the room, and the Bohemian courteously offered his place at the fire to our hero ; who, however, declined disturbing the family group. A small table, and a couple of chairs, were placed in a corner of the room by the innkeeper's wife—a bustling, active dame—who apparently found no difficulty in laying the cloth, dusting the furniture, and cooking the supper, at the same time. At this table, Vivian and his servant seated themselves ; and, in spite of his misfortunes, Vivian was soon engaged in devouring the often-supplied and savoury rashers of the good woman ; nor, indeed, did her cookery discredit the panegyric of the Reverend Vice-Principal of the Convent of Molk.

Alike wearied in mind and body, Vivian soon asked for his bed ; which, though not exactly fit for an Aulic Councillor, as the good host perpetually avowed it to be, nevertheless afforded very decent accommodation.

The Bohemian family retired to the hay-loft ; and Essper George would have followed his master's example, had not the kind mistress of the house tempted him to stay behind, by the production of a new platter of rashers : indeed, he never remembered meeting with such hospitable people as the post-master and his wife. They had evidently taken a great fancy to him ; and, though extremely wearied, the lively little Essper endeavoured, between his quick mouthfuls and long draughts, to reward and encourage their kindness by many a good story and sharp joke. With all these, both mine host and his wife were exceedingly amused ; seldom containing their laughter, and frequently protesting, by the sanctity of various Saints, that this was the pleasantest night, and Essper the pleasantest fellow, that they had ever met with.

'Eat, eat, my friend !' said his host ; 'by the Mass ! thou hast travelled far ; and fill thy glass, and pledge with me Our Black Lady of Altoting. By Holy Cross ! I have hung up this week in her chapel a garland of silk roses ;

and have ordered to be burnt before her shrine three pounds of perfumed wax tapers ! Fill again, fill again ! and thou too, good mistress ; a hard day's work hast thou had—a glass of wine will do thee no harm : join me with our new friend ! Pledge we together the Holy Fathers of St. Florian, my worldly patrons, and my spiritual pastors : let us pray that his Reverence the Sub-Prior may not have his Christmas attack of gout in the stomach ; and a better health to poor Father Felix ! Fill again, fill again ! this Augsburg is somewhat acid ; we will have a bottle of Hungary. Mistress, fetch us the bell-glasses, and here to the Reverend Vice-Principal of Molk ! our good friend : when will my wife forget what he said to her on the morning of last holy Ascension ! Fill again, fill again !'

Inspired by the convivial spirit of the pious and jolly post-master, Essper George soon forgot his threatened visit to his bedroom and ate and drank, laughed and joked, as if he were again with his friend, Master Rodolph : but wearied Nature at length avenged herself for this unnatural exertion ; and leaning back in his chair, he was, in the course of an hour, overcome by one of those dead and heavy slumbers, the effect of the united influence of fatigue and intemperance—in short, it was like the mid-night sleep of a fox-hunter.

No sooner had our pious votary of the Black Lady of Altoting observed the effect of his Hungary wine, than making a well-understood sign to his wife, he took up the chair of Essper in his brawny arms ; and, preceded by Mrs. Post-mistress with a lantern, he left the room with his guest. Essper's hostess led and lighted the way to an outhouse, which occasionally served as a remise, a stable, and a lumber-room. It had no window, and the lantern afforded the only light which exhibited its present contents. In one corner was a donkey tied up, belonging to the Bohemian ; and in another a dog, belonging to the post-master. Hearing the whispered voice of his master, this otherwise brawling animal was quite silent. Under a hay-rack was a large child's cradle : it was of a very

remarkable size, having been made for twins ; who, to the great grief of the post-master and his lady, departed this life at an early, but promising age. Near it was a very low wooden sheep-tank, half filled with water, and which had been placed there for the refreshment of the dog and his feathered friends—a couple of turkeys, and a considerable number of fowls, who also at present were quietly roosting in the rack.

The pious innkeeper very gently lowered to the ground the chair on which Essper was soundly sleeping ; and then, having crossed himself, he took up our friend with great tenderness and solicitude, and dexterously fitted him in the huge cradle. This little change must have been managed with great skill—like all other skill, probably acquired by practice—for overwhelming as was Essper's stupor, it nevertheless required considerable time, nicety, and trouble, to arrange him comfortably on the mouldy mattress of the deceased twins—so very fine was the fit ! However, the kind-hearted host had the satisfaction of retiring from the stable, with the consciousness, that the guest, whose company had so delighted him, was enjoying an extremely sound slumber ; and fearing the watchful dog might disturb him, he thought it only prudent to take Master Rouseall along with him.

About an hour past midnight, Essper George awoke. He was lying on his back, and excessively unwell ; and on trying to move, he found, to his great astonishment, that he was rocking. Every circumstance of his late adventure was perfectly obliterated from his memory ; and the strange movement, united with his peculiar indisposition, left him no doubt that the dream, which was in fact the effect of his intemperance, combined with the rocking of the cradle on the slightest motion, was a melancholy reality ; and that what he considered the greatest evil of life, was now his lot—in short, that he was on board a ship ! As is often the case when we are tipsy or nervous, Essper had been woke by the fright of falling from some immense height ; and finding that his legs had no sensation,

for they were quite benumbed, he concluded that he had fallen down the hatchway, that his legs were broken, and himself jammed in between some logs of wood in the hold: and so he began to cry lustily to those above, to come down to his rescue. How long he would have continued hailing the neglectful crew, it is impossible to ascertain; but, in the midst of his noisy alarm, he was seized with another attack of sickness, which soon quieted him.

‘Oh, Essper George!’ thought he, ‘Essper George! how came you to set foot on salt timber again! Had not you had enough of it in the Mediterranean and the Turkish seas, that you must be getting aboard this lubberly Dutch galliot! for I am sure she’s Dutch, by being so low in the water. How did I get here?—Who am I?—Am I Essper George, or am I not?—Where was I last?—How came I to fall?—Oh! my poor legs!—How the vessel rocks!—Sick again!—Well, they may talk of a sea-life, but for my part, I never even saw the use of the Sea.—Oh, Lord! how she rolls—what a heave!—I never saw the use of the Sea—Many a sad heart has it caused, and many a sick stomach has it occasioned! the boldest sailor climbs on board with a heavy soul, and leaps on land with a light spirit.—Oh! thou indifferent ape of Earth! thy houses are of wood, and thy horses of canvas; thy roads have no landmarks, and thy highways no inns; thy hills are green without grass, and wet without showers!—and as for food, what art thou, oh, bully Ocean! but the stable of horse-fishes, the stall of cow-fishes, the sty of hog-fishes, and the kennel of dog fishes!—Oh! command me to a fresh-water dish for meagre days!—Sea-weed, stewed with chalk, may be savoury stuff for a merman; but, for my part, give me red cabbage and cream; and as for drink, a man may live in the midst of thee his whole life, and die for thirst at the end of it! Besides, thou blasphemous salt lake, where is thy religion? Where are thy churches, thou heretic? Thou would’st be burnt by the Inquisition, were it not that thy briny water is fit



for nothing but to extinguish an Auto-da-Fè! Ah me! would that my legs were on my body again, and that body on Terra-firma! I am left to perish below, while the rascally Surgeon above is joining with the Purser to defraud the Guinea-pigs at dice. I'll expose him!' So saying, Essper made a desperate effort to crawl up the hold. His exertions, of course, set the cradle rocking with renewed violence; and at last, dashing with great force against the sheep-tank, that pastoral piece of furniture was overset, and part of its contents poured upon the inmate of the cradle.

'Sprung a leak in the hold, by St. Nicholas!' bawled out Essper George. 'Caulkers, a-hoy! a-hoy! Can't you hear, you scoundrels; you stone-hearted ruffians!—a-hoy! a-hoy!—I can't cry, for the life of me! They said I should be used to the rocking after the first month; and here, by the soul of a seaman! I can't even speak! Oh! the liars, the wicked liars! If the Captain expect anything from me, he is mistaken. I know what I shall do when he comes. "Captain!" I shall say, "when you behave like a gentleman, you may expect to be treated as such."'

At this moment three or four fowls, roused by the fall of the tank, and the consequent shouts of Essper, began fluttering about the rack, and at last perched upon the cradle. 'The live-stock got loose!' screamed Essper, in a voice of terror, in spite of a new attack of sickness; 'the live-stock got loose! sprung a leak! below here! below! below! and the breeze is getting stiffer every instant! Where's the captain! I will see him; I'm not one of the crew: I belong to the Court! What Court? what am I talking about? One would think that I was drunk. Court indeed! what can I mean? I must have cracked my skull when I fell like a lubber down that confounded hatchway! Court indeed! Egad! I feel as if I had been asleep, and been dreaming I was at Court. Well, it's enough to make one laugh, after all! What's that noise? why, here's a jackass in the hold!

this is not right—some job of that villainous Purser ! Well, he's found out at last ! Rasher of kid indeed ! What business has he to put me off with rashers of kid, and give me sour wine ! This is the first voyage that I ever heard of, where a whole crew were fed for months on rashers of kid and sour wine. Oh, the villain ! is this what he calls doing his duty ! is this——why, here are all the turkeys screaming ! all the live-stock loose—below here ! below ! Above deck a-hoy ! ye lubbers a-hoy ! live stock loose ! sprung a leak ! purser's job ! purser has got a jackass—purser's jackass—purser is a j—a—c—k—jack—jack—jack—jack—jackass !' Here our sailor, overcome by his exertions and the motion of his vessel, again fell asleep.

Presently he was awakened, not by the braying of the jackass, nor the screaming of the turkeys, nor the cackling of the chickens ; but by the sound of heavy footsteps over his head. These noises were at once an additional proof that he was in the hold, and an additional stimulus to his calls to those on deck. In fact, these sounds were occasioned by the Bohemians, who always rose before break of day ; and consequently, in a few minutes, the door of the stable opened, and the Bohemian, with a lantern in his hand, entered.

'Who are you ?' hallooed out Essper George, greatly refreshed by his last slumber ; 'what do you want ?' continued he ; for the man, astounded at hearing a human voice, at first could not reply.

'I want my jackass,' he at length said.

'You do,' said Essper, 'do you ? Now a'n't you a pretty fellow ? You a Purser ! A fellow who gives us rashers of kid a whole voyage ; nothing but kid, kid, kid, every day ! and here is detected keeping a jackass among the poultry ! a jackass, of all animals ! eating all the food of our live-stock, and we having kid every day—kid, kid, kid ! Pray why didn't you come to me before ? Why didn't you send the Surgeon ? Now, a'n't you a scoundrel ! Though both my legs are off, I'll have a

fling at you !'—and so saying, Essper, aided by the light of the lantern, and with infinite exertion, scrambled out of the cradle, and taking up the sheep-tank, sent it straight at the astonished Bohemian's head. The aim was good, and the man fell ; more, however, from fright than injury. Seizing his lantern, which had fallen out of his hand, Essper escaped through the stable-door, and rushed into the house. He found himself in the kitchen. The noise of his entrance roused the landlord and his wife, who had been sleeping by the fire ; since, not having a single bed besides their own, they had given that up to Vivian. The countenance of the innkeeper effectually dispelled the clouds which had been fast clearing off from Essper's intellect. Giving one wide stare, and then rubbing his eyes, the whole truth lighted upon him ; and so, being in the humour for flinging, he sent the Bohemian's lantern at his landlord's head. The post-master seized the poker, and the post-mistress a faggot ; and as the Bohemian, who had now recovered himself, had entered in the rear, Essper George certainly stood a fair chance of receiving a thorough drubbing ; which doubtless he would have got, had not his master, roused by the suspicious noises and angry sounds which had reached his room, entered the kitchen with his pistols. The group is a good one ; and I therefore will not disturb it till the next Chapter.

### CHAPTER III

**A**S it was now morning, Vivian did not again retire to rest, but took advantage of the disturbance at the Inn to continue his route at an earlier hour than he had previously intended. As he was informed that he would meet with no accommodation for the next fifty or sixty miles, his projected course lying through an

extremely mountainous and wild tract in the vicinity of the Lake of Gmunden, he was fain to postpone his departure, until he and his attendant had procured their breakfasts ; and moreover, willingly acceded to a suggestion of the post-master, of taking with him a small basket, containing some slight refreshment for their 'noon meal.' Accordingly the remnants of their breakfast, a cold fowl—a relation of the live-stock which had so terribly disturbed Essper during the night—some fruit, and a bottle of thin white wine, were packed by the dapper post-mistress in a neat little basket. The horses were now put to, and nothing remained to be done but to discharge the innkeeper's bill. The conduct of mine host and his good wife had been so exceedingly obliging—for Vivian had not even listened to Essper's complaint, treating the whole affair as a drunken brawl—that Vivian had nearly made up his mind to waive the ceremony of having a regular bill presented to him ; and feeling that the greatest charge which the post-master could make for his accommodation could not reward him for his considerate conduct, he was on the point of making him a very handsome present, when the account was sent in. To Vivian's astonishment, he found that the charge exceeded, by about five times as much, the amount of his intended, and, as he had considered it, rather extravagant gratuity. The first item was for apartments—a saloon, and two best bed-chambers ! Then came Vivian's light supper, figuring as a dinner pour un maître ; and as for Essper George's feed, it was inserted under two different heads, 'servant's dinner,' and 'servant's supper ;' the retirement of Vivian from the smoky kitchen, having been the event which distinguished the moment when the first meal had terminated, and the second commenced. More ceremonious accuracy could not have been displayed in settling the boundaries of two Empires, or deciding the commencement of the Sabbath. And as for wine, the thin Augsburgh, though charged by the dozen, did not cost as much as the Hungary, charged

by the bottle. It appeared by the bill also, that there had been no slight breakage of bell-glasses, nor was the sheep-tank, minus a leg by the overthrow of the Bohemian forgotten ; but looked imposing under the title of 'injured bed-room furniture.' Vivian scarcely got as far as their breakfasts, but even their excessive price passed from his mind, when his eye lighted on the enormous item which entitled them to the basket of provisions. It would have supported the poor Bohemians for a year !

Our hero's indignation was excessive, particularly as he now felt it his duty to listen to Essper's bitter complaints. Vivian contented himself, however, with returning the account by Essper to the post-master, who took care not to be in his customer's presence ; informing mine host that there was some little mistake in his demand, and requesting him to make out a new charge. But the character of the pious, loquacious, complaisant, and convivial inn-keeper, seemed suddenly to have undergone a very strange revolution. He had become sullen, and silent ; listened to Vivian's message with imperturbable composure, and then refused to reduce his charge one single kreutzer.

Vivian, whose calm philosophy had received rather a rude shock since his last interview with Mr. Beckendorff, and who was not therefore in the most amiable of humours, did not now conceal his indignation ; nor, as far as words could make an impression, spare the late object of his intended generosity. That pious person bore his abuse like a true Christian ; crossing himself at every opprobrious epithet that was heaped upon him, with great reverence, and kissing a holy medal of his blessed necklace whenever his guest threatened vengeance and anticipated redress. But no word escaped the whole time from the mouth of the spiritual protégé of the Holy Fathers of St. Florian : pale and pigheaded, he bore all with that stubborn silence which proved him no novice in such scenes ; and not even our Black Lady of

Altoting was called upon to interfere in his favour, or to forgive, or forget, his innocent imposition. But his mild, and active, and obliging wife amply compensated, by her reception of our hero's complaints, for the rather uncourteous conduct of her husband. With arms a-kimbo, and flashing eyes, the vixen poured forth a volley of abuse both of Vivian and his servant, which seemed to astonish even her experienced husband. To leave the house without satisfying the full demand was impossible; for the demandant, being post-master, could of course prevent the progress of his victim. In this state of affairs, irritated and defied, Vivian threatened to apply to the Judge of the district. His threat bore with it no terrors: and imagining that the post-master reckoned that his guest was merely blustering, Vivian determined to carry the business through; and asked of a few idle persons who were standing round, which of them would show him the way to the Judge of the district.

'I will myself attend your Highness,' said the inn-keeper, with a bow of insolent politeness.

Vivian, however, did not choose to rely upon the post-master's faith; and so, attended by a young peasant, and followed at a few yards distant by their host, he and Essper proceeded to find the Judge of the district. The Judge lived at a small village two miles up the country; but even this did not daunt our hero, who, in spite of the meek and constant smile of his host, bade his guide lead on.

Half an hour brought them to the hamlet. They proceeded down the only street which it contained, until they came to a rather large, but most dilapidated house, which their guide informed them was the residence of the Judge. The great front gates being evidently unused, they rang the rusty bell at a small white door at the side of the mansion; and in a short time it was opened by a hard-working Austrian wench, who stared very much at the demand, as if she were but little accustomed to their admission of suitors. She bade

them follow her down the court. Passing a heavy casement window, thickly overshadowed by a vine, she opened a door into a small and gloomy room, and the party were ushered into the solemn presence of the district Judge. His Worship was seated at a table, on which a few very ancient and dusty papers attempted to produce a show of business. He was earnestly engaged with his chocolate, and wore a crimson velvet cap, with a broad fur border, and a very imposing tassel. I need not describe his appearance very minutely—his Worship being an individual whom we have had the honour of meeting with before ; he being no less a personage than that dignified, economical, convivial, and most ill-treated Judge from the Danube, whose unlucky adventure about the bottle of Rüdesheimer was detailed in an early chapter of these volumes ; and whom it will be recollected was, at that time, if more good-humouredly, scarcely more courteously, treated by one of the present complainants, Essper George, than by his brutal boon companions—the University students.

‘Pray, gentlemen, be seated : take a chair, Sir !’ said his Worship as he raised himself on his elbows, staring in Vivian’s face.—‘H—u—u—m !’ growled the fat Judge, as he perceived the innkeeper standing on the threshold.—‘Come in there, and shut the door. Well, gentlemen, what is your pleasure ?’

Vivian very temperately and briefly detailed the occasion of his visit. The Judge listened in profound silence ; his pouting lips and contracted brow making it difficult to ascertain whether he were thoughtful or sulky. The innkeeper did not attempt to interrupt the complainant during his statement, at least not by speech ; but kept up a perpetual commentary on the various charges, by repeatedly crossing himself, sighing, and lifting up his hands and eyes, as much as to say, ‘What liars men are !’ and then humbly throwing out his arms, and bending his head, he seemed to forgive their mendacity, and at the same time, trust that Heaven

would imitate his example. While this scene was acting, Essper George got wound up to such a pitch of frenzy, between the injustice which he considered his master was doing to their case, the hypocritical gesticulations of the defender, and the restraint laid upon his perpetual interference by Vivian, and the looks of the Judge ; that he could only be compared to a wild cat in a cage, hissing, spitting, threatening with his pawing hands, and setting up his back as if he were about to spring upon his adversary and throttle him.

‘Now !’ said the Judge sternly to the post-master, ‘what have you to say ? How can you answer to yourself for treating a foreign gentleman in this manner ?’

‘St. Florian be my help !’ said mine host with downcast eyes, ‘I am confounded : this worthy gentleman has most unaccountably deceived himself. Our Lady be my guide, while I speak the truth ! Late last night this noble traveller and his worthy attendant arrived at our poor dwelling. I was busying myself to get horses for his carriage, when the gentleman complained of so much illness and fatigue, that his servant entreated me to strive to give him accommodation for the night. Indeed, poor gentlemen ! it is no wonder they were fatigued ; for the young man himself, as he will bear witness for me,’ said the speaker, pointing to Essper, ‘declared, that for four-and-twenty hours he had scarcely been off his horse ; and had not, in that time, tasted food !’

‘Yes ! that was when you promised me the bed which the Vice-Principal of Molk slept in,’ said Essper ; stamping with such violence, that the old Judge started with fright, and dropped his spoon ! His Worship looked angrily round, and Vivian again commanded Essper to be silent.

‘Go on with your story,’ said the Judge to the defendant.

‘Hear me speak, your Worship,’ said Essper ; ‘he’ll never have done. When once a man begins lying, he’ll tell the truth on Tuesday se’nnight. The whole affair is this——’



‘This person must be kept silent,’ said the Judge. ‘You go on,’ continued he, pointing to the innkeeper, who was crossing himself most devoutly.

‘The Mother of Mercy forgive me!’ said the innkeeper, ‘if I have said aught unconsciously to hurt the feelings of any fellow-christian. If the tale told me were untrue, is it my fault that I gave it credit? My wife and I, pitying their sad condition, determined to exert ourselves for their relief. Our house, by the blessing of St. Florian! was filled. A respectable Bohemian family, who, from the treatment they have invariably received, consider our house their home, had taken up their lodgings with us for the night. Of a verity, we had no beds remaining, except the one in which I and my wife repose ourselves after our hard day’s labour; and another which was made on purpose for, and scarcely ever used by any persons, except our two dear and lamented children!’

‘A mouldy cradle!’ brawled Essper George.

‘Our two lovely children slept together in it!’ said the innkeeper, with a softened voice and a starting tear.

‘A crib, I suppose?’ said the Judge.

‘Verily a large sized crib! excuse this emotion,’ said mine host, swallowing a sob; ‘it is a subject on which I unwillingly dwell.’

In this manner were nearly two hours occupied; the pious post-master calmly and charitably explaining his conduct, defending himself against every count of the indictment, and never once giving way to an irritable expression, although constantly interrupted and abused by Essper George; whose rage, and mortification, at the complexion which the history of his ill-treatment was assuming before the Judge, exceeded all bounds.

‘Gentlemen!’ said the Judge, when the innkeeper had finished, ‘it appears to me that this poor man’s case has been a little misunderstood by you. In the first place, it seems, that far from desiring you to stay under his roof, your lodging there must have put him to very serious inconvenience. I find that his wife, who had

been hard worked the whole day, and was, moreover, far from being in strong health, was obliged to give up her bed for the accommodation of her unexpected guest; and what more could your servant desire, than the bed in which their own children were accustomed to repose? As to the charge for your meals, and wine, and the basket of provisions, you are little aware at how much cost and labour we, who live among these mountains, procure even the commonest provisions, now rendered doubly scarce by the excessive heat and drought of the season. (Here the Judge poured out another cup of chocolate.) Remember also, that this is not a large city, and that we are obliged to provide at the beginning of the week for the wants of the remainder. You have probably, therefore, deprived this poor family of their sustenance for six days to come. Consider also, that it was not necessary for the post-master to put himself to the expense of living in so large a house, and that it was entirely for the accommodation of respectable families travelling from Bohemia and Bavaria, and other places, that he has incurred the cost of maintaining this establishment! It is only fair, therefore, that you should properly remunerate him for the conveniences which, in such a country, you could hardly have expected to find, and for the extraordinary risk incurred by this hazardous investment of his capital. Respecting the treatment of which you complain, from his wife, I put it to your own feelings, as a gentleman, whether great allowance should not be made in a case where such exertions and sacrifices may have produced a slight degree of irritability and discomposure—the natural result of female delicacy and overpowering fatigue? For her husband, the present defendant, I should feel I was not discharging my duty, if I did not declare that this is the first time I have heard word of complaint against him by man, woman, or child; and if I were called upon to pick out the most civil, obliging, conscientious, liberal, charitable, unassuming, and thoroughly

honest, and truly pious man within my district, it is this worthy person whom I now see before me; and whose demand I feel it incumbent upon me to insist, shall this moment be satisfied. My clerk is not in the way just now, but his fee you may leave upon the table: it is twenty per cent upon the amount of the disputed sum. There is also one dollar due for the warrant; which, though not issued in the present instance, must be accounted for to Government.'

Vivian threw down the sum in disgust, without deigning to reply; but Essper George was not so dignified. His rage was ludicrously excessive.

'I knew it would end so! You would not let me speak. Don't pay, sir—don't pay! The fat rascal is the worst of the two; and whenever I prosecute a person for stealing clothes off a naked man, or a beard from a child's elbow, I'll bring them before you, and they shall be found guilty!'

'Fellow!' said the magistrate, 'do you know who I am?'

'Know you!' screamed Essper, with a malicious laugh: 'know you! The very sight of you does my heart good. How did that Rüdeshheimer at Coblenz agree with you? I think you got a glass when the bottle was empty? Oh! you old cheat! this is not the first time that you have wanted to make honest travellers pay for what they did not order! Shame! shame!'

'You loose-tongued rascal!' said the agonised and choking magistrate, as he shuffled back his chair, and threw his cup of chocolate at Essper's head. The knave, however, skilfully avoided it, and ran down the court after his master. His agility baffled the exertions of the gouty judge, who thinking he was fairly rid of his tormentor, determined to forget his mortification in his percentage. He had just reseated himself in his easy chair, and was spinning the dollar on his thumb, revelling in his peculation, when Essper poked his head in at the opened casement.

‘I forgot one thing!’ said he, in an exulting whisper. ‘Pray—how is your—Grandfather?’

## CHAPTER IV

THIS unsuccessful appeal to justice cost Vivian almost as many golden hours as it had golden Sovereigns. At length, however, his carriage drove off.—His host neither showed pique at his opposition, nor triumph at his defeat: he was just as pious and polite as on the evening of their arrival, and crossed himself, and bowed to his departing guest, with emulative fervor. His wife, however, standing in the window, testified her exultation by clapping her hands, and laughing, as the carriage went off.

The postilion drove so well, that Essper had difficulty in keeping up with the horses; particularly as, when he had found himself safely mounted, he had lagged behind a few minutes to vent his spleen against the inn-keeper’s wife.

‘May St. Florian confound me, madam!’ said Essper, addressing himself to the lady in the window, ‘if ever I beheld so ugly a witch as yourself! Pious friend! thy chaplet of roses was ill-bestowed, and thou needest not have travelled so far to light thy wax tapers at the shrine of the Black Lady at Altoting; for, by the beauty of holiness! an image of ebony is mother of pearl, to that Soot-face whom thou callest thy wife. Fare thee well! thou couple of saintly sinners; and may the next traveller who tarries in thy den of thieves, qualify thee for canonisation, by thy wife’s admiring pastor, the cabbage-eating Vice-Principal of Molk!’

The postilion blew his horn with unusual spirit, to announce the arrival of a traveller of consequence, at the next post-house; and Vivian had the mortification of

being whirled up to the gateway of a large and well-appointed Inn, situated in the high street of a smart-looking little town. The consciousness that he had been seduced into staying at the miserable place where he had passed the night, under the pretence that there was no better accommodation within fifty miles, the sight of his costly basket of broken victuals, and the recollection of the expense of time and money which he had incurred through his credulity, were not calculated to render his mood the most amiable. The postilion, perhaps observing a cloud upon his brow, and anticipating that he might suffer for his master's villainy, bowed very low when he came up to the door of the carriage to be paid, and trusted most respectfully that his drink-money would not be diminished, for anything that had happened. 'I was very sorry, Sir,' continued he, 'for what took place with my master; but I could do nothing, Sir: I could not drive you without an order. I am sorry to say, it is nothing particular new, Sir. It wasn't much use your troubling yourself to go to the Judge, for he always sides with master. Master married his sister, Sir!'

While Vivian was speaking to the postilion, he heard the sound of a hammer behind the carriage; and, on looking round, perceived a man busily employed in working at one of the springs. This fellow was one of those officious smiths, who, on the Continent, regularly commence, without permission or necessity, their operations upon every carriage which drives up to the post-house. Vivian, convinced that his calèche did not, or ought not, to require the exercise of this artist's talents, after much trouble and some high talking, prevented him from proceeding. The man, however, tendered a demand for services which ought to have been performed, or ought to have been required. It was always the custom, he said, in that town, to have carriages examined and repaired; and if his Highness' did not require his attention, it was not his fault. He was ready to repair the carriage—it ought to have been broken. Vivian, of course,

refused to satisfy the fellow's insolent demand; and begged to assure him that he was not one of those English lords, whom evidently the considerate smith was in the habit of practising upon. The man retired grumbling, with a most gloomy face.

On they went again, but not quite as comfortably as before; either the road was much worse, or the smith had been right in supposing that something was displaced. In the course of an hour, Vivian was obliged to desire the postilion to drive carefully; and before the end of another, they had to ford a rivulet, running between two high banks. The scenery just here was particularly lovely, and Vivian's attention was so engrossed by it, that he did not observe the danger which he was about to incur.

As this scene is important to the narrative, I shall describe it with great accuracy, and I hope that it will be understood.

On the left of the road, a high range of rocky mountains abruptly descended into an open, but broken country; and the other side of the road was occasionally bounded by low undulating hills, partially covered with dwarf woods, not high enough to obstruct the view of the distant horizon. Rocky knolls jutted out near the base of the mountains; and on the top of one of them, overlooked by a gigantic grey peak, stood an ancient and still inhabited feudal castle. Round the base of this insulated rock a rustic village peeped above the encircling nut-woods—its rising smoke softening the hard features of the naked crag. On the side of the village nearest to Vivian, a bold sheet of water discharged itself in three separate falls, between the ravine of a wooded mountain; and flowing round the village as a fine broad river, expanded, before it reached the foundation of the castled rock, into a long and deep lake, which was also fed by numerous streams, the gulleys only of which were now visible down the steep sides of the mountains—their springs having been long dried up.

Vivian's view was interrupted by his sudden descent

into the bed of the rivulet, one of the numerous branches of the mountain torrent, and by a crash which as immediately ensued. Through the unpaid assistance of the rejected smith, the spring of his carriage was broken, and various loosened nuts jolted out. The carriage of course fell over, but Vivian sustained no injury; and while Essper George rode forward to the village for assistance, his master helped the postilion to extricate the horses and secure them on the opposite bank. They had done all that was in their power some time before Essper returned; and Vivian, who had seated himself on some tangled beech-roots, was prevented growing impatient by contemplating the enchanting scenery. The postilion, on the contrary, who had travelled this road every day of his life, and who found no gratification in gazing upon the rocks, woods, and waterfalls, lit his pipe, and occasionally talked to his horses. So essential an attribute of the beautiful, is novelty! Essper at length made his appearance, attended by five or six peasants, all dressed in holiday costume, with some fanciful decorations; their broad hats wreathed with wild flowers, their short brown jackets covered with buttons and fringe, and various-coloured ribands streaming from their knees.

‘Well, sir! the grandson is born the day the grandfather dies! a cloudy morning has often a bright sunset! and though we are now sticking in a ditch, by the aid of St. Florian, we may be soon feasting in a castle! Come, come, my merry men, I did not bring you here to show your ribands—the sooner you help us out of this scrape, the sooner you will be again dancing with the pretty maidens on the green! Lend a hand! lend a hand! What’s your name?’ asked Essper, of a sturdy red-haired lad, ‘Wolf? if it is not, it ought to be; and so, Mr. Wolf, put your shoulder to this fore-wheel, and you two go to the off-wheel, and Master Robert, as I think they call you, help me here! Now, all lift together—H—o—i—g—h! h—o—i—g—h! sharp there, behind!

once more—h—o—i—g—h ! pull—pull—pull !—there ! gently, gently, that's it !'

The calèche appeared to be so much shattered, that they only ventured to put in one horse ; and Vivian, leaving his carriage in charge of Essper and the postilion, mounted Max, and rode to the village, attended by the peasants. He learnt from them, on the way, that they were celebrating the marriage of the daughter of their Lord ; who, having been informed of the accident, had commanded them to go immediately to the gentleman's assistance, and then conduct him to the castle. Vivian immediately made some excuse for not accepting their master's hospitable invitation, and requested to be shown to the nearest Inn. He learnt, to his dismay, that the village did not boast a single one ; the existence of such an establishment not being permitted by their Lord, who, however, was always most happy to entertain any stranger at his castle. As his calèche was decidedly too much injured to proceed farther that day, Vivian had evidently, from the account of these persons, no alternative ; and therefore allowed himself to be introduced according to their instructions.

They crossed the river over a light stone bridge of three arches, the key-stone of the centre one being decorated with a very splendidly sculptured shield.

'This bridge appears to be very recently built ?' said Vivian to one of his conductors.

'It was opened, Sir, for the first time, yesterday, to admit the bridegroom of my young lady, and the foundation stone of it was laid on the day she was born.'

'I see that your good Lord was determined that it should be a solid structure.'

'Why, Sir, it was necessary that the foundation should be strong, because three succeeding winters it was washed away by the rush of that mountain torrent.—Turn this way, if you please, sir, through the village.'

Vivian was much struck with the appearance of the little settlement, as he rode through it. It did not con-



sist of more than fifty houses, but they were all detached, and each beautifully embowered in trees. The end of the village came upon a large rising green, leading<sup>d</sup> up to the only accessible side of the castle. It presented a most animated scene, being covered with various groups, all intent upon different rustic amusements. An immense pole, the stem of a gigantic fir-tree, was fixed nearly in the centre of the green, and crowned with a chaplet—the reward of the most active young man of the village, whose agility might enable him to display his gallantry, by presenting it to his mistress, she being allowed to wear it during the remainder of the sports. The middle-aged men were proving their strength by raising weights ; while the elders of the village joined in the calmer and more scientific diversion of skittles, which, in Austria, are played with bowls and pins of very great size. Others were dancing ; others sitting under tents, chattering or taking refreshments. Some were walking in pairs, anticipating the speedy celebration of a wedding-day—happier to them, if less gay to others. Even the tenderest infants, on this festive day, seemed conscious of some unusual cause of excitement ; and many an urchin, throwing himself forward in a vain attempt to catch an elder brother or a laughing sister, tried the strength of his leading-strings, and rolled over, crowing in the soft grass.

At the end of the green a splendid tent was erected, with a large white bridal flag waving from its top, embroidered in gold, with a true-lover's knot. From this pavilion came forth, to welcome the strangers, the Lord of the village. He was an extremely tall, but very thin bending figure, with a florid benevolent countenance, and a great quantity of long white hair. This venerable person cordially offered his hand to Vivian, regretted his accident, but expressed much pleasure that he had come to partake of their happiness. 'Yesterday,' continued he, 'was my daughter's wedding-day, and both myself and our humble friends are endeavouring to forget, in this festive scene, our approaching loss and separation. If

you had come yesterday, you would have assisted at the opening of my new bridge. Pray, what do you think of it? 'But I will show it to you myself, which I assure you will give me great pleasure : at present, let me introduce you to my family, who will be quite delighted to see you. It is a pity that you have missed the Regatta ; my daughter is just going to reward the successful candidate : you see the boats upon the lake ; the one with the white and purple streamer was the conqueror. You will have the pleasure, too, of seeing my son-in-law : I am sure you will like him—he quite enjoys our sports. We shall have a *fête champêtre* to-morrow, and a dance on the green to-night.'

The old gentleman paused for want of breath, and having stood a moment to recover himself, he introduced his new guests to the inmates of the tent : first, his maiden sister, a softened facsimile of himself ; behind her stood his beautiful and blushing daughter, the youthful bride, wearing on her head a coronal of white roses, and supported by three bride's-maids, the only relief to whose snowy dresses were large bouquets on their left side. The bridegroom was at first shaded by the curtain ; but, as he came forward, Vivian started when he recognised his Heidelberg friend, Eugene von Konigstein !

Their mutual delight and astonishment were so great, that for an instant neither of them could speak ; but when the old man learnt from his son-in-law, that the stranger was his most valued and intimate friend, and one to whom he was under the greatest personal obligations, he absolutely declared that he would have the wedding—to witness which, appeared to him the height of human felicity—solemnized over again. The bride blushed, the bride's-maids tittered ; the joy was universal.

'My dear sister !' said the old lord, bawling very loud in her ear ; 'very likely your deafness prevented you understanding that this gentleman is Eugene's

particular friend. Poor dear !' continued he, lowering his tone ; ' it is a great misfortune to be so very deaf ! '

' I daresay you will soon perceive, Sir,' said the old lady to Vivian, while his lordship was speaking, ' that my dear brother is debarred, in a great degree, from enjoying your society, by his unfortunate deafness : he scarcely ever hears even what I say to him ; though he has been accustomed to my voice so many years. Poor creature ! It is a great denial to him ! '

It was quite curious to observe how perfectly unconscious were this excellent pair of their own infirmity, though quite alive to each other's.

Vivian inquired after the Baron. He learnt from Eugene that he had quitted Europe about a month, having sailed as Minister to one of the New American States. ' My uncle,' continued the young man, ' was neither well, nor in spirits before his departure : I cannot understand why he plagues himself so about politics ; however, I trust he will like his new appointment : you found him, I am sure, a most delightful companion ? '

' Come ! you two young gentlemen,' said the father-in-law, ' put off your chat till the evening. The business of the day stops ; for I see the procession coming forward to receive the Regatta prize. Now, my dear ! where is the scarf ?—You know what to say ? Remember, I particularly wish to do honour to the victor ! The sight of all these happy faces makes me feel quite young again. I declare I think I shall live a hundred years ! '

The procession advanced. First came a band of young children strewing flowers ; then followed four stout boys carrying a large purple and white banner. The victor, proudly preceding the other candidates, strutted forward, with his hat on one side, a light scull decorated with purple and white ribands in his right hand, and his left arm round his wife's waist. The wife, a beautiful young woman, to whom were clinging two fat flaxen-headed children, was the most interesting figure in the procession. Her tight dark bodice set off

her round full figure, and her short red petticoat displayed her springy foot and ankle. Her neatly braided and plaited hair was partly concealed by a silk cap, covered with gold spangled gauze, flattened rather at the top, and finished at the back of the head with a large bow. This costly head-gear, the highest fashion of her class, was presented to the wearer by the bride, and was destined to be kept for festivals. After the victor and his wife came six girls and six boys, at the side of whom walked a very bustling personage in black, who seemed extremely interested about the decorum of the procession. A long train of villagers succeeded.

‘Well!’ said the old Lord to Vivian, ‘this must be a very gratifying sight to you! how fortunate that your carriage broke down just at my castle! I think my dear girl is acquitting herself admirably. Ah! Eugene is a happy fellow; and I have no doubt that she will be happy too. The young sailor receives his honours very properly: they are as nice a family as I know.\* Observe, they are moving off now to make way for the pretty girls and boys! That person in black is our Abbé—as benevolent, worthy a creature as ever lived! and very clever too: you’ll see in a minute. Now they are going to give us a little bridal chorus, after the old fashion; and it is all the Abbé’s doing. I understand that there is an elegant allusion to my new bridge in it, which I think will please you. Who ever thought that bridge would be opened for my girl’s wedding? Well! I am glad that it was not finished before. But we must be silent! You will notice that part about the bridge; it is in the fifth verse I am told; beginning with something about Hymen, and ending with something about roses.’

By this time the procession had formed a semicircle before the tent; the Abbé standing in the middle, with a paper in his hand, and dividing the two bands of choristers. He gave a signal with his cane, and the girls commenced:—

*Chorus of Maidens*

Hours fly ! it is Morn : he has left the bed of love !  
She follows him with a strained eye, when his figure is  
no longer seen : she leans her head upon her arm. She  
is faithful to him, as the lake to the mountain !

*Chorus of Youths*

Hours fly ! it is Noon : fierce is the restless sun !  
While he labours, he thinks of her ! while he controls  
others, he will obey her ! A strong man subdued by  
love, is like a vineyard silvered by the moon !

*Chorus of Youths and Maidens*

Hours fly ! it is Eve : the soft star lights him to his  
home ! she meets him as his shadow falls on the threshold !  
she smiles, and their child, stretching forth its tender  
hands from its mother's bosom, struggles to lisp 'Father !'

*Chorus of Maidens*

Years glide ! it is Youth : they sit within a secret  
bower. Purity is in her raptured eyes—Faith in his  
warm embrace. He must fly ! He kisses his farewell :  
the fresh tears are on her cheek ! He has gathered a lily  
with the dew upon its leaves !

*Chorus of Youths*

Years glide ! it is Manhood. He is in the fierce  
Camp : he is in the deceitful Court. He must mingle  
sometimes with others that he may be always with her !  
In the false world, she is to him like a green olive  
among rocks !

*Chorus of Youths and Maidens*

Years glide ! it is Old Age. They sit beneath a branching elm. As the moon rises on the sunset green, their children dance before them ! Her hand is in his—they look upon their children, and then upon each other !

‘The fellow has some fancy,’ said the old Lord, ‘but given, I think, to conceits. I did not exactly catch the passage about the bridge, but I have no doubt it was all right.’

Vivian was now invited to the pavilion, where refreshments were prepared. Here our hero was introduced to many other guests, relations of the family, who were on a visit at the castle, and who had been on the lake at the moment of his arrival.

‘This gentleman,’ said the old Lord, pointing to Vivian, ‘is my son’s most particular friend, and I am quite sure that you are all delighted to see him. He arrived here quite accidentally—his carriage having fortunately broken down in passing one of the streams. All those rivulets should have bridges built over them ! A single arch would do :—one bold single arch, of the same masonry as my new bridge, with a very large key-stone, and the buttresses of the arch rounded, so that the water should play against them—no angles to be eaten, and torn, and crumbled away. A fine bridge with the arches well proportioned, and the key-stones bold, and the buttresses well rounded, is one of the grandest and most inspiring sights I know. I could look at my new bridge for ever. I often ask myself “Now, how can such a piece of masonry ever be destroyed ?” It seems quite impossible ; does not it ? We all know—Experience teaches us all—that everything has an end ; and yet, whenever I look at that bridge, I often think that it can only end when all things end. I will take you over it myself, Mr. Grey : it is not fair, because you came a day too late, that you should miss the finest sight of all. If you

had only been here yesterday, I am sure you would have said it was the happiest day in your life !'

The old gentleman proceeded to give Vivian a long description of the ceremony. He was terribly disappointed, and equally annoyed, when he found that our hero could not be present at the festivities of the morrow. At first my Lord was singularly deaf ; he could not conceive the bare idea of the possibility of any person wishing to leave him at the present moment ; but when his guest assured, and finally by frequent repetition made him understand, that nothing but the most peremptory business could command, under such circumstances, his presence at Vienna ; the old gentleman, a great stickler for duty, and a great respecter of public business, which he had persuaded himself could alone prevail upon Vivian to make such a sacrifice, kindly commiserated his situation ; and consoled him by saying, that he thought he was the most unlucky fellow with whom he ever had the pleasure of being acquainted. 'To come just one day after the bridge ! and then to go off just the morning before the fête champêtre ! It is very hard for you ! I quite pity you ; don't you, my dear sister ?' bawled he to the old lady. 'But what is the use of speaking to her, poor dear ! it is a great misfortune to be so very deaf ! It seems to me that she gets worse every day.'

'I am glad, Sir,' said the old lady to Vivian, seeing that she was spoken to ; 'I am glad that we shall have the pleasure of your company at the fête to-morrow. My dear brother !' bawled she to the old gentleman, 'you feel, I am sure very happy that Eugene's friend has arrived so fortunately to participate in the pleasures of the fête. But what is the use of speaking to him ! poor creature ! it is a great denial to him to be so very deaf ! I fear it gains on him hourly !'

In the evening they all waltzed upon the green. The large yellow moon had risen ; and a more agreeable sight, than to witness two or three hundred persons so gaily

occupied, and in such a scene, is not easy to imagine. How beautiful was the stern old castle, softened by the moonlight, the illumined lake, the richly silvered foliage of the woods, and the white brilliant cataract !

Vivian waltzed with the bride, little qualified as he now was to engage in the light dance ! But to refuse the distinguished honour was impossible ; and so, in spite of his misery, he was soon spinning on the green. The mockery, however, could not be long kept up ; and pleading overwhelming fatigue, from late travelling, and gently hinting to Eugene, that from domestic circumstances the present interesting occasion could alone have justified him in the slightest degree joining in anything which bore the appearance of lightness and revelry, he left the green.

His carriage was now being repaired by the castle smith ; and by the advice and with the assistance of the old Lord, he had engaged the brother of the family steward, who was a voiturier, about to set off for Vienna the next morning, to take charge of his equipage and luggage, as far as Burkesdorf, which was about ten miles from Vienna. At that place Vivian and Essper were also to arrive on the afternoon of their second day's journey. They would there meet the carriage, and get into Vienna before dusk.

As the castle was quite full of visitors, its hospitable master apologised to Vivian for lodging him for the night at the cottage of one of his favourite tenants. Nothing would give greater pleasure to Vivian than this circumstance, nor more annoyance to the worthy old gentleman.

The cottage belonged to the victor in the Regatta, who himself conducted the visitor to his dwelling. Vivian did not press Essper's leaving the revellers, so great an acquisition did he seem to their sports ! Teaching them a thousand new games, and playing all manner of antics ; but perhaps none of his powers surprised them more, than the extraordinary facility and freedom with which he had acquired, and used all their



names. The cottager's pretty wife had gone home an hour before her husband, to put her two fair-haired children to bed, and prepare her guest's accommodation for the night. Nothing could be more romantic and lovely than the situation of the cottage. It stood just on the gentle slope of the mountain's base, not a hundred yards from the lower waterfall. It was in the middle of a patch of highly cultivated ground, which bore creditable evidence to the industry of its proprietor. Fruit trees, Turkey corn, vines, and flax, flourished in the greatest luxuriance. The dwelling itself was covered with myrtle and arbutus, and the tall lemon-plant perfumed the window of the sitting-room. The casement of Vivian's chamber opened full on the foaming cataract. The distant murmur of the mighty waterfall, the gentle sighing of the trees, the soothing influence of the moonlight, and the faint sounds occasionally caught of dying revelry—the joyous exclamation of some successful candidate in the day's games, the song of some returning lover, the plash of an oar in the lake—all combined to produce that pensive mood in which we find ourselves involuntarily reviewing the history of our life.

As Vivian was musing over the last harassing months of his burthensome existence, he could not help feeling that there was only one person in the world on whom his memory could dwell with solace and satisfaction ; and this person was Lady Madeleine Trevor !

It was true that with her he had passed some most agonising hours ; but he could not forget the angelic resignation with which her own affliction had been borne, and the soothing converse by which his had been alleviated. This train of thought was pursued till his aching mind sunk into indefiniteness. He sat, for some little time, almost unconscious of existence, till the crying of a child, waked by its father's return, brought him back to the present scene. His thoughts naturally ran to his friend Eugene. Surely this youthful bridegroom

might reckon upon happiness ! Again Lady Madeleine recurred to him. Suddenly he observed a wonderful appearance in the sky. The moon was paled in the high heavens, and surrounded by luminous rings—almost as vividly tinted as the rainbow—spreading, and growing fainter, till they covered nearly half the firmament. It was a glorious, and almost unprecedented halo !

## CHAPTER V

THE Sun rose red, the air was thick and hot. Anticipating that the day would be very oppressive, Vivian and Essper were on their horses' backs at an early hour. Already, however, many of the rustic revellers were about, and preparations were commencing for the *fête champêtre*, which this day was to close the wedding festivities. Many and sad were the looks which Essper George cast behind him at the old castle on the lake. 'No good luck can come of it !' said he to his horse ; for Vivian did not encourage conversation. 'Oh ! master of mine, when wilt thou know the meaning of good quarters ? To leave such a place, and at such a time ! Why, Turriparva was nothing to it ! The day before marriage, and the hour before death, is when a man thinks least of his purse, and most of his neighbour.—And where are we going ? I slept the other night in a cradle : and, for aught I know, I may sleep this one in a coffin ! I, who am now as little fit for rough riding, and rough eating, and rough sleeping, as a pet monkey with a scalded tail ! Oh ! man, man, what art thou, that the eye of a girl can make thee so pass all discretion, that thou wilt sacrifice for the whim of a moment good cheer enough to make thee last an age !'

Vivian had intended to stop and breakfast after riding

about ten miles ; but he had not proceeded half that way, when, from the extreme sultriness of the morning, he found it impossible to advance without refreshment. Max, also, to his rider's surprise, was much distressed ; and, on turning round to his servant, Vivian found Essper's hack panting and puffing, and breaking out, as if, instead of commencing their day's work, they were near reaching their point of destination.

‘Why, how now, Essper ? One would think that we had been riding all night. What ails the beast ?’

‘In truth, Sir, that which ails its rider ; the poor dumb brute has more sense than some—not exactly brutes,—who have the gift of speech. Who ever heard of a horse leaving good quarters without much regretting the indiscretion ; and seeing such a promising road as this before him, without much desiring to retrace his steps ? Is there marvel, your Highness ?’

‘The closeness of the air is so oppressive, that I do not wonder at even Max being distressed. Perhaps when the Sun is higher, and has cleared away the vapours, it may be more endurable : as it is, I think we had better stop at once, and breakfast here. This wood is as inviting as, I trust, are the contents of your basket !’

‘St. Florian devour them !’ said Essper, in a very pious voice ; ‘if I agree not with your Highness ; and as for the basket, although we have left the land of milk and honey, by the blessing of our Black Lady ! I have that within it which would put courage in the heart of a caught-mouse. Although we may not breakfast on bride-cake and beccaficos, yet is a neat's tongue better than a fox's tail ; and I have ever held a bottle of Rhenish to be superior to rain-water, even though the element be filtered through a gutter. Nor, by All Saints ! have I forgotten a bottle of Kerchen Wasser, from the Black Forest ; nor a keg of Dantzic brandy, a glass of which, when travelling at night, I am ever accustomed to take after my prayers ; for I have always observed, that though

devotion doth sufficiently warm up the soul, the body all the time is rather the colder from stopping under a tree to tell 'its beads.'

The travellers, accordingly, led their horses a few yards into the wood, and soon met, as they had expected, with a small green glade.—It was surrounded, except at the slight opening by which they had entered it, with fine Spanish chestnut trees ; which now, loaded with their large brown fruit, rich and ripe, clustered in the starry foliage, afforded a retreat as beautiful to the eye as its shade was grateful to their senses. Vivian dismounted, and stretching out his legs, leant back against the trunk of a tree ; and Essper, having fastened Max and his own horse to some branches, proceeded to display his stores. Vivian was silent, thoughtful, and scarcely tasted anything : Essper George, on the contrary, was in unusual and even troublesome spirits ; and had not his appetite necessarily produced a few pauses in his almost perpetual rattle, the patience of his master would have been fairly worn out. At length Essper had devoured the whole supply ; and as Vivian not only did not encourage his remarks, but even in a peremptory manner had desired his silence, he was fain to amuse himself by trying to catch in his mouth a large brilliant fly, which every instant was dancing before him. Two individuals, more singularly contrasting in their appearance than the master and the servant, could scarcely be conceived ; and Vivian lying with his back against a tree, with his legs stretched out, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the ground ; and Essper, though seated, in perpetual motion, and shifting his posture with feverish restlessness—now looking over his shoulder for the fly, then making an unsuccessful bite at it, and then wearied with his frequent failures, amusing himself with acting Punch with his thumbs—altogether presented two figures which might have been considered as not inapt personifications of the rival systems of Idealism and Materialism.

At length Essper became silent for the sake of variety ;

and imagining from his master's example, that there must be some sweets in meditation hitherto undiscovered by him, he imitated Vivian's posture ! So perverse is human nature, that the moment Vivian was aware that Essper was perfectly silent, he began to feel an inclination to converse with him.

'Why, Essper !' said he, looking up and smiling ; 'this is the first time during our acquaintance that I have ever seen thought upon your brow. What can now 'be puzzling your wild brain ?'

'I was thinking, Sir,' said Essper, with a very solemn look, 'that if there were a deceased field-mouse here, I would moralise on Death.'

'What ! turned philosopher !'

'Ay ! Sir—it appears to me,' said he, taking up a husk which lay on the turf, 'that there is not a nut-shell in Christendom which may not become matter for very grave meditation !'

'Can you expound that ?'

'Verily, Sir, the whole philosophy of life seems to me to consist in discovering the kernel. When you see a courtier out of favour, or a merchant out of credit—when you see a soldier without pillage, a sailor without prize-money, and a lawyer without papers—a bachelor with nephews, and an old maid with nieces—be assured the nut is not worth the cracking, and send it to the winds, as I do this husk at present.'

'Why, Essper !' said Vivian laughing, 'considering that you have taken your degree so lately, you wear the Doctor's cap with authority ! Instead of being in your noviciate, one would think that you had been a philosopher long enough to have outlived your system.'

'Bless your Highness ! for philosophy, I sucked it in with my mother's milk. Nature then gave me the hint, which I have ever since acted on ; and I hold, that the sum of all learning consists in milking another man's cow. So much for the recent acquisition of my philosophy ! I gained it, you see, your Highness, with the first wink of

my eye ; and though I lost a great portion of it by sea-sickness in the Mediterranean, nevertheless, since I served your Highness, I have assumed my old habits ; and do opine that this vain globe is but a large football, to be kicked and cuffed about by moody philosophers !’

• ‘You must have seen a great deal in your life, Master Essper,’ said Vivian, who was amused by his servant’s quaint humour.

• ‘Like all great travellers,’ said Essper, ‘I have seen more than I remember, and remember more than I have seen.’

‘Have you any objection to go to the East again ?’ asked Vivian. ‘It would require but little persuasion to lead me there.’

‘I would rather go to a place where the religion is easier ; I wish your Highness would take me to England !’

‘Nay, not there with me—if with others.’

‘With you—or with none.’

‘I cannot conceive, Essper, what can induce you to tie up your fortunes with those of such a sad looking personage as myself.’

‘In truth, your Highness, there is no accounting for tastes. My grandmother loved a brindled cat !’

‘Your grandmother, Essper ! Nothing would amuse me more than to be introduced to your family.’

‘My family, Sir, are nothing more, nor less, than what all of us must be counted—worms of five feet long—mortal angels—the world’s epitome—heaps of atoms which Nature has kneaded with blood into solid flesh—little worlds of living clay—sparks of heaven—inches of earth—Nature’s quintessence—moving dust—the little all—smooth-faced cherubim, in whose souls the King of stars has drawn the image of himself !’

‘And how many years has breathed the worm of five feet long, that I am now speaking to ?’

‘Good, your Highness, I was no head at calculating from a boy ; but I do remember that I am two days older than one of the planets.’

‘How is that?’

‘There was one born in the sky, Sir, the day I was christened with a Turkish crescent.’

‘Come, Essper,’ said Vivian, who was rather interested by the conversation; Essper having, until this morning, skilfully avoided any discourse upon the subject of his birth or family, adroitly turning the conversation whenever it chanced to approach these subjects, and silencing enquirers, if commenced, by some ludicrous and evidently fictitious answer. ‘Come, Essper,’ said Vivian, ‘I feel by no means in the humour to quit this shady retreat. You and I have now known each other long, and gone through much together. It is but fair that I should become better acquainted with one who, to me, is not only a faithful servant, but what is more valuable, a faithful friend—I might now almost add, my only one. What say you to wiling away a passing hour by giving me some sketch of your curious and adventurous life. If there be anything that you wish to conceal, pass it over; but no invention; nothing but the truth, if you please—the whole truth, if you like.’

‘Why, your Highness, as for this odd knot of soul and body, which none but the hand of Heaven could have twined, it was first seen, I believe, near the very spot where we are now sitting; for my mother, when I saw her first, and last, lived in Bohemia. She was an Egyptian, and came herself from the Levant. I lived a week, Sir, in the Seraglio, when I was at Constantinople, and I saw there the brightest women of all countries; Georgians, and Circassians, and Poles; in truth, Sir, Nature’s masterpieces; and yet, by the Gods of all nations! there was not one of them half as lovely as the lady who gave me this tongue!’ Here Essper exhibited at full length the enormous feature which had so much enraged the one-eyed sergeant at Frankfort.

‘When I first remember myself,’ he continued, ‘I was playing with some other gipsy-boys in the midst of a forest. Here was our settlement! It was large and

powerful. My mother, probably from her beauty, possessed great influence, particularly among the men ; and yet, I found not among them all, a father. On the contrary, every one of my companions had a man whom he revered as his parent, and who taught him to steal ; but I was called by the whole tribe—the mother-son—and was honest, from my first year, out of mere wilfulness ; at least, if I stole anything it was always from our own people. Many were the quarrels I occasioned ; since, presuming on my mother's love and power, I never called mischief a scrape ; but acting just as my fancy took me, I left those who suffered by my conduct to apologise for my ill-behaviour. Being thus an idle, unprofitable, impudent, and injurious member of this pure community, they determined one day to cast me out from their bosom ; and in spite of my mother's exertions and entreaties, the ungrateful vipers succeeded in their purpose. As a compliment to my parent, they allowed me to tender my resignation, instead of receiving my expulsion. My dear mother gave me a donkey, a wallet, and a ducat, a great deal of advice about my future conduct, and, what was more interesting to me, much information about my birth.

•

“Sweet child of my womb !” said my mother, pressing me to her bosom ; “be proud of thy white hands and straight nose ! Thou gottest them not from me, and thou shalt take them from whence they came. Thy father is a Hungarian Prince ; and though I would not have parted with thee, had I thought that thou wouldst ever have prospered in our life—even if he had made thee his child of the law, and lord of his castle—still, as thou canst not tarry with us, haste thou to him ! Give him this ring and this lock of hair ; tell him, none have seen them but the father, the mother, and the child ! He will look on them, and remember the days that are passed ; and thou shalt be unto him as a hope for his lusty years, and a prop for his old age !”

‘My mother gave me all necessary directions, which I



well remembered ; and much more advice, which I directly forgot.

‘Although tempted, now that I was a free man, to follow my own fancy, I still was too curious to see what kind of a person was my unknown father, to deviate either from my route, or my maternal instructions ; and in a fortnight’s time, I had reached my future Principality.

‘The Sun sunk behind the proud castle of my princely father ; as, trotting slowly along upon my humble beast, with my wallet slung at my side, I approached it through his park. A guard, consisting of twenty or thirty men in magnificent uniforms, were lounging at the portal. I—— but, your Highness, what is the meaning of this darkness ? I always made a vow to myself, that I never would tell my history—Ah ! murder ! murder ! what ails me ?’

A large eagle fell dead at their feet.

‘Protect me, master !’ screamed Essper, seizing Vivian by the shoulder, ‘what is coming ? I cannot stand—the earth seems to tremble ! Is it the wind that roars and rages ? or is it ten thousand cannon blowing this globe to atoms ?’

‘It is—it must be the wind !’ said Vivian, very agitated. ‘We are not safe under these trees : look to the horses !’

‘I will, I will,’ said Essper ; ‘if I can stand. Out—out of the forest ! Ah, look at Max !’

Vivian turned, and beheld his spirited horse raised on his hind legs, and dashing his fore feet against the trunk of the tree to which they had tied him. The terrified and furious creature was struggling to disengage himself, and would probably have sustained, or inflicted, some terrible injury, had not the wind suddenly hushed. Covered with foam he stood panting, while Vivian patted and encouraged him. Essper’s less spirited beast, had, from the first, crouched upon the earth, covered with sweat, his limbs quivering, and his tongue hanging out.

‘Master!’ said Essper; ‘what shall we do? Is there any chance of getting back to the Castle? I am sure our very lives are in danger.—See that tremendous cloud! It looks like eternal night!—Whither shall we go—what shall we do?’

‘Make for the Castle—the Castle!’ said Vivian, mounting.

They had just got into the road, when another terrific gust of wind nearly took them off their horses; and blinded them with the clouds of sand, which it drove out of the crevices of the mountains.

They looked round on every side, and Hope gave way before the scene of desolation. Immense branches were shivered from the largest trees; small ones were entirely stripped of their leaves; the long grass was bowed to the earth; the waters were whirled in eddies out of the little rivulets; birds deserting their nest to seek shelter in the crevices of the rocks, unable to stem the driving air, flapped their wings, and fell upon the earth: the frightened animals in the plain—almost suffocated by the impetuosity of the wind—sought safety, and found destruction: some of the largest trees were torn up by the roots; the sluices of the mountain were filled, and innumerable torrents rushed down the before-empty gulleys. The heavens now open, and lightning and thunder contend with the horrors of the wind!

In a moment all was again hushed.—Dead silence succeeded the bellow of the thunder—the roar of the wind—the rush of the waters—the moaning of the beasts—the screaming of the birds! Nothing was heard, save the plash of the agitated lake, as it beat up against the black rocks which girt it in.

‘Master!’ again said Essper, ‘is this the day of doom?’

‘Keep by my side, Essper; keep close, make the best of this pause: let us but reach the village!’

Scarcely had Vivian spoken, when greater darkness enveloped the trembling Earth. Again the heavens were

rent with lightning, which nothing could have quenched but the descending deluge. Cataracts poured down from the lowering firmament. In an instant the horses dashed round ; beast and rider, blinded and stifled by the gushing rain, and gasping for breath. Shelter was nowhere. The quivering beasts reared, and snorted, and sunk upon their knees. The horsemen were dismounted. With wonderful presence of mind, Vivian succeeded in hoodwinking Max, who was still furious: the other horse appeared nearly exhausted. Essper, beside himself with terror, could only hang over its neck.

Another awful calm.

‘Courage, courage, Essper!’ said Vivian. ‘We are still safe: look up, my man! the storm cannot last long thus, and see!—I am sure the clouds are breaking.’

The heavy mass of vapour which had seemed to threaten the earth with instant destruction, suddenly parted. The red and lurid Sun was visible, but his light and heat were quenched in the still impending waters.

‘Mount! mount! Essper!’ said Vivian, ‘this is our only chance; five minutes good speed will take us to the village.’

Encouraged by his master’s example, Essper once more got upon his horse; and the panting animals, relieved by the cessation of the hurricane, carried them at a fair pace towards the village, considering that their road was now impeded by the overflowing of the lake.

‘Master! master!’ said Essper, ‘cannot we get out of these waters?’

He had scarcely spoken before a terrific burst—a noise, they knew not what—a rush they could not understand—a vibration which shook them on their horses—made them start back, and again dismount. Every terror sunk before the appalling roar of the cataract. It seemed that the mighty mountain, unable to support its weight of waters, shook to the foundation. A lake had burst on its summit, and the cataract became

a falling Ocean. The source of the great deep appeared to be discharging itself over the range of mountains ; the great grey peak tottered on its foundations !—It shook !—it fell !—and buried in its ruins, the Castle, the village, and the bridge !

• Vivian with starting eyes beheld the whole washed away ; instinct gave him energy to throw himself on the back of his horse,—a breath—and he had leaped up the nearest hill ! Essper George, in a state of distraction, was madly laughing as he climbed to the top of a high tree : his horse was carried off in the drowning waters, which had now reached the road.

‘The desolation is complete !’ thought Vivian. At this moment the wind again rose—the rain again descended—the heavens again opened—the lightning again flashed !—An amethystine flame hung upon rocks and waters, and through the raging elements a yellow fork darted its fatal point at Essper’s resting place. The tree fell ! Vivian’s horse, with a maddened snort, dashed down the hill ; his master, senseless, clung to his neck ; the frantic animal was past all government—he stood upright in the air—flung his rider—and fell dead !

Here leave we Vivian ! It was my wish to have detailed, in the present portion of this work, the singular adventures which befel him in one of the most delightful of modern cities—light-hearted Vienna ! But his history has expanded under my pen, and I fear that I have, even now, too much presumed upon an attention which, probably, I am not entitled to command. I am, as yet, but standing without the gate of the Garden of Romance. True it is, that as I gaze through the ivory bars of the Golden Portal, I would fain believe that, following my roving fancy, I might arrive at some green retreats hitherto unexplored, and loiter among some leafy bowers where none have lingered before me. But these expectations may be as vain as those dreams of our Youth, over which we have all mourned. The Disappointment of

Manhood succeeds to the Delusion of Youth: let us hope that the heritage of Old Age is not Despair!

Sweet reader! I trust that neither you, nor myself, have any cause to repent our brief connection. I see we part good friends—and so I press you gently by the hand!

THE END

*APPENDIX, NOTES, AND INDEX*



## APPENDIX

### I. THE KEYS TO 'VIVIAN GREY.'

DISRAELI'S responsibility for the published 'Keys' to *Vivian Grey* has already been discussed in the Introduction to the present edition (pp. xlv. *et seq.*). The first 'Key' was published in the *Star Chamber* of May 24, 1826 (No. 7, p. 114). Its origin—very dubious—was thus explained:—

. . . 'A noble and accomplished lady, whose name, if we were permitted, we should feel pride in recording, has sent us an interleaved copy of the work in question, full of MS. notes. From these we have drawn up a paper, which we have styled "A Key to *Vivian Grey*." There is not a name in the whole work which has not its real prototype affixed to it in our interleaved copy; but some we are not allowed to mention. One, in particular,<sup>1</sup> even if we were permitted, we should decline publishing, nor can we admire the spirit in which the author of *Vivian Grey* has celebrated in the pages of a novel, the sorrows or the crimes of any living female. He will most probably defend himself by asserting that the character is ideal; but this very circumstance aggravates the evil. When truth is mixed up with falsehood, all is believed to be genuine.'

The 'Key' then follows:—

Marquess of Carabas . . . Marquess of C—— (Clanricarde).

Lady Carolina Lamb. See *infra*.



Mr. Foaming Fudge . . .	Mr. B——m (Brougham).
Mr. Charlatan Gas . . .	Rt. Hon. G. C——g (Canning).
Colonel Delmington . . .	Colonel L——n.
Lord Past Century . . .	Earl of E——n (Eldon).
Mr. Liberal Principles . . .	Mr. H——n (Huskisson).
Lord Alhambra . . .	Lord P—— (Porchester).*
Ernest Clay . . .	S——r G——, Esq.
The Duke of Waterloo . . .	Duke of W—— (Wellington).
Prince Hungary . . .	Prince E——g (Esterhazy). •
Mrs. Million . . .	Mrs. C—— (Courtts).
Stapylton Toad . . .	J—— P——, Esq., M.P.
Mr. Parthenopex Puff . . .	Mr. S—— R——.
Lord Prima Donna . . .	Lord Wm. L—— (Lennox).
Mr. Hargrave . . .	Mr. S——, M.P.
Marchioness of Almacks . . .	Marchioness of L——y (Londonderry).
Liberal Snake . . .	Mr. Mc'——h (Macculloch).*
Sir Christopher Mowbray . . .	Sir T. W——, Bart.
Lady Doubtful . . .	Lady B—— (Blessington).*
Prince Xtmnpqrtsklw . . .	Prince G——t——f (Gortschakoff).*
Frederick Cleveland . . .	R. A——, Esq.
Stanislaus Hoax . . .	T—— H——k (Theodore Hook).
Marquess of Grandgout . . .	Marq. of H——d (Hertford).
Mr. Stucco . . .	Mr. N——h (Nash).*
Captain Tropic . . .	Captain C——e.
Lord Oceanville . . .	Lord C——e.
Mr. Justice St. Prose . . .	Mr. Justice P—— (Park).*
Vivacity Dull . . .	H. T——, Esq. (Horace Twiss).
Lady Soprano . . .	Lady B——.
Mrs. Delmont . . .	Lady C——.
Duke of Juggernaut . . .	Duke of N—— (Norfolk).
Vivida Vis . . .	J. W. C——, Esq. (Wilson Croker).*
Lord Lowersdale . . .	Lord L—— (Lonsdale).*
Antilles . . .	C. E——, Esq.
Colonial Bother'em . . .	R. W. H——, Esq.
Lord Manfred . . .	Lord D——.
The Misses Otranto . . .	Misses B—— (Berry).

The names in brackets appear in MS., in the British Museum copy, with the exceptions marked with an asterisk. These appear in a reprint of the Key published by *Notes and Queries*, April 29, 1893.

The second 'Key' was published in 1827, by William Marsh (formerly publisher of the then defunct *Star Chamber*), as a pamphlet uniform with '*Vivian Grey*.' It had a long introduction of 14 pp., the style of which is clearly that of the chief writer in the *Star Chamber*. The Key itself ran as follows :—

Vivian Grey . . . . .	. The Author.
Lady Madeleine Trevor . . . . .	. Lady C. C——ll (Churchill).
Violet Fane . . . . .	. Hon. Miss F——.
Marquis de la Tabatière . . . . .	. Lord P——m.
The Russian Archduke . . . . .	. Prince Es——h——y (Ester-hazy).
Mr. Sherborne . . . . .	. Mr. D'Is——i, sen. (Disraeli).
Baron von Konigstein . . . . .	. Lord (            ).
Chevalier de Bœufflers . . . . .	. M. B——a.
Prince Salvinski . . . . .	. Sir R. K. P.
Mr. Fitzloom . . . . .	. Sir R. P——l (Peel).
Mr. St. Leger . . . . .	. Mr. D——x, late of Christ church, Oxford.
Mr. St. John . . . . .	. Sir E. J——y, of do.
Prince of Little Lilliput . . . . .	. Prince of S—— C——g (Leopold of Belgium).
Grand Duke of Reisenberg . . . . .	. Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.
Beckendorff . . . . .	. Metternich.
Madame Carolina . . . . .	. Lady H——ll——d (Holland).
The Baroness . . . . .	. Her late R.H. the Princess A——a (Amelia).
Mr. Sievers . . . . .	. The late Mr. G——d.
Principal writer in <i>Attack-all Review</i> . . . . .	. Mr. R. S——y (Southey).
Professor Sky Rocket . . . . .	. Col. T——r——s.
Julius Von Aslingen . . . . .	. Brummel.
Philr. of the Villa Pliniana . . . . .	. Sir W. G——ll.
<i>Attack-all Review</i> . . . . .	. <i>Quarterly Review</i> .
<i>Praise-all Review</i> . . . . .	. <i>Edinburgh Review</i> .

Dr. Spittergen . . . .	Ab—n—thy (Abernethy).
Melinda . . . .	Miss D——n, daughter of the late celebrated Dr. D——n.
Count von Sohnspeer . . . .	Duke of W——n (Duke of Wellington).
Von Chronicle . . . .	M. de Sismondi, author of <i>Julia Severa</i> .
Count Eberstein . . . .	Hon. Capt. K.
Lord Amelius Fitzfudge Boroughby	Lord B——g——h (Burg- hersh).
Col. von Trumpetson . . . .	M——s of L——d——y (Londonderry).
Mr. St. George . . . .	Mr. A——.
Little Lintz . . . .	Mr. B——tt——n.
Speigelburg . . . .	Lieut. W——r.
Brinkel . . . .	M. S——n.

Together with this was given a reprint of the Key to the first part, in which the character of Mrs. Felix Lorraine was inserted, and identified with Lady Caroline Lamb. The bracketed identifications in the second Key are given in *Notes and Queries*, April 29, 1893. To the name of Baron von Konigstein the following note was added:—‘Our fashionable readers will have no difficulty in supplying the blank, though we may not print even the initials. Should they require any clue we beg to call their recollection to a late disgraceful gambling transaction, recently exposed in the newspapers.’ This is evidently a reference to the Clanricarde-Auldjo case. (See *Times*, Dec. 20, 1826). At least ten editions of the complete Key were published by Marsh before the end of 1827.

Disraeli’s letter to Jerdan in reply to Colburn’s suggestion that he should prepare a Key to Part II. has already been referred to. The following is its full text:—

(Private.)

‘I am very much surprised at Mr. Colburn’s request. How my knowledge of the characters in *Vivian Grey* can be necessary to, or indeed in the slightest degree assisting any one

in understanding the work, is to me a most inexplicable mystery. Let it be taken for granted that the characters are purely ideal, and the whole affair is settled. If any collateral information be required in order to understand the work, either *Vivian Grey* is unworthy to be read, or, which is, of course, an impossible conclusion, the reader is not sagacious enough to penetrate its meaning.

Of course, I have no intention of denying that these volumes are, in a very great degree, founded on my own observation and experience. Possibly, in some instances, I may have very accurately depicted existing characters. But *Vivian Grey* is not given to the public as a gallery of portraits, nor have I any wish that it should be considered as such. It will give me great pleasure if the public recognise it as a faithful picture of human nature in general. Whether it be anything further rests with the author, and should only interest him. I cannot prevent surmises, but I shall always take care that from me they shall receive neither denial nor confirmation.

In part of the former volumes a number of names and characters were introduced which were evident portraits or caricatures. I can understand any reader of those pages being naturally desirous to comprehend their full meaning, and seeking auxiliary means to procure the desired knowledge, but to comprehend the full meaning of the present volumes the public has only to read them, and if there be anything obscure or unsatisfactory, it is the author's fault—he is a blunderer. All the notes and keys in the kingdom will not make him more intelligible.'

## II. THE 'STAR CHAMBER.'

We have no knowledge of the internal history of the *Star Chamber* beyond the gossip of hostile critics and rivals of Colburn. It was an octavo weekly, published at sixpence. The first number appeared on April 19, 1826, and the last on June 7 of the same year. The number for June 7 publishes, under the heading 'Dissolution of Parliament,' the following announcement:—'With the cessation of the present Parliament, the sitting of the

*Star Chamber* will for the present cease.' Its publication was never resumed. Shortly after its decease, the *Literary Magnet* (1826, vol. ii. p. 103) devoted a long and spiteful article to the history of the journal. It is this article which is the main source of all the public knowledge on the subject. Its chief passages ran as follows :—

*The Star Chamber*

As we were peregrinating up Regent Street one morning last June, we encountered . . . two of those useful and innocuous persons who perambulate London, living advertisements from top to toe, for one and sixpence per day. . . . They flashed upon our eyes, with their gigantic white paste-board placards swathed around them. . . . His companion was, as we afterwards discovered, employed by the publisher of a new work, entitled *Star Chamber*, in making known . . . the happy news of its birth. In accordance with the object of his expedition, he was almost extinguished by a pair of huge placards, that reached from his chin to his feet, the inscription upon which is worthy of being recorded in this place. 'The *Star Chamber* of to-morrow will contain the Dunciad of to-day—a satire for which *all living authors, but more especially the following, are requested to prepare themselves.*' This highly attractive announcement was succeeded by a list of all the authors of the day whose names the editor of the *Star Chamber* happened to recollect at the time he was drawing out his magnetic invitation.

On directing our glance further down the paste-board apron of this peregrinating advertisement, we perceived that, independently of a hash of Mesdames Hemans, Landon, Tighe, de Genlis, Bengier, Mitford, etc., and Messrs. Campbell, Barry Cornwall, Alaric Watts, Barton, Cunningham, Clare, Galt, the Smiths, Milman, Wiffen, Hogg, and 'all living authors,' the bill of fare promised to mince into a private biography 'various families residing in the London Squares, beginning with the Putney-Smiths of Russell Square'; and to dish up, *by name*, all the persons referred to in *Vivian Grey*. . . . We determined to possess ourselves of this apparently lively and *spirited* periodical. The friendly publisher, however, . . . begged our acceptance of the

publication, adding that he was assured it *would be* very clever and sarcastic. Like many worthy persons, however, who determine to be respectable at some future and indefinite period of their existence, but who happen to die before they think of turning over a new leaf, the *Star Chamber* had the ill-luck to be gathered to the tomb of all the Capulets before it took it into its head to exhibit the slightest talent or intelligence. Upon further enquiry, we learned that this unhappy bantling was born deformed, in consequence of its parent having been disappointed of the professional aid of her regular *accoucheur* (Mr. Colburn), and delivered by an obscure practitioner (Mr. Marsh) in Oxford Street. Like most misshapen urchins, its disposition was soon discovered to be spiteful and malicious in the extreme; so much so, indeed, that before it was six weeks old, it could not refrain from kicking and scratching all the neighbouring children who were cleverer, better-looking, or better-natured than itself. At the end of nine weeks' vegetation, for to say it really enjoyed the functions of vitality, would be to libel it most inhumanly, having been afflicted with nausea and vomitings, brought on by envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, and having put its affectionate father to the expense of one hundred and twenty pounds for doctoring it, it departed this life (on Wednesday, June 7), to the infinite regret of one house-keeper, three ladies' maids, two under-butlers, and half a dozen footmen, who had all, at the instance of the friend by whom it had been begotten, agreed to contribute something towards its support.

. . . Mr. D'Israeli, junior, the author of *Vivian Grey*, wishing to have an outlet for his rancour and malignity, independently of that publication, resolved to set on foot a sixpenny periodical, entitled the *Star Chamber*. . . The first number . . . was accordingly printed by Messrs. Bentley of Dorset Street (the printers of the *New Monthly Magazine*). . . . The second and subsequent numbers were *not* printed at the *New Monthly Magazine* press, lest, as one of the objects of Mr. D'Israeli, junior, in setting the thing afloat was to puff his catchpenny novel, the public should smell a rat. That a publication so essentially talentless and stupid should, notwithstanding its flippancy and impotent attempts at wit, have found a few readers is not much to be wondered at. . . .

But dull and pointless attempts at satire, combined with political essays, which would disgrace the most paltry of provincial newspapers . . . were scarcely likely to be endured long.

. . . If we had not known from very excellent authority that Mr. D'Israeli, the author of *Vivian Grey*, and the editor of the *Star Chamber* were identical, we should have discovered the ass in his satirical disguise, by the extraordinary length of his ears, and the peculiarity of his bray. A few specimens of his literary taste and talent, and we have done; for with all his puffs and trickery, the 'New Unknown,' as he calls himself in his paragraphic advertisements, is by far too small an animal for regular dissection. . . . If he had devoted as much attention to orthography as he appears to have given to the art of alliteration, he would not have shown his ignorance of the latter science as often as he has. But as he is, to borrow his own phraseology, 'anonymous,' and probably writes with a bad pen, he may stand in some degree excused. But too much of this flippant jackanapes. . . . Another stripe or two, and we will let the blockhead out of our clutches. . . .

How far this story is trustworthy will be found discussed in the Introduction (pp. xlii. *et seq.*). One further piece of evidence may be quoted. A comparison of the introduction to the *Keys to Vivian Grey*, published in 1827, with the chief articles in the *Star Chamber* shows that they had one and the same author. No resemblance of style could be more complete. As it is certain that Disraeli had nothing to do with the publication of the *Keys* (*supra* Appendix I.) it follows that he was not the author of the chief articles in the *Star Chamber*.

## NOTES

[Passages omitted from the first edition in the edition of 1853, are indicated thus :—(O). Merely verbal alterations and omissions are not noted.]

### VOL. I.

P. lxvi. Dedication (O).

P. 3. '*The Consultation*.' In the first part all the chapters had titles, but these were dropped in the second part. In the 1853 edition all titles to chapters were omitted throughout.

P. 3. '*I am*.' In 1853 edition the first person singular was changed into the plural.

Pp. 5-6. '*As for . . . devilish blackguard*' (O).

P. 11. '*In the necessity . . . their sentiments?*' (O).

P. 12. '*who were sufficiently vulgars*' (O).

P. 17. '*Vivian Grey was now seventeen*.' This is one of the many autobiographical touches. Disraeli was seventeen when he finally left his studies and was apprenticed to the law.

P. 22. Whole cap. (O).

P. 23. '*Neither the fortune . . . the middling classes*' (O) ;  
cf. Introduction, pp. x.-xiii.

P. 46. '*and her prime minister . . . a compliment*' (O).

Pp. 49-50. '*Mr. Grey watched . . . too little*' (O).

P. 55. '*To the initiated, I need . . . only observe*' (O).

Pp. 60-61. Whole cap. (O).

P. 68. '*thermometer is at 250°*' changed to 100° in 1853 edition.

P. 71. '*Do you know Mr. Croker . . . will be interesting*'



(O). It is quite true that Disraeli did not know Croker at this period (Smiles, *Memoir of Murray*, vol. ii. p. 215), but he had taken a violent dislike to him, partly because he (Croker) had ill-treated Murray over the *Guardian*, and partly because he had tried to dissuade Murray from launching the *Representative* (Smiles, *op. cit.*, vol. ii. p. 225). Later on, Disraeli's antipathy was fed by other circumstances. These will be dealt with in the annotations to *Alroy* and *Coningsby*.

P. 72. 'I'll have lots of the best Havannah cigars' (O).

P. 74. 'fifty carriages in four.' This was apparently a misprint for it was rendered 'five carriages,' in 1853.

Pp. 75-77. 'He left his horse . . . the ground I stand upon' (O).

P. 90. 'and the Baronet's recovery . . . expression of countenance' (O).

P. 92. 'As I am a great lover of conciseness I shall résumer.' This sentence was changed in 1853 into 'We will condense,' and the astonishing footnote defending it was omitted. The change, indeed, was already made in the second edition of *Vivian Grey* (1826).

P. 102. 'the late attaché . . . extremely pleased' (O); and 'his predecessor' substituted.

P. 115. 'His Lordship's conduct did not escape . . . speech from the throne commenced' (O). All the subsequent references to the Marquess's intoxication are omitted.

P. 119. 'Vivian my boy! you don't know . . . the worthy Marquess reeled and retired.' This speech with its curious references to Lord Beaconsfield—'a very worthy gentleman, but, between ourselves, a damned fool'—was entirely rewritten in the 1853 edition. In the second version the Marquess is sober, and refers to Lord Beaconsfield only as 'a man who does not say much.'

Pp. 123-24. 'The inaptitude of his nature . . . pasquinaded his patroness' (O).

P. 124. 'It was at this period . . . for a night.' This account of the quarrel between Cleveland and the Marquess of Carabas is an astonishing anticipation of the bitter feud between Disraeli and Peel in the forties (see Parker, *Sir Robert Peel*, vol. ii. pp. 486-9).

P. 126. 'With the aid of soda-water . . . tolerably early hour' (O).

P. 129. '*I could really play the woman—and weep*' (O); and '*it gives me a pang*' substituted.

P. 129. '*and the drop . . . companion's cheek*' (O).

P. 131. '*sacs and portmanteaus*' (O); and '*luggage*' substituted.

• P. 142. '*do not expose me*' changed to '*say nothing of what you have seen.*'

Pp. 157-58. '*or a lecture on omelettes . . . now for a ~~bel~~!*' (O).

P. 165. '*Mr. Colburn insists . . . particular in dates*' (O).

P. 165. '*Stanislaus Hoax.*' The original of this character was Theodore Hook, but the name is a reminiscence of a converted Jew named Stanislaus Hoga who knew Isaac D'Israeli, and who translated a selection of English and German hymns into classical Hebrew ('Songs of Zion,' London, 1839).

P. 167. '*I made him promise . . . Pretty idea, is it not?*' (O). The complimentary reference to John Wilson, then editor of *Blackwood's*, is interesting for what followed. Cf. Introduction, pp. xlix. and lii.

P. 169. '*She'll now . . . whole country*' (O). The Premiums are evidently the Powles family (see Introduction, p. xxxvi.).

Pp. 172-73. Whole of Daniel Grove's letter (O).

Pp. 174-75. '*You wished me many briefs . . . beyond seas at least*' (O).

Pp. 176-77. '*Manners has just come in . . . not left one drop!*' (O).

Pp. 178-80. '*This is agreeable . . . allow you your expenses*' (O).

P. 180. '*(is not this pretty and proper?)*' (O).

P. 181. '*If you don't behave . . . a single moment*' (O).

P. 191. '*From Canning I certainly did expect different conduct.*' Gifford was then just retiring from the editorship of the *Quarterly*, and was, of course, known to Disraeli. The idea that he was treated with ingratitude by Canning has now been exploded. Its baselessness was, indeed, acknowledged by Gifford himself at the very time that this passage in *Vivian Grey* was written. (See Stapleton, *Some Correspondence of George Canning*, vol. ii. pp. 183, 228, 233.)

Pp. 191-92. '*I was always for the West India interest . . . the West India interest for ever!*' (O). This echo of an almost forgotten political controversy is of particular interest at this moment. In 1825-26 Huskisson was carrying out a series of fiscal reforms the exact reverse of those for which Mr. Chamberlain is agitating to-day. In pursuance of his Free Trade policy he was abolishing the preferences to the colonies in the home market, and especially the preference given to West Indian over East Indian sugar, and to home-grown over Canadian corn. The sugar reform imperilled a wealthy vested interest in England, and aroused much angry opposition. See *Speeches of the Right Hon. W. Huskisson*, vol. ii. pp. 304-61; *Customs Tariffs of the United Kingdom* (c. 8706), p. 209.

P. 192. '*esprit du Christianisme*' corrected in second and 1853 editions to '*génie du Christianisme*.'

Pp. 196-97.—'*Sharon Turner, in his solitude . . . continued it in consequence*' (O). The reason of this omission was, no doubt, because the prophecy was not fulfilled. Sharon Turner was one of the oldest of the friends of the Disraelis. He was a bachelor crony of Isaac D'Israeli, and he witnessed the assignment of the lease of Isaac's chambers in the Adelphi, executed a month after his marriage with Maria Basevi (*Middlesex Registry*, May 10, 1802). It was due to Sharon Turner's advice that the young Disraelis—children of Isaac—were baptized. (Cf. Introduction, p. xvi.)

P. 197. '*Scott, our second Shakspeare . . . not a littérateur*' (O).

P. 197. *Byron*. (See Introduction, p. xxx.) Wilmot Horton's confidential relations with the Byron family are well known, but fresh light has been thrown on them by Smiles, *Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. p. 445. References to Disraeli's acquaintance with Horton will be found in the same work (vol. ii. pp. 191, 192, etc.). While at Geneva and Venice with the Austens, later in the year, Disraeli collected much fresh information about Byron (see *Quarterly Review*, July, 1889, pp. 12-14).

P. 199. '*I say, Cleveland, here comes . . . I see our horses*' (O). The references to Lockhart's approaching appointment to the editorship of the *Quarterly* were made from personal knowledge (see Introduction, p. xxxi.). Disraeli

afterwards modified his favourable opinion of Lockhart. (B.M. Add. MSS., 34, 616, f. 45.)

P. 202. From '*I have no enemies*' to end of chapter omitted in 1853; and the sentence 'but we must get on' substituted. In the second edition, published in 1826 (see p. 204 of this volume), from 'I'll lie down on the lawn to play with my Italian greyhound,' which had been severely ridiculed by the critics, was omitted, and Chapter III. substituted.

• P. 203. '*Purple Emperor*.' This insect figures in Isaac D'Israeli's novel *Flim Flames* (see vol. ii. pp. 123-24).

P. 209. *Beresford* changed to 'Bromley' in 1853.

P. 215. *Madeleine* changed to 'Jacinte' in second edition, as well as in 1853.

P. 229. '*I fear me much . . . and to himself*' (O).

P. 229. Here the first part of *Vivian Grey*, published in 1826, in two volumes, ended.

P. 236. '*Once more upon thy banks . . . thou River of my Youth!*' (O). 'Other climes' in this passage refer to Switzerland and Italy, which Disraeli visited in the autumn of 1826 with the Austens (see Introduction, p. 1.).

Pp. 236-38. '*of one, whose early vices . . . But to our tale*' (O). This important autobiographical passage is fully dealt with in the Introduction (see pp. xxxvii., xliii. *et. seq.*).

Pp. 241-42. '*To deem all things gain . . . back to the past with dread*' (O).

P. 245. *Konigstein*. Disraeli's German names are for the most part impossible; 'Altenburgh' and 'Furstenburg' are as bad as 'Konigstein.'

P. 247. '*my dear fellow, is really . . . such brutes! mere citizens*' (O).

Pp. 247-51. '*I think I was at the second attempt? . . . Prince Salvinski as his Excellency*' (O).

P. 251. '*All this time the Austrian . . . finished his breakfast*' (O).

Pp. 253-62. '*Mr. Brinkel! announced the Chasseur . . . in defence of the great Florentine*' (O). This long dissertation on pictures and architecture represents a little-appreciated side of Disraeli's character and tastes. His profound and not ill-informed interest in art, which he shared with his cousin, Joshua Basevi, the architect, is illustrated by Mrs. Austen's diary of the tour in Italy in 1826, and his subsequent corre-

spondence with that lady. (See *Quarterly Review*, July 1889, pp. 8, 13-15).

P. 263. '*Mr. Brinkel . . . Carlo Dolces*' (O).

P. 270. '*M. Maas . . . to sup in the public room*' (O). M. Maas was not an invention of Disraeli. He was the landlord of the Trierscher Hof at Coblenz, where Disraeli and Meredith had put up in 1824, and apparently on another occasion, of which there is no record. When preparations were made to launch the *Representative*, Disraeli asked Maas to act as correspondent for the Rhine and Moselle districts, and he consented. (Smiles, *op. cit.*, ii. pp. 202-03).

P. 270. '*and the Baron and his friend . . . devoutly wished for*' (O).

P. 271. '*which M. Maas*' (O).

P. 272. '*Kellner . . . supperless to bed*' (O). The repetition of the word 'Kellner' is given in English—'Waiter'—in the 1853 edition.

P. 275. Of the two references to M. Maas on this page, the first is changed into 'the landlord' in the 1853 edition, but the second is left in, apparently by accident.

P. 285. '*the waistcoats of the Household troops, in England, have the double braid?*' (O); and 'the household troops in England wear the Marbœuf cuirass' substituted.

P. 286. '*I hardly know what Household troops really are*' (O).

P. 287. '*I think a Louis-quatorze . . . said the old man*' (O).

P. 297. '*As Vivian and the Baron entered . . . she did not observe them*' (O).

P. 303. '*Who can they be? . . . her uncle, Mr. Sherborne*' (O). With regard to Sherborne, see Introduction, p. lviii. The name of this character was evidently a reminiscence of John Henry Sherburne, whose *Life of Paul Jones* Disraeli edited for Murray in 1825 (see Introduction p. xxi.).

Pp. 304-05. '*The tradesman is more singular . . . of my life to be candid*' (O).

P. 306. '*I hope nothing has happened . . . I regret to say, is my brother*' (O).

Pp. 308-09. '*which your father, among others . . . embraced a dark philosophy*' (O).

Pp. 309-12. '*The truth seems, that after all . . . put an end*

to the conversation' (O). In the 1853 edition, the following passage is substituted :—

'They were in the Lime walk ; gay sounds greeted them, and Miss Fane came forward from a light-hearted band to welcome her cousin. She had to propose a walk to the New Spring, which she was prepared for Lady Madeleine to resist on the ground of her cousin's health. But Miss Fane combated all the objections with airy merriment and with a bright resource that never flagged. As she bent her head slightly to Vivian, ere she hastened back to her companions to announce the success of her mission, it seemed to him that he had never beheld so animated and beaming a countenance, or glanced upon a form of such ineffable and sparkling grace.'

Pp. 312-13. '*Oh! Lady Madeleine . . . he had also been interested himself*' (O).

Pp. 315-16. '*Essper was always particularly neat . . . lined with green*' (O).

Pp. 321-22. '*Well! said Mr. Sherborne . . . sure that they're right*' (O).

P. 329. '*I'm sure you are not in your usual spirits . . . men in mustachios*' (O).

P. 330. '*He's somewhere on the continent . . . that he obtained it*' (O); and '*He is at Munich attached to the Legation*' substituted.

P. 331. '*and yet, I know not why . . . fear, but not with sympathy*' (O).

Pp. 333-34. '*I enter into your feelings . . . sparkling on a wave*' (O).

P. 335. '*Who was talking . . . What think you, Lady Madeleine?*' (O).

P. 335. '*Mr. Sherborne's favourite ensued*' (O).

Pp. 337-39. '*When Vivian awoke in the morning . . . with the subject of discussion*' (O); and the following substituted :—

'On the evening of the next day there was to be a grand fête given at the New House by his Imperial Highness. The ladies would reserve their energies for his impending ball, and the morning was to pass without an excursion. Only Lady Madeleine, whom Vivian met taking her usual early promenade in the gardens, seemed inclined to prolong it, and even invited him to be her companion. She talked of the fête, and she expressed a hope that Vivian would accompany their party; but her air was not festive—she seemed abstracted and disturbed.'

Pp. 339-40. '*although, perhaps, I run the risk of . . . the most grateful attention*' (O).

P. 349. '*Here they had reached home . . . flits over the moonlit moss*' (O).

Pp. 356-58. The frequent requests to Violet Fane to '*compose yourself*' are omitted from this scene in the 1853 edition. The case of Bardell v. Pickwick had, perhaps, something to do with the omission.

Pp. 359-60. '*You know the miserable, but miraculous . . . thralldom shall cease*' (O).

P. 362. '*Lady Madeleine Trevor and Miss Fane . . . fixed on the Evening star*' (O).

P. 373. '*If, on consideration, we think . . . and the same crimes to-morrow*' (O).

P. 379. '*And bitter as might have been . . . the brother of her that he loved*' (O).

P. 382. '*This secret history of the late distress.*' The idea that the financial panic of 1825 was due to a conspiracy of the Bears was very widespread among its victims. Disraeli evidently believed it.

Pp. 382-83. '*Mr. Sherborne received our hero . . . confess I'm mistaken*' (O).

Pp. 385-86. '*when youths, succeeded . . . these infant libertines*' (O).

P. 386. '*They left the University . . . observation or reflection*' (O). In the following seven lines '*follies*' is substituted for '*vices*,' and '*fantastical*' for '*disgusting*.' '*What capital companions for Old Sherborne!*' is omitted.

Pp. 388-90. '*Lady Madeleine, I cannot take my eyes . . . So saying, ran off the Saint*' (O).

Pp. 390-91. '*Each of the boys already imagined . . . satisfied with the arrangement*' (O).

P. 391. '*Here it was, by the massy keep . . . delighted with his pupils*' (O).

P. 393. '*All kinds of cold meats . . . and once loved you more!*' (O). The following is substituted:—

'It glowed with materials, and with colours to which Veronese alone could have done justice; pasties, and birds, and venison, and groups of fish, glowing with prismatic lines, while amid pyramids of fruit rose goblets of fantastic glass, worthy of the famous wines they were to receive.'

Pp. 394-95. '*At last the voice of St. Anthony . . . a little more pheasant*' (O).

Pp. 398-99. '*This is all very well for you . . . Mr. Sherborne's head and disappeared*' (O).

Pp. 399-400. '*Oh! let the dear creature dance . . . present ~~day~~ call dancing*' (O).

## VOL. II

P. 26. '*as a half-insane dog rushes to a puddle in July*' (O); and '*as Arabs hasten to a fountain*' substituted.

P. 30. '*These observations are not by our hero . . . to woo the muse*' (O).

Pp. 34-35. '*Now, Sir . . . milked her cow*' (O).

P. 37. '*for some time by making . . . and imitated*' (O).

Pp. 52-53. '*I really thought your Highness . . . house-steward of a Michaelmas goose*' (O).

P. 65. '*His Highness, your Grace . . . cherry sauce—I beg pardon, I beg pardon*' (O).

Pp. 65-67. '*These are companions . . . a copy of the carte*' (O).

Pp. 65-66. '*Though born and bred in a library.*' This autobiographical touch frequently occurs in Lord Beaconsfield's works. In January 1881, when Lord Barrington asked him where he was born, he said: 'I may say in a library, for all my father's rooms were full of books.' (*Notes and Queries*, 6th S. x. p. 458.)

P. 97. '*What a magnificent creature . . . as if it scorned to touch!*' (O).

P. 97. '*I bitterly regret . . . quotation from Machiavel!*' (O).

Pp. 107-08. '*The Prince, therefore, opposed . . . produced so tranquillising an effect*' (O).

P. 109. '*The table was immediately covered . . . lory flew to his shoulder*' (O).

P. 117. '*The Prince of Little Lilliput . . . couple of mouth-fuls*' (O).

Pp. 121-22. '*Of what he was thinking . . . it is needless to enquire*' (O). The passage on pp. 214-15: '*His early career flitted across his mind . . . which had happened to no other man*' is substituted.

Pp. 133-34. '*Your praise of my cellar . . . Vivian could not misunderstand*' (O).



P. 141. 'As soon as Mr. Beckendorff . . . What is to be done?' (O).

P. 144. 'Essper looked very doubtful . . . beware! beware!' (O).

Pp. 152-53. 'The Emperor Augustus . . . instead of pounded tobacco' (O).

Pp. 155-58. 'A man is never sooner domesticated . . . closing with the present chapter' (O).

P. 158. 'Mr. von Grey' (O).

P. 162. 'my ambition is so exalted, that I cannot condescend to take anything under the Premiership.' Although this is spoken here in jest, it afterwards became a serious obsession of Disraeli. (See Sir H. Layard's *Autobiography*, pp. 50-51; *Contarini Fleming*, vol. ii. p. 160.) The story that when he first met Lord Melbourne, he told him that he wished to be Prime Minister is well known. (Torrens, *Memoirs of Viscount Melbourne*, vol. i. pp. 425-26.)

Pp. 168-72. 'We have hardly time for the pictures to-day . . . the triumph of Art' (O).

P. 173. 'Mr. Hamlet,' a fashionable goldsmith and jeweller of the time. 'A stout, old, churchwarden-looking personage in a brown suit, with gaiters, and a powdered head with a pig-tail. . . . His brilliant shop at the corner of St. Martin's Court was a favourite lounge for young men of fortune, his snug back-parlour, almost surrounded by its iron safes built into the wall, a familiar resort of young men of great expectations. His daughter was regarded as one of the richest heiresses in London, and his ledger contained an enormous list of liabilities of people of the first rank and fashion.' (Grantley Berkeley, *Recollections*, vol. iii. pp. 48-49.)

P. 174. 'the late lamented Mr. Nichols,' the well-known antiquarian and editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The reference here is to his monumental work on the processions, progresses, and festivities of Elizabeth and James. He was an old friend of Isaac D'Israeli. (See I. D.'s letters in the *Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. viii. pp. xli., 661.) Nichols died Nov. 26, 1826.

Pp. 174-75. 'Every charlatan is an orator . . . bully their butler' (O).

P. 176. 'A bottle of wine being placed . . . imagine the dinner over' (O).

P. 182. '*Let us sit down . . . whisper of the evening winds*' (O).

Pp. 183-85. '*I could point you out . . . on her illustrious son*' (O).

Pp. 186-87. '*The Editor of the first Review . . . losing our hobgoblin taste*' (O).

P. 190. '*Madame Carolina lamented Vivian's indisposition . . . to him the next morning*' (O).

Pp. 191-93. '*On the morning after . . . my daughter to you—good morning!*' (O). On the omission of the Spittergens, see Introduction, p. lviii.

Pp. 197-236. '*Although brought up . . . to the city by a cross-road*' (O).

P. 212. '*his much-loved trees.*' Disraeli's love of trees is attested by all his works. In an unpublished letter to Mr. F. G. Heath written in December 1880, he says: 'your life is occupied with two subjects which always deeply interest me—the condition of our peasantry and trees. . . . With regard to trees, I passed part of my youth in the shade of Burnham Beeches, and have now the happiness of living amid my own green retreats! I am not surprised that the ancients worshipped trees. Lakes and mountains, however glorious for a time, in time weary; sylvan scenery never palls.'

Pp. 214-15. '*His early career flitted across his mind . . . which had happened to no other man.*' In the 1853 edition, this is transferred to pp. 121-22 (see note *supra*).

P. 224. '*No man should presume to give an opinion on Burgundy who has not got tipsy at Dijon.*' Burgundy was Disraeli's favourite wine. Mrs. Austen's diary of the tour in 1826 contains a reference to the liberality with which he partook of it at Dijon. His preference for it remained with him through life. (See *Quarterly Review*, July 1889, p. 12.)

Pp. 250-51. '*Mr. Beckendorff had been speaking . . . I don't like that Mr. Beckendorff!*' (O).

Pp. 274-75. '*Her singularity attracted the attention . . . recollection of a slight squabble?*' (O).

P. 292. '*she seized his hand—she pressed it with warmth*' (O).

P. 320. '*This little change must have been . . . Rouseall along with him*' (O).

P. 322. '*Can't you bear, you scoundrels . . . expect to be treated as such*' (O).

Pp. 322-23. '*Well, it's enough to make . . . of the chickens; but*' (O).

P. 324. '*The group is a good one; and I therefore will not disturb it till the next chapter*' (O).

Pp. 324-33. '*As he was informed that he would meet . . . particularly as*' (O).

Pp. 333-35. '*The postilion blew his horn . . . to drive carefully; and*' (O).

P. 335. '*As this scene is important . . . will be understood*' (O).

P. 336-37. '*What's your name? . . . gently, gently, that's it!*' (O). Probably omitted in prophetic gratitude to the present editor.

P. 337. '*Vivian immediately made some excuse . . . according to their instructions*' (O).

Pp. 339-40. '*My dear sister! said the old lord . . . quite alive to each other's*' (O).

P. 343. '*A single arch would do . . . most inspiriting sights I know*' (O).

Pp. 343-44. '*I will take you over it . . . gains on him hourly!*' (O).

P. 345. '*Vivian waltzed . . . Vienna before dusk*' (O).

P. 358. '*Sweet reader! . . . gently by the hand!*' (O).

P. 358. 'THE END.' In the original edition the conclusion is indicated by 'End of the fifth volume.' It was probably Colburn's wish to keep the way open for a second construction. (See Phipps, *Memoirs of R. P. Ward*, vol. ii. p. 155.)

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